

APRIL 1957

No. 21

10¢

# SMASH COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP

STARRING  
THE RAY



MIDNIGHT



BOZO THE ROBOT



WINGS WENDALL



ESPIONAGE



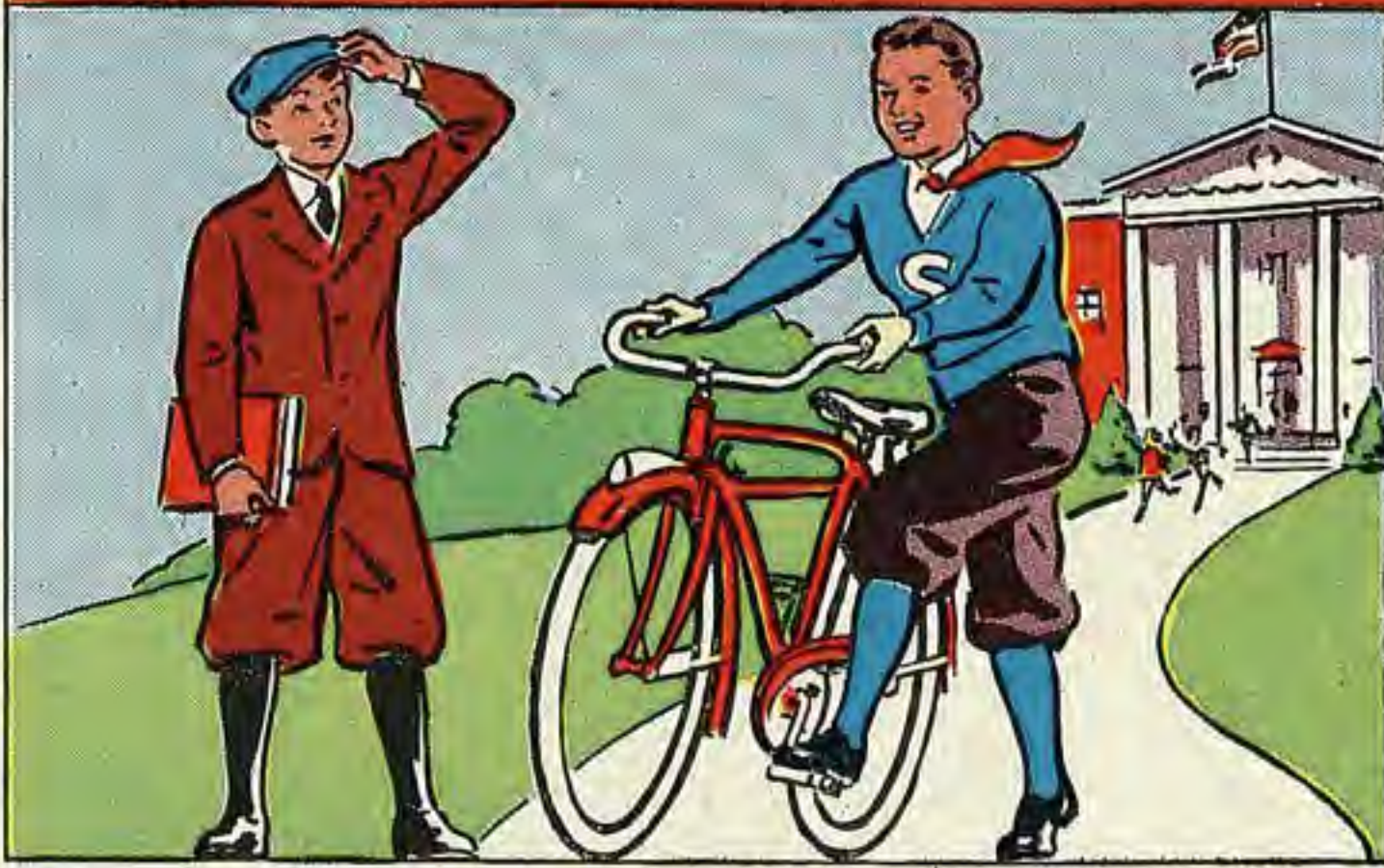




**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**

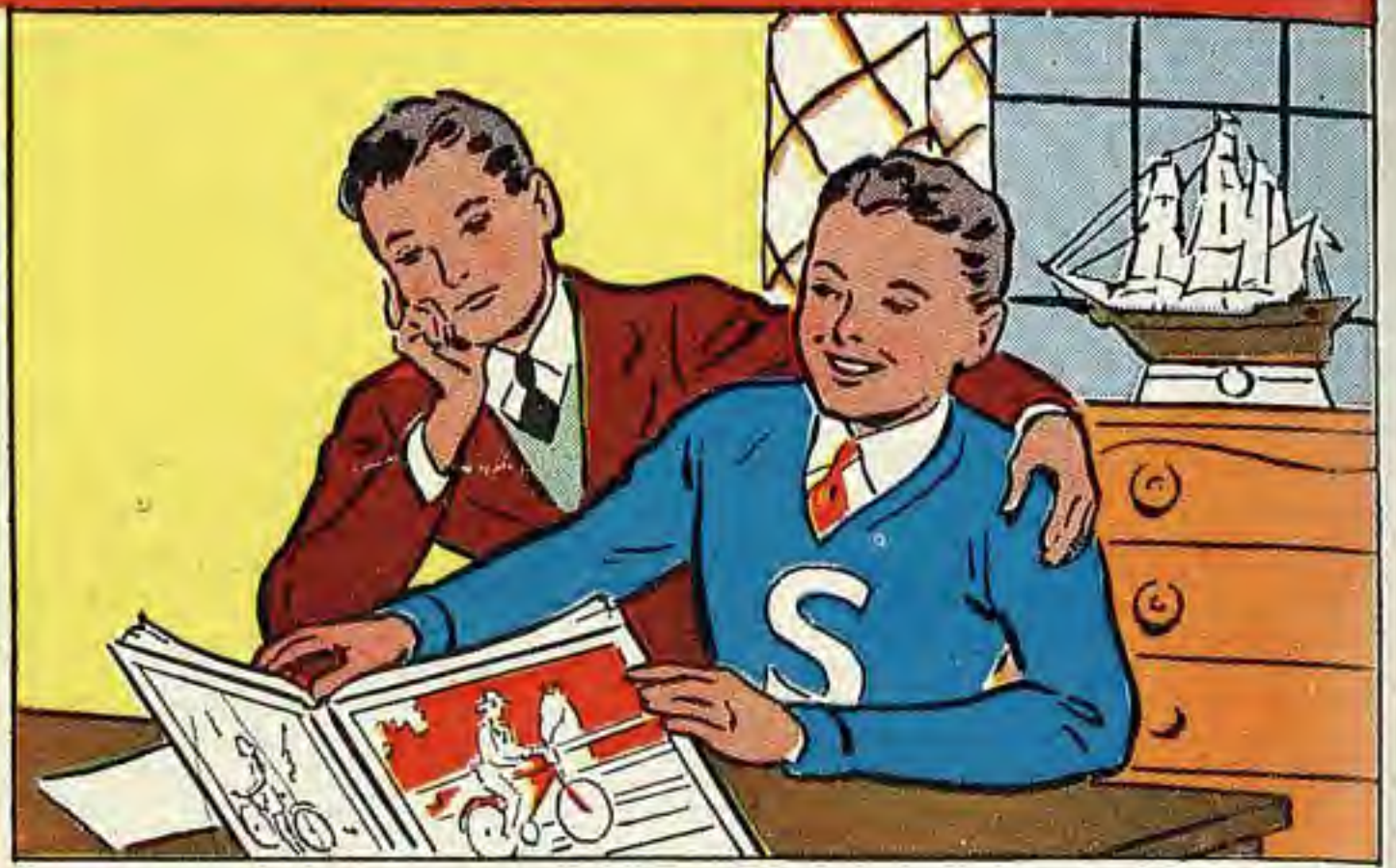


# HURRY BOYS, GET YOURS!



**BILL:** Gosh, Slim, it must be great to be voted the most popular boy in school. Bet you'll be in the movies some day.

**SLIM:** Shucks! It's easy to be healthy and popular when you ride a Schwinn bike.



**SLIM:** Look at all these Hollywood stars that ride Schwinn-Built bikes—Buck Jones, Pat O'Brien, Jane Withers, Bing Crosby and lots of others.

**BILL:** Where did you ever get this swell book of pictures? And all in colors too!



**SLIM:** Aw, that was easy. Just wrote a postal card to Arnold, Schwinn & Co. and asked for their Hollywood Album. Hey, Bill, where you goin'?

**BILL:** So long, Slim. I'm writing a post card right now. Gonna show this Hollywood Album to dad so he'll get me a Schwinn too.



**YOUR** favorite movie stars and their Schwinn-Built bicycles—all in glorious colors, in the new Schwinn **HOLLYWOOD ALBUM!** Hurry and get yours—**FREE!** It will help you *get* that Schwinn-Built bicycle you've been hinting about to dad and mother. You can show them all of the leading Schwinn models in full colors, too—all with a *lifetime guarantee!* Schwinn is the bike that's "tops"—in Hollywood and everywhere—"tops" in style, quality, riding ease, safety features and *exclusive* accessories. . . . The Hollywood Albums are going fast. So mail the coupon or a postal *now* for your free copy.



## SCHWINN BICYCLES

**GUARANTEED FOR LIFE ★**



**ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.**  
1700 N. Kildare Ave.  
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me **FREE**—your full-color **HOLLYWOOD ALBUM.**

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

SMASH COMICS, April, 1941, No. 21. Published monthly by E. M. Arnold, 1213 W. 3rd St., Cleveland, Ohio. Executive and Editorial offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 30 cents for mailing, total \$1.50. Elsewhere \$2.00. Entered as second class matter June 9, 1939, at the Post Office, Cleveland, Ohio, under the act of March 3, 1879. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright 1941 by Everett M. Arnold. Printed in U. S. A.



CAPTAIN BLUE! THAT'S ME.. AN' AS EVIL AN OLD SEA DOG NEVER SAILED THE MAIN SINCE KIDD.. I'M KING OF A SAVAGE ISLE NOW, BUT AN EMPIRE WILL SOON BE MINE! I'VE PLANS TO BLOW THE WHISKERS OFF A WALRUS!

The

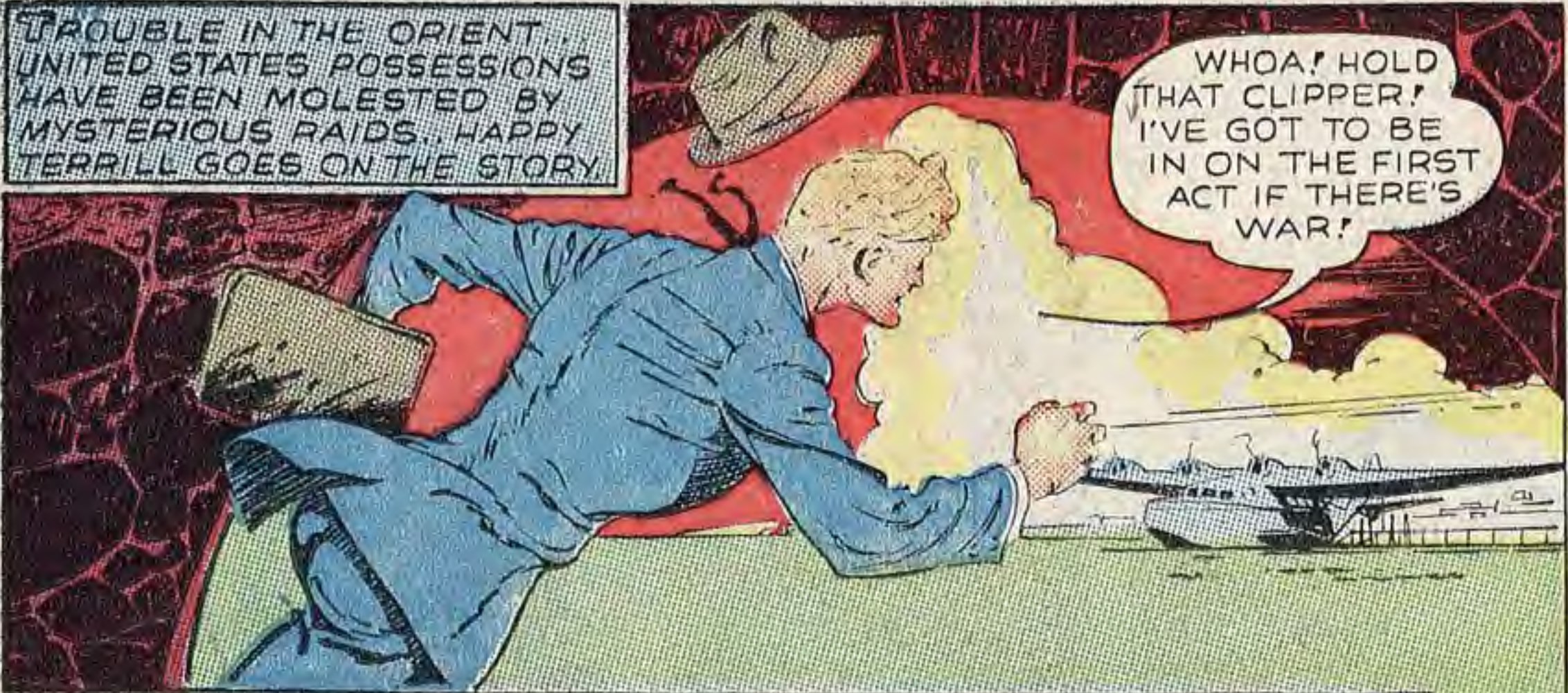
# RAY

by  
Electron

HAPPY TERRILL WAS JUST A NEWSHOUND UNTIL A BOLT OUT OF THE BLUE STRUCK HIM WHILE HE WAS IN A STRATOSPHERE BALLOON... HE GOT HIS STORY AND BECAME THE POWERFUL **RAY**.. ALL IN ONE SCOOP. . .



TRUBLE IN THE ORIENT.  
UNITED STATES POSSESSIONS  
HAVE BEEN MOLESTED BY  
MYSTERIOUS RAIDS. HAPPY  
TERRILL GOES ON THE STORY.



WHOA! HOLD  
THAT CLIPPER!  
I'VE GOT TO BE  
IN ON THE FIRST  
ACT IF THERE'S  
WAR!



IT'S TAKING  
OFF! YOU CAN'T  
DO THAT TO  
ME!



AS THE GREAT SHIP  
CLIMBS TO THE CLOUDS,  
A STRUGGLING FIGURE  
CLINGS DESPERATELY  
TO THE UNDERCARRIAGE.



HEY! OPEN  
UP! IT'S  
THE  
PRESS!



GREAT  
SCOTT!  
THERE'S  
A MAN  
ON THE  
WING!



YOU TRYING TO  
DIE THE HARD WAY?  
WHO ARE YOU?

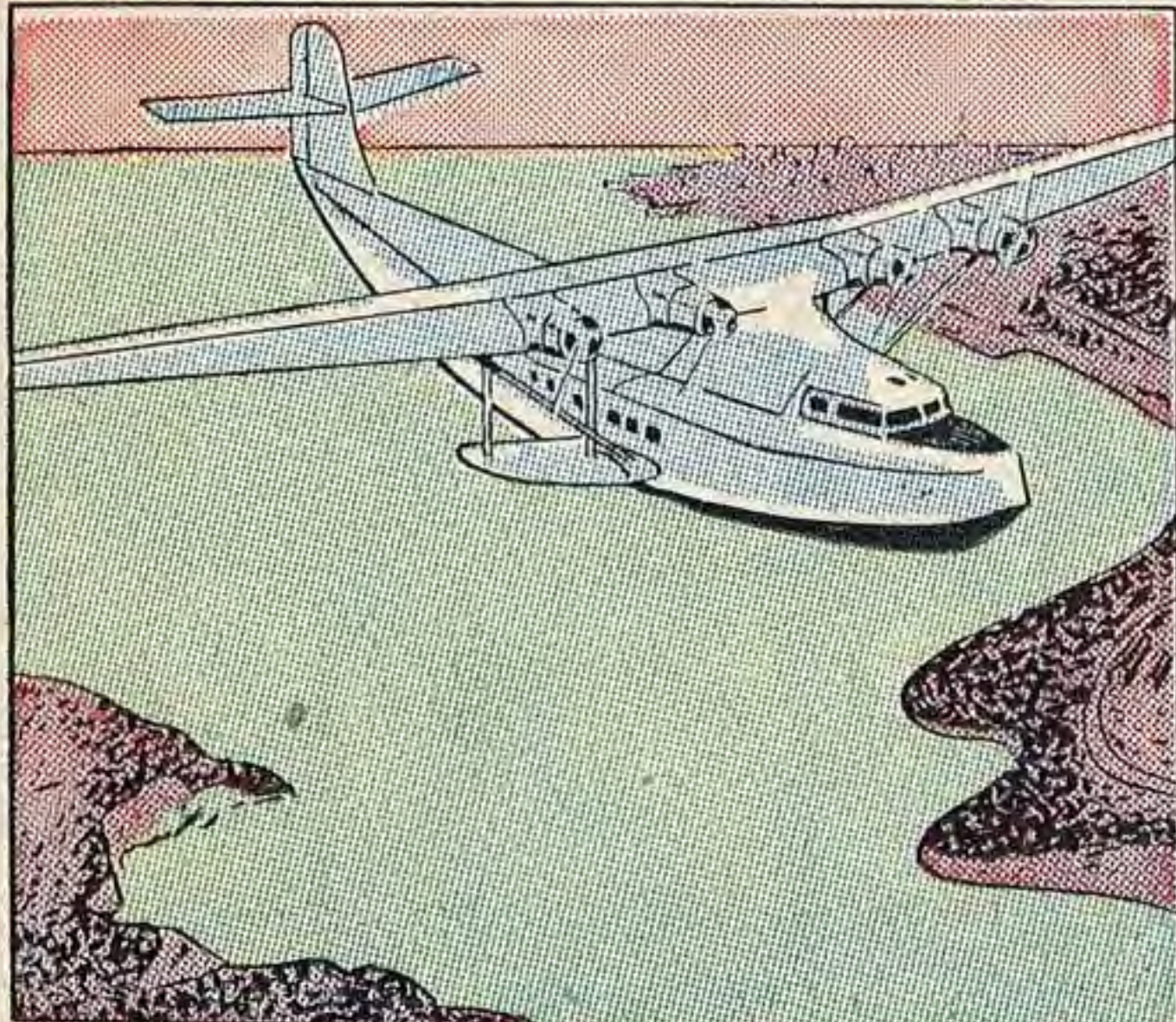
TERRILL,  
OF THE UNION  
PRESS..FOREIGN  
CORRESPONDENT



I'M HOPPING OUT TO SEE  
ABOUT THESE ASIATICS WHO  
WANT TO BE AT THE  
BUSINESS END OF  
A FEW OF UNCLE SAM'S  
EIGHTEEN INCHERS!



THE CLIPPER STOPS AT HAWAII FOR FUEL, AND IS OFF AGAIN ACROSS THE TROPICAL BLUE OF THE OCEAN.



WESTWARD TO THE PHILIPPINES SAILS THE GRACEFUL SHIP.



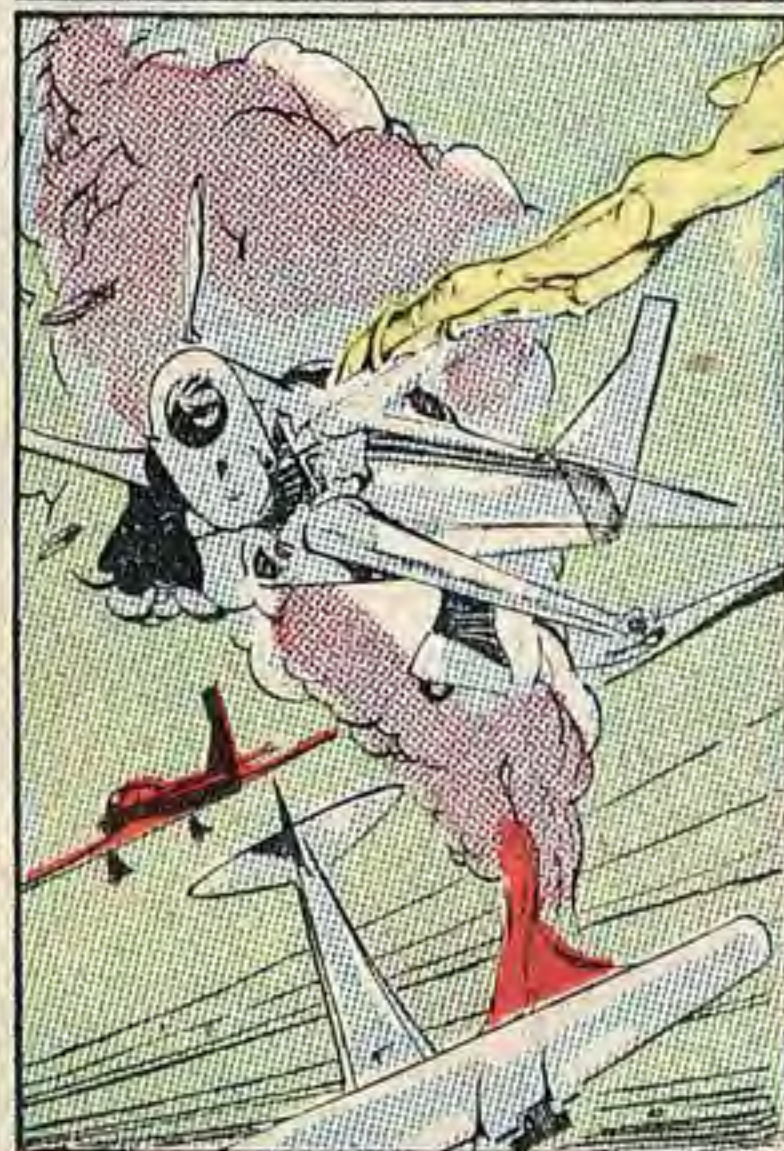
BUT THE THREATENING SHAPES OF TWO SKY DOGS OF BATTLE DISTURB HAPPY'S THOUGHTS.



SUDDENLY A STREAK OF GOLD FLASHES FROM THE CLIPPER.



THE RAY EMERGES, HIS FISTS DRIVING HOME A TERRIFIC LIGHTNING-PACKED BLOW.



BUT THE CLIPPER'S FUEL TANK HAS BEEN HIT.....IT PLUMMETS SEAWARD.....

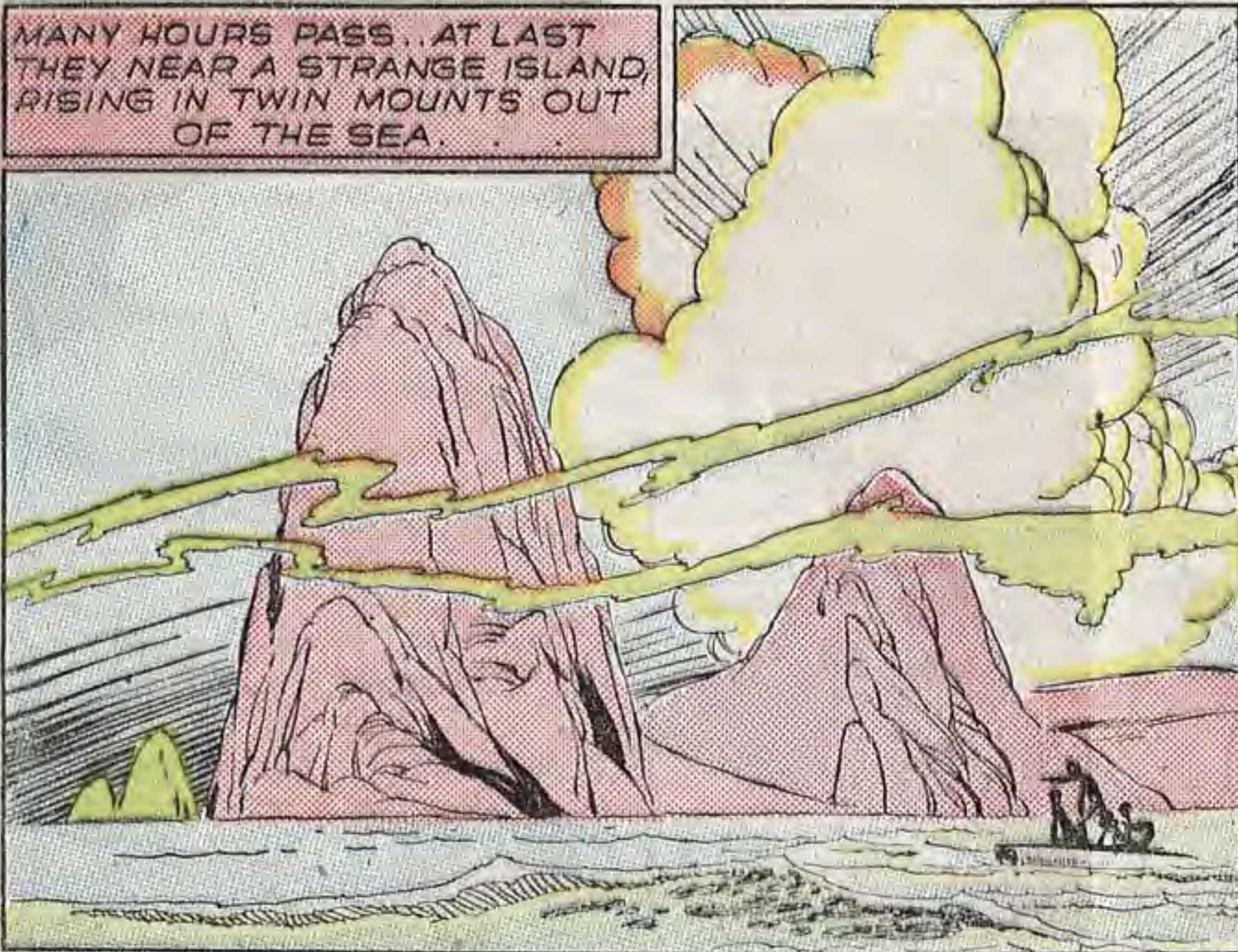


AS HAPPY TERRILL AGAIN, HE MANAGES TO DRAG SOME ALMOST LIFELESS BODIES TO A FLOATING WING TIP...





MANY HOURS PASS. AT LAST THEY NEAR A STRANGE ISLAND, RISING IN TWIN MOUNTS OUT OF THE SEA.



A BOY, TWO MEN AND HAPPY, THE SOLE SURVIVORS OF THE TRAGEDY, MAKE FOR SHORE.



WATER...



SOMEWHERE ON THE ISLAND TWO FIGURES PEER INTO THE SCREEN OF A TELEVISOR...



WHAT'S THIS? STRANGERS IN MY DOMAIN?



SHALL I SHOOT THEM, SIRE?



YES, OF COURSE NO! BRING THEM HERE... I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN!

MY MEN ARE STILL SAVAGE ENOUGH TO BE IMPRESSED AND STIRRED TO BLOODY LUST BY A GOOD OLD FASHIONED HUMAN SACRIFICE. YES, BRING THEM HERE!





MEANWHILE.



TERRILL BECOMES THE RAY..

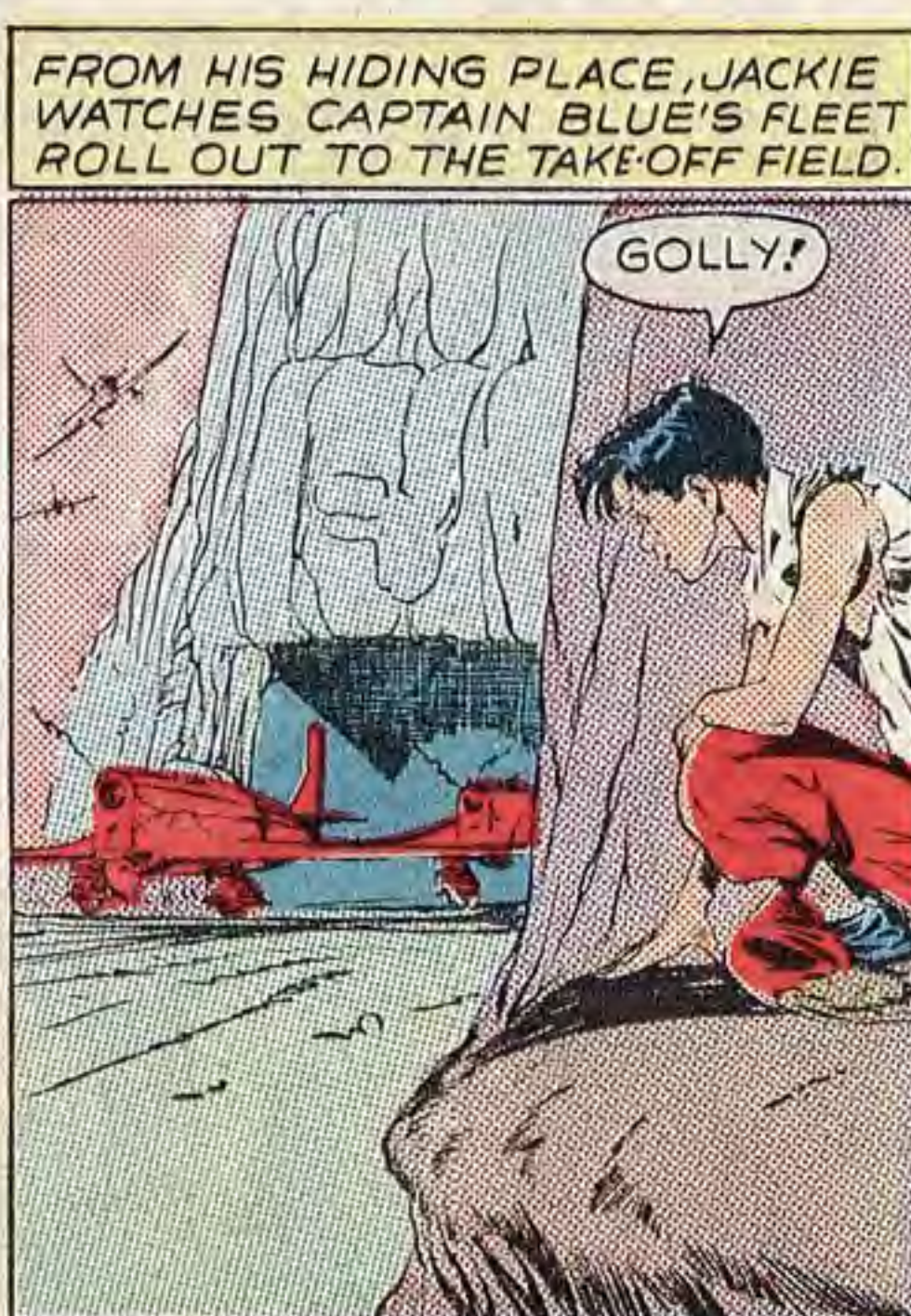
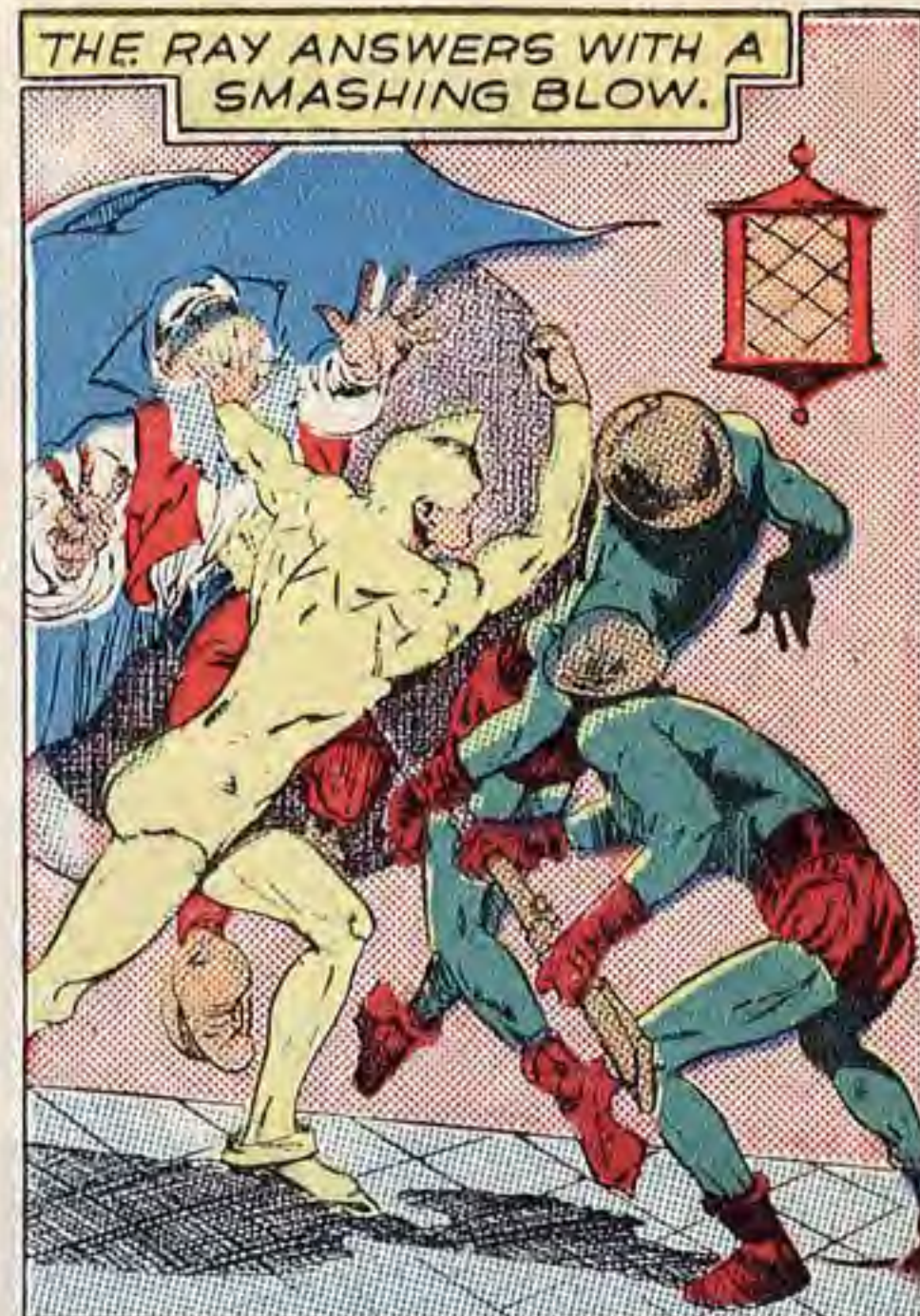
USING HIS ELECTRIC POWER, HE PUSHES THROUGH THE ROCK FACE OF THE HILL.



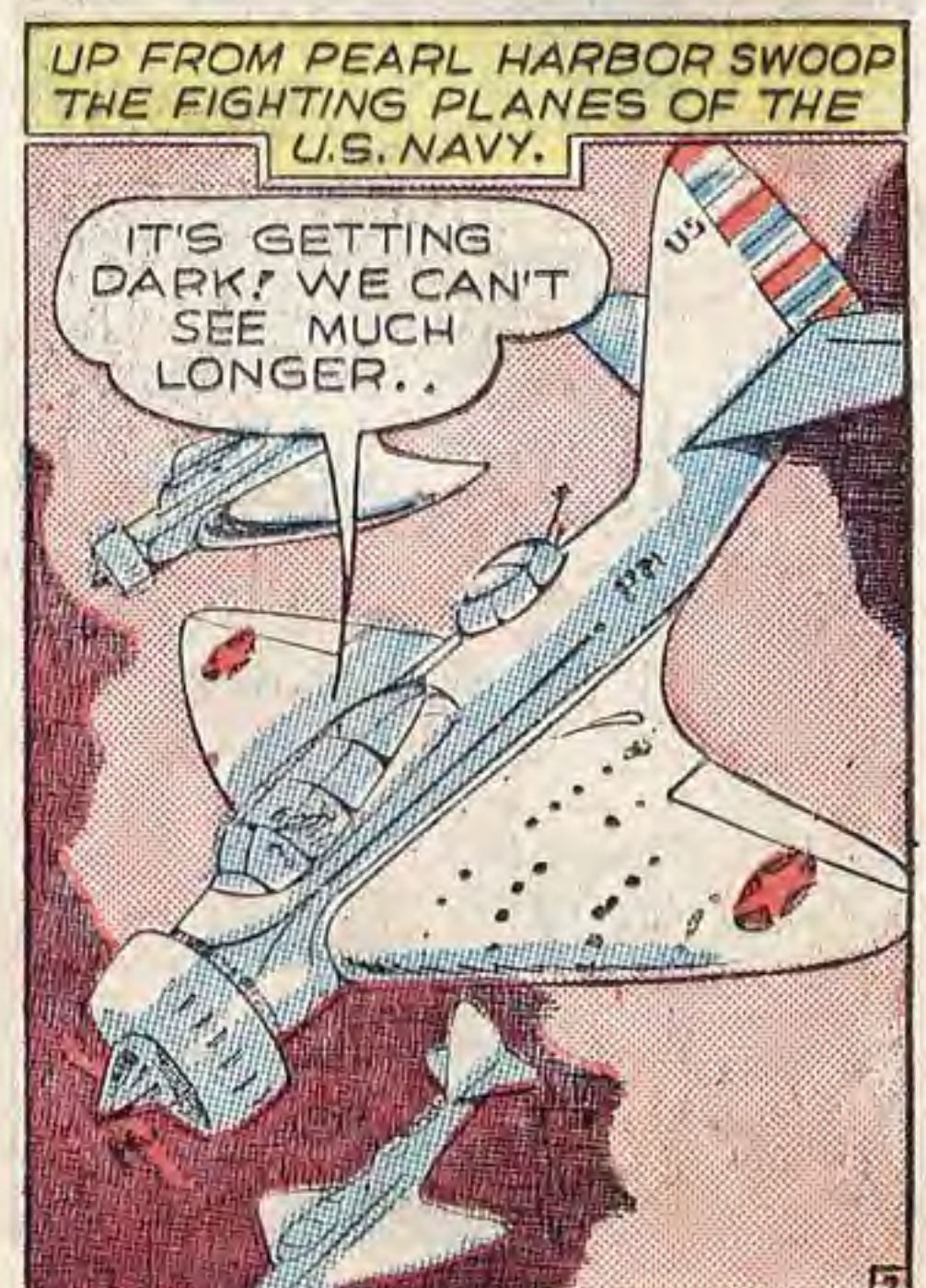
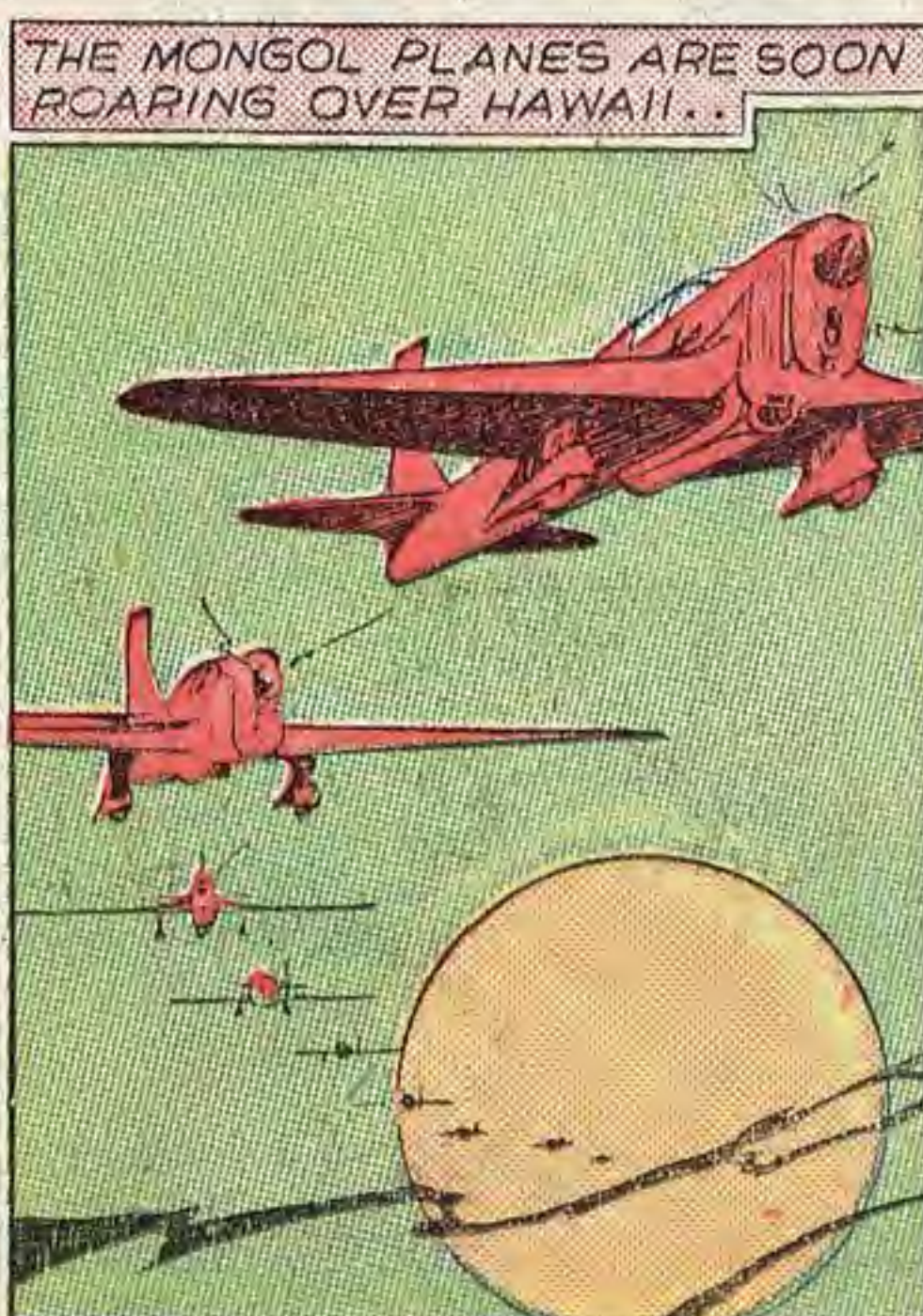
AND FINDS THAT HE HAS BROKEN INTO A SECRET PASSAGE.





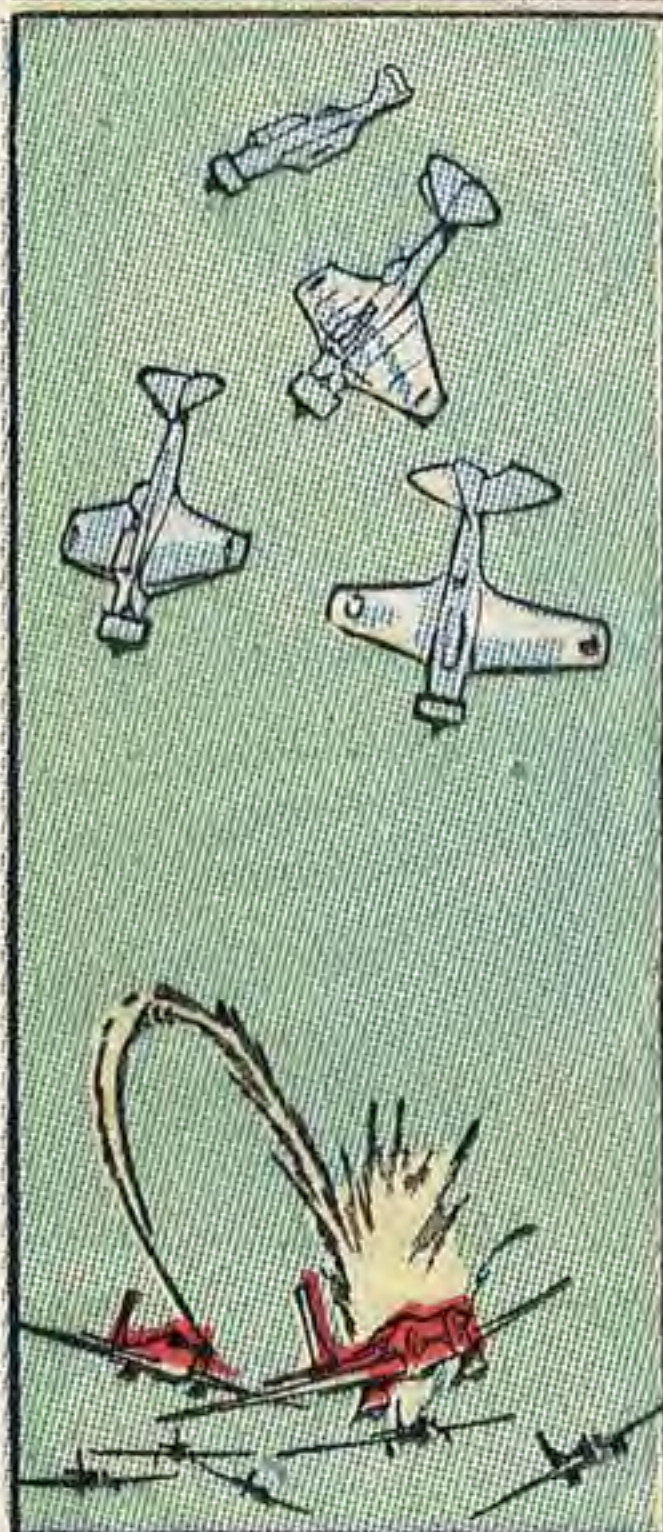








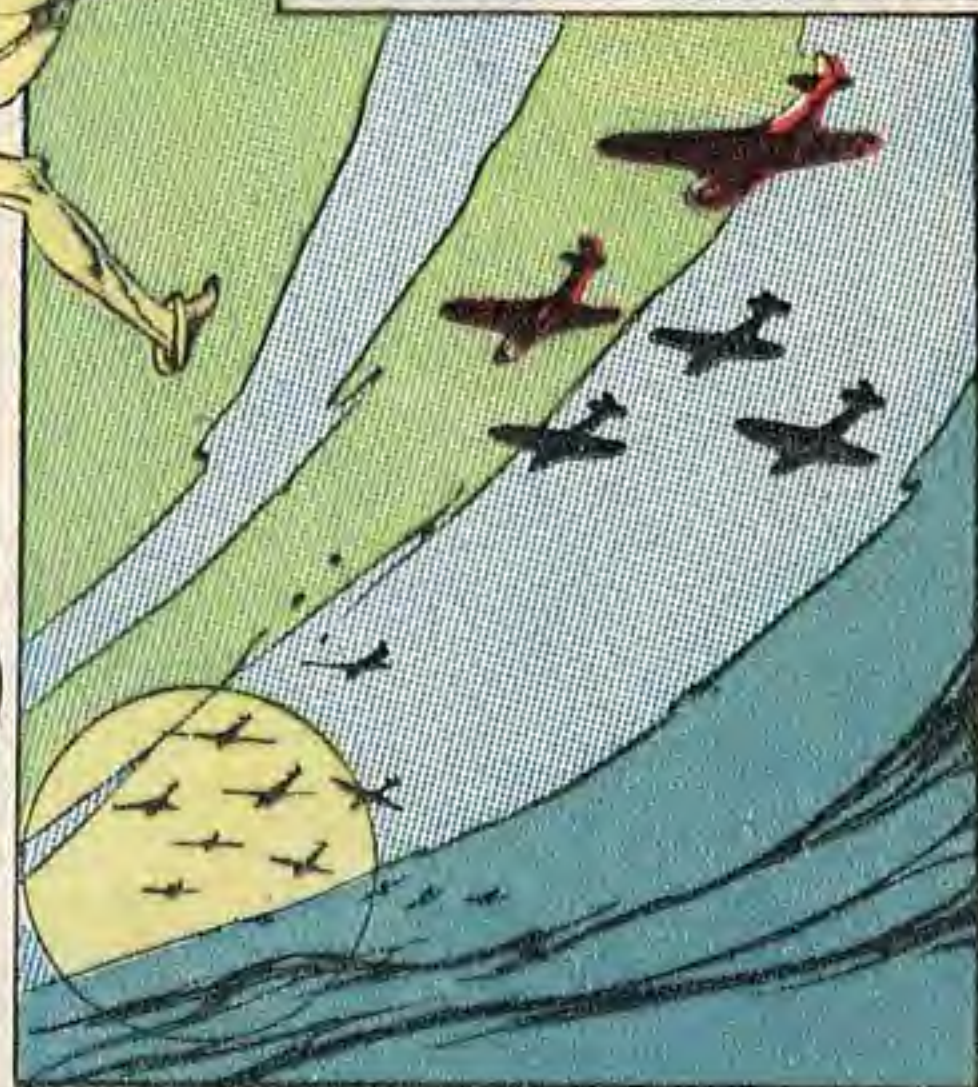
SUDDENLY A STREAK  
OF LIGHT BURSTS  
THROUGH THE DUSK.



THE RAY ILLUMINATES  
EACH MONGOL PLANE,  
AS HE LEAPS AMONG  
THEM.



IN HURRIED RETREAT  
THE LIGHTED SHIPS  
FLY HOME WITH THE  
NAVY BIRDS HARD ON  
THEIR TAIL.



WALK THE  
PLANK, ME FAIR  
HEARTIES! YOU'LL  
FIND A SOFT BED  
OF ROCKS  
BELOW!



HO! OBJECTIONS?  
IT'S MUTINY! I'LL  
GIVE YE A  
STARTER!



MEANWHILE THE MAD  
CAPTAIN BLUE HAS  
LAID THE DEATH PLANK.

MR. KEEFER,  
MR. RODGERS AND  
TH' LAD. 'TIS AN OLD  
SEA CUSTOM YE'LL  
NOW OBSERVE!



THE RAY HAS RETURNED...

KICK ME IN TH'  
BRITCHES, WILL  
YE?! YE SPAWN  
OF THE CURSED  
DEVIL FISH!



NOW YOU'LL  
OBSERVE THE  
HONORED PLANK  
WALKING,  
CAPTAIN!



BUT THE CAPTAIN  
SUDDENLY SITS  
DOWN.





THE OLD SEA DOG PUTS UP A FIERCE BATTLE.



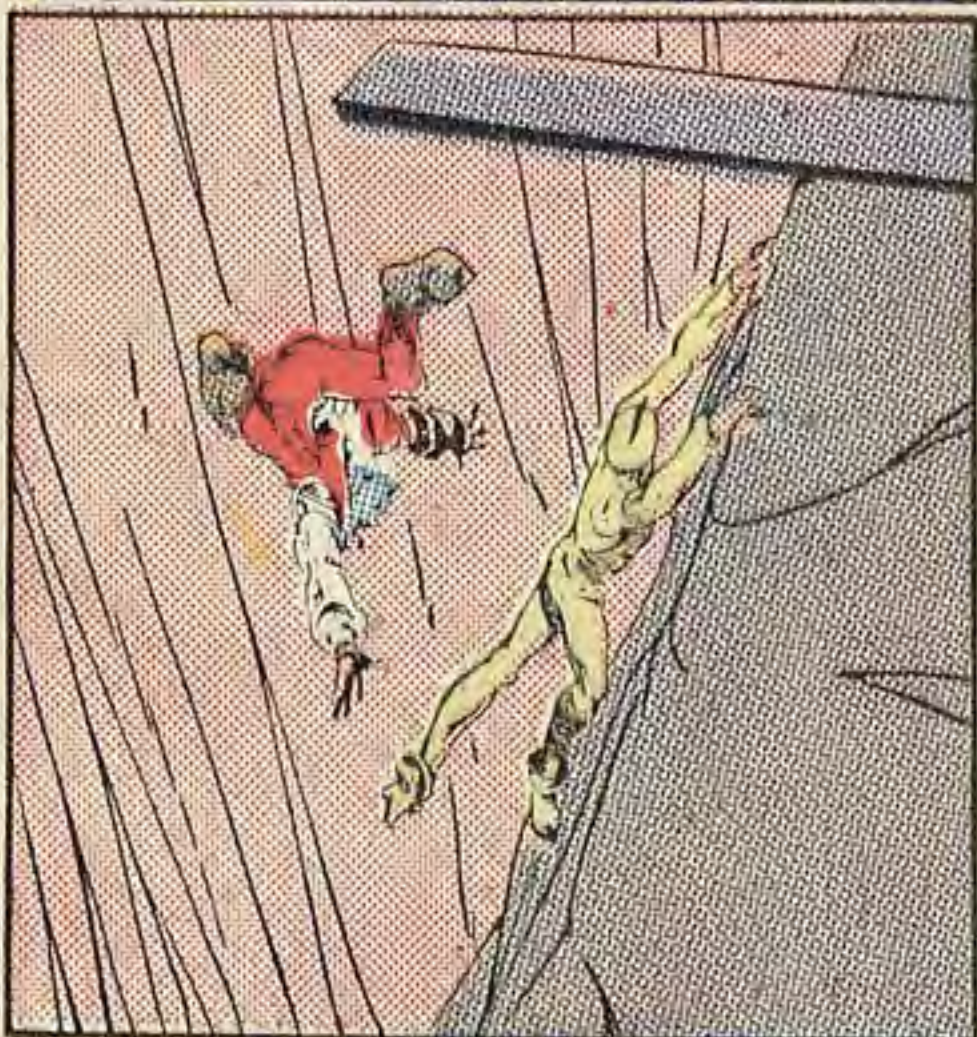
THE STRUGGLE CARRIES THEM ALONG THE SPRINGING PLANK.



MAN OVER-BOARD!



AS THE HOWLING CAPTAIN FALLS INTO THE PIT, THE MOMENTUM OF HIS BLOW CARRIES THE RAY OVER THE SIDE.. BUT HE HANGS ONTO A ROCK NICHE.

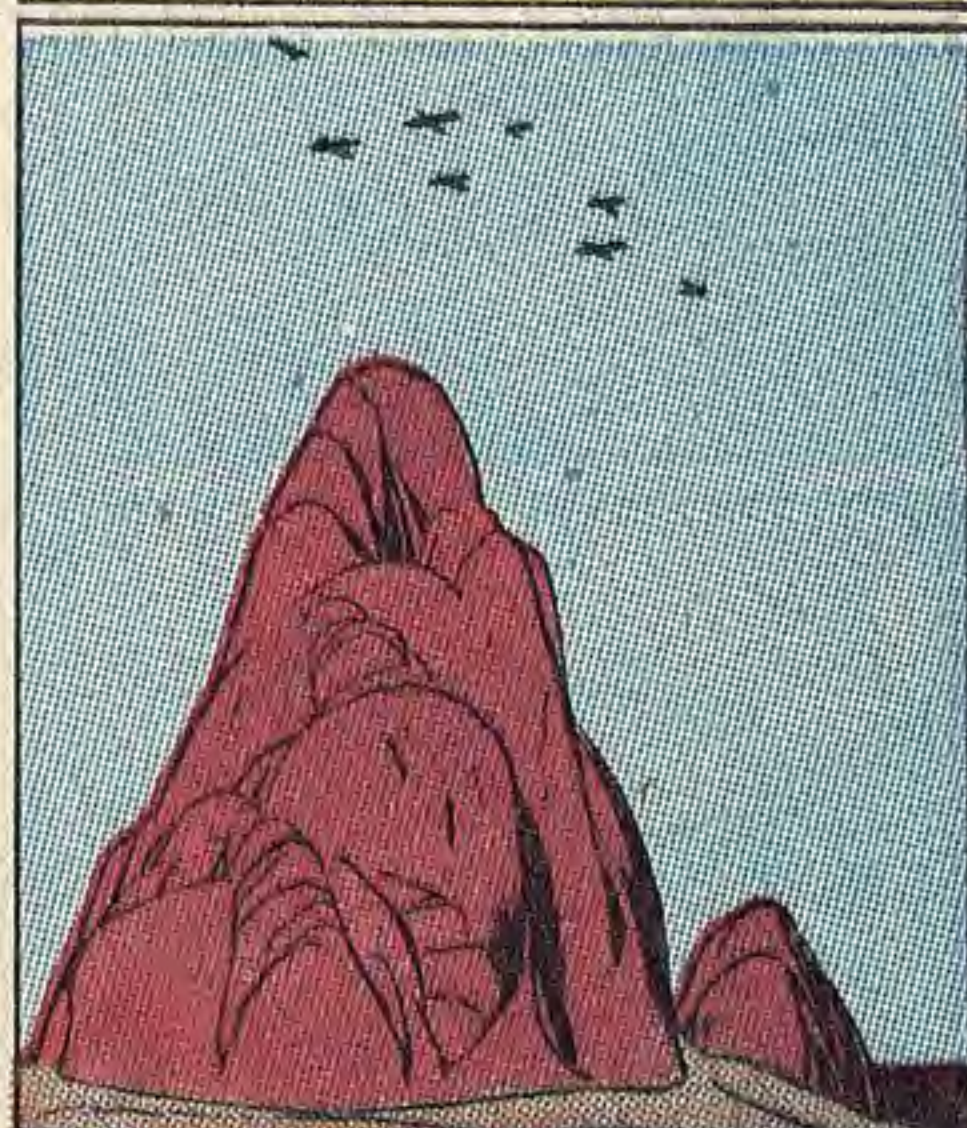


AS HE PULLS HIMSELF UP A RAGING HORDE FACES HIM.



OH OH! THE CAPTAIN'S MEN!

JUST THEN THE THUNDER OF APPROACHING PLANES CROSSES THE ISLAND.



THE RAY VANISHES... AND HAPPY TERRILL REAPPEARS



BOY! DID YOU SEE THE WAY THOSE NAVY PLANES CLEANED UP THAT GANG?



YESSIR... AND NOW THE PROBLEM IS, WHAT TO DO WITH YOU.. WE'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE STATES, AND...



..MAKE ME A CUB REPORTER... I'M GOING TO BE LIKE YOU SOME DAY.. MAYBE I'LL GET TO BE THE RAY, TOO!





# Archie O'TOOLE

"BORIS THE BLADE" MUST NOT FAIL TO ASSASSINATE KING O'TOOLE TONIGHT!

FEAR NOT, BARON ISLAND—EVEN NOW BORIS IS WAITING TO CUT HIMSELF A PIECE OF KING O'TOOLE!

I'LL HIDE IN DIS SUIT OF ARMOR—WHEN O'TOOLE PASSES—ZIP!—I LOP OFF HIS BEAN!

O'TOOLE WON'T MISS HIS HEAD—HE ONLY USED IT FOR A PLACE TO PARK HIS CROWN!

GUESS I'LL LIGHT A CIGAR BEFORE...

...I GO INTO THE CABINET MEETING!

COISES! HE COUGHED AN' I MISSED HIM!

KOFF KOFF—! PHOOEY! IT TASTES LIKE IT WAS MADE FROM AN OLD VEST!

I'LL THROW IT INTO THIS SUIT OF ARMOR!

HELP FIRE I'M BOWIN'!

HUH—IT MUST BE THE EFFECT OF THAT CIGAR—WHO EVER HEARD OF ANYBODY BEIN' RUN OVER BY—

-A SUIT OF ARMOR?

WE DID!



# Midnight

MIDNIGHT SWORN ENEMY OF CRIME TEAMS UP WITH A NEW ALLY IN HIS NEVER-ENDING BATTLE FOR RIGHT.

IT IS EVENING IN 'BIG CITY'. A GIRL STROLLS IDLY WHEN OUT OF THE SHADOWS...



SAY!  
OF ALL  
THE—!!

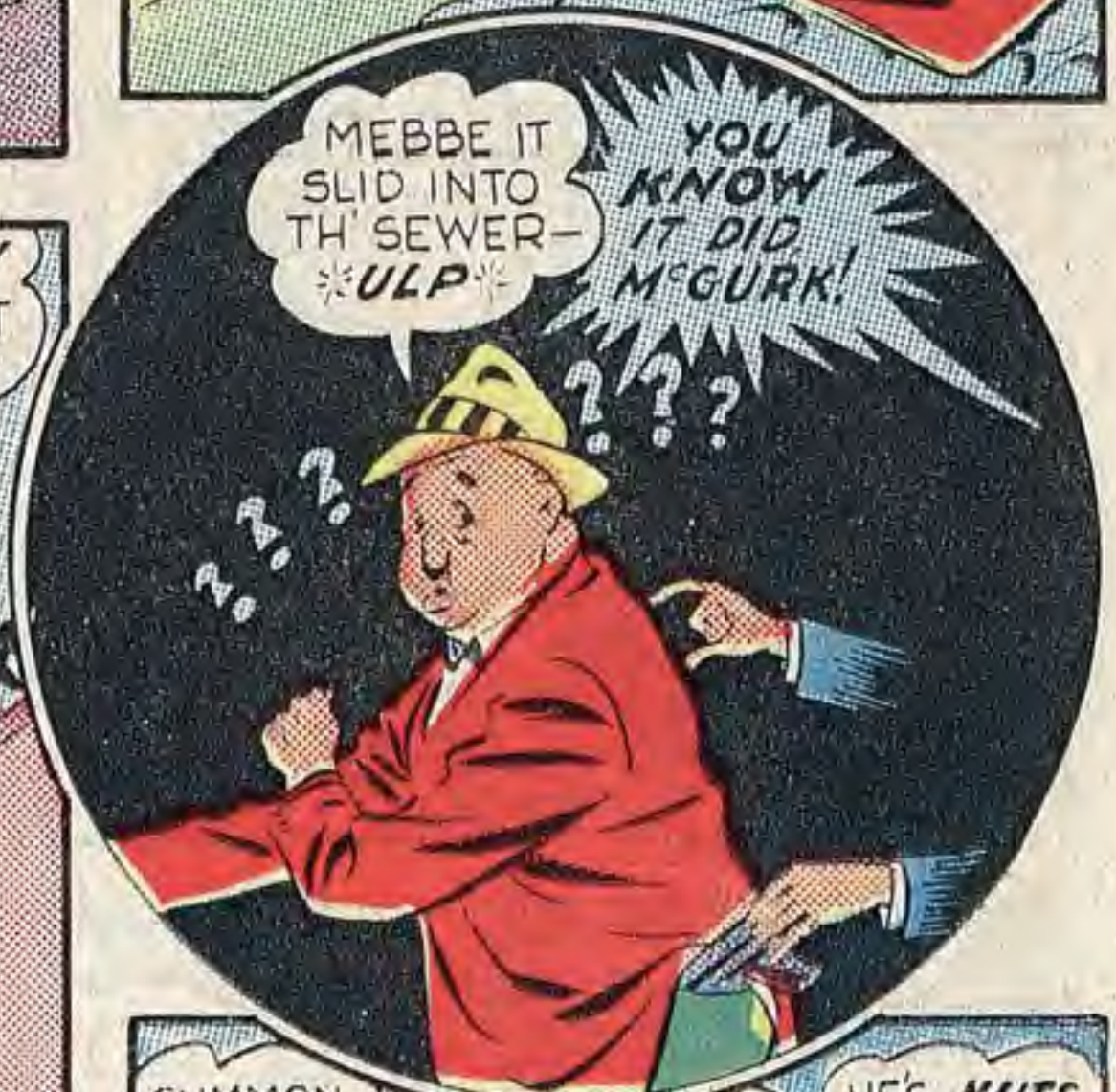


PERHAPS YOU  
WILL HAVE THE  
**DECENCY** TO  
RETRIEVE MY  
PURSE FROM  
THE GUTTER.



WHAT  
PURSE,  
MAM?

IT'S **GONE!!**  
BUT-BUT IT  
**CAN'T** BE!  
OH!!



MEBBE IT  
SLID INTO  
TH' SEWER—  
**ULP**

YOU  
**KNOW**  
IT DID  
M'GURK!



SUMMON  
THE POLICE,  
MISS, WHILE  
I ATTEND TO  
THE SEWER

INCREDIBLE!  
HOW COULD  
**ANYONE** BE  
DOWN THERE?

HE'S **NUTS**,  
MAM! I'M  
NO CROOK!  
**HONEST!**



**MIDNIGHT!**

I SAW THE ENTIRE  
ACT, SLUG! BEEN  
WATCHING YOU FOR  
A WEEK—AND YOU  
FINALLY SLIPPED  
UP!!

by JACK COLE

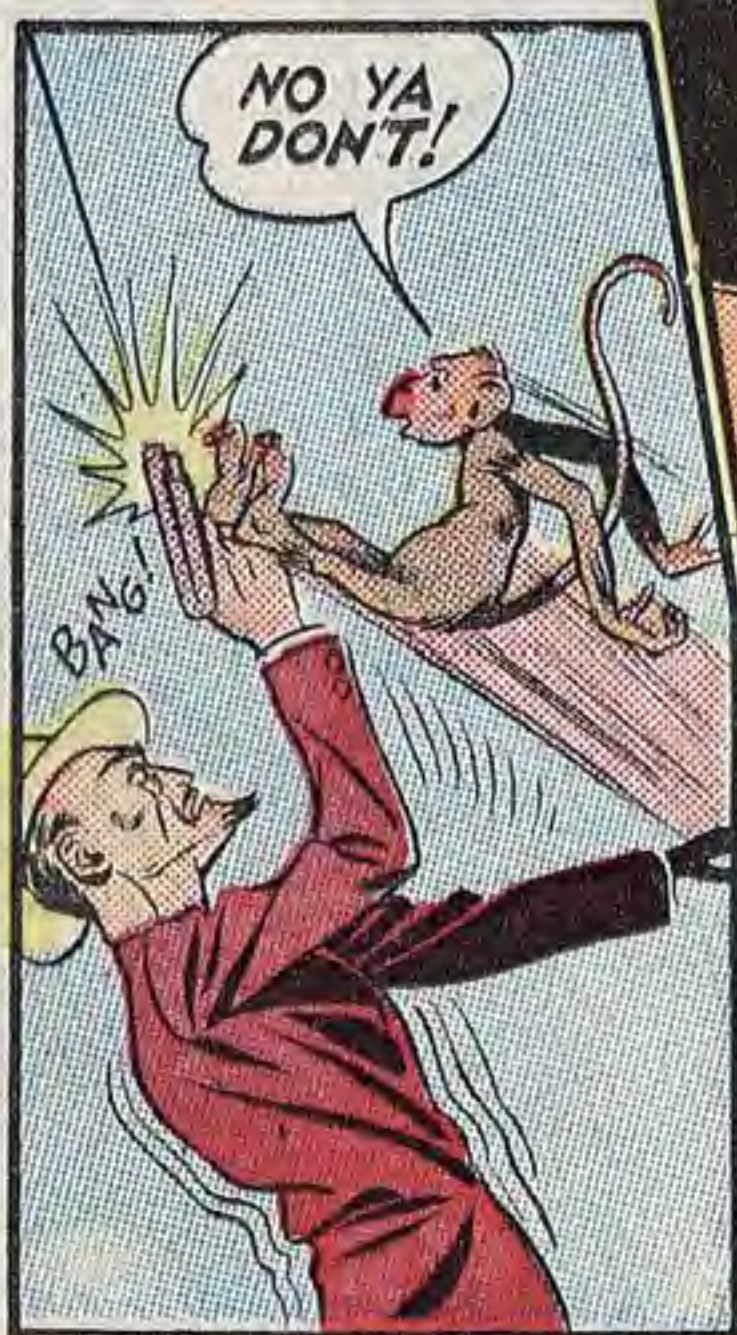
















HELP!  
I'M—

THERE  
GOES  
BALDY!  
FLYIN'  
OUT!



HOLY MURDER!  
NOW IT'S GUS!  
WHAT IS THIS?

LOOK  
OUT!



CRASH



OH... GOTTA  
GET OUTTA  
HERE....  
SOMEWHERE—  
ANYWHERE!



MISS O'DAY!  
YOU'RE HURT!  
WE'LL TAKE  
YOU TO A  
HOSPITAL!

NO... PLEASE!  
IT'S SO  
MUCH MORE  
IMPORTANT  
TO GET MY  
FORMULA  
FROM EVIL  
HANDS... IT...  
IT....



DEAD!  
SHE... SHE'S  
O-DEAD!

BRACE YOUR-  
SELF, GABBY.  
WE MUST  
CARRY OUT  
HER LAST  
REQUEST—  
AND NOW!



THERE  
HE IS!  
USE TH' VACUUM  
GUN!

OH-OH!  
NO MORE  
SHELLS!

CLICK  
CLICK



SO YA THINK  
YOU'VE TRAPPED  
ME! THINK I'LL  
GIVE UP! WELL  
IF I CAN'T HAVE  
THIS FORMULA,  
NO ONE CAN!

DON'T  
BURN IT!



TOO  
LATE!



JUSTICE AT  
MIDNIGHT!!

BONG—  
BONG—  
BONG—  
BONG—  
BONG—  
BONG—  
BONG—  
BONG—  
BONG—  
BONG—



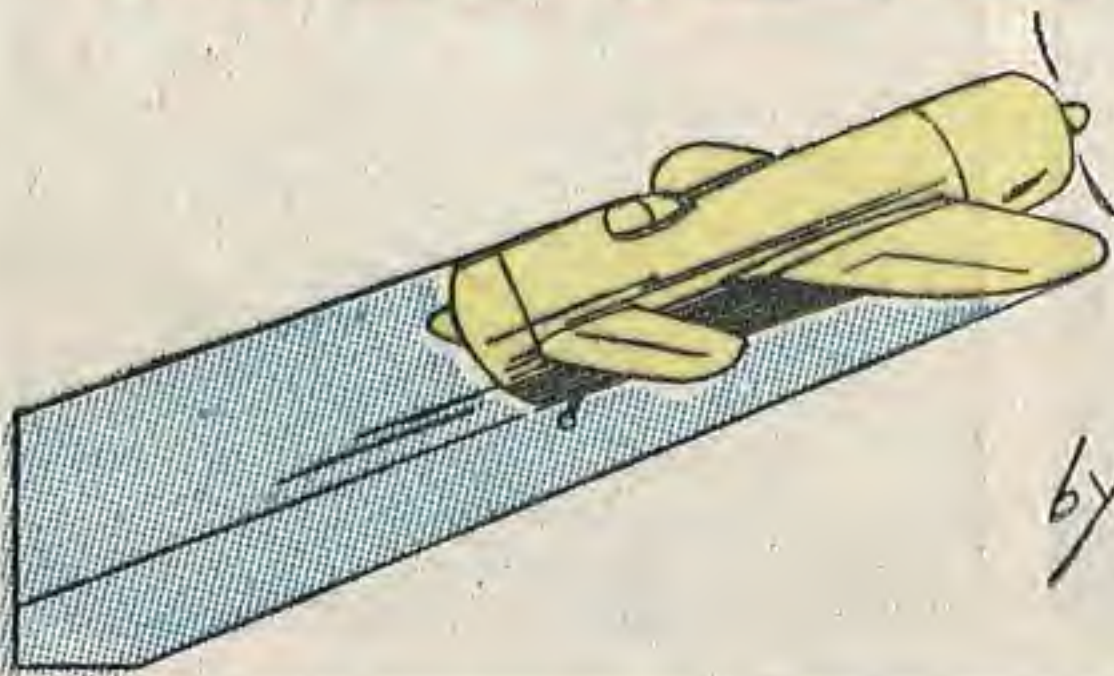
SEVERAL DAYS LATER

YES... SHE DIED WITH  
HER SECRET. LEAVING—  
ONLY YOU GABBY, AS  
PROOF OF HER DISCOVERY!  
FROM NOW ON IT SHALL  
BE YOU AND ME WORKING  
TOGETHER AGAINST  
CRIME! YOU'RE A  
LIVING MEMORIAL TO  
A GREAT WOMAN!

...AND WITH A TALKING  
MONKEY, MIDNIGHT BRINGS  
A NEW WEAPON INTO ACTION  
AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL.



# WINGS WENDALL



by  
VERNON  
HENKEL

WINGS WENDALL AND  
HIS FLYING COMPANION  
SPINNER BENSON  
CARRY ON A NEVER-  
ENDING WAR AGAINST  
AMERICA'S HIDDEN FOES

AN AMERICAN TRAMP  
STEAMER WALLOWS  
THROUGH THE CHOPPY  
CARIBBEAN SEA.



HEARING AN EXCITED CALL  
FROM THE HELMSMAN, THE  
CAPTAIN RUSHES TO THE  
BRIDGE

CAPTAIN! LOOK!  
BUILDINGS ON  
SAN PAULO  
ISLAND!

WHAT?  
THAT  
ISLAND IS  
SUPPOSED  
TO BE  
UNINHABITED!



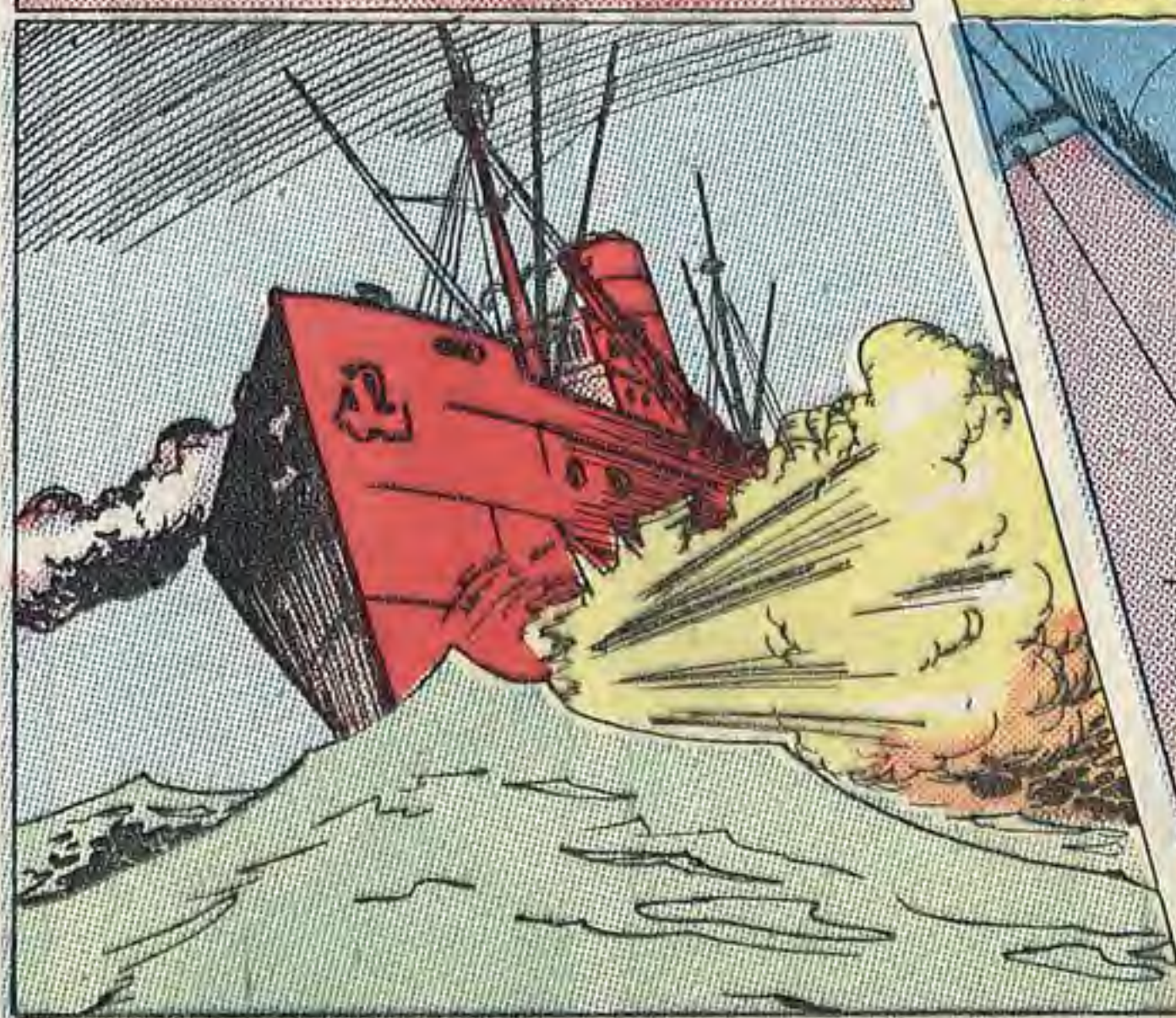
YOU'RE RIGHT THEY'RE  
FORTIFICATIONS! BUT OUR  
GOVERNMENT OWNS THAT  
ISLAND AND WE HAVE NO  
BASE THERE! I'LL HAVE  
"SPARKS" RADIO UNITED  
STATES AUTHORITIES!



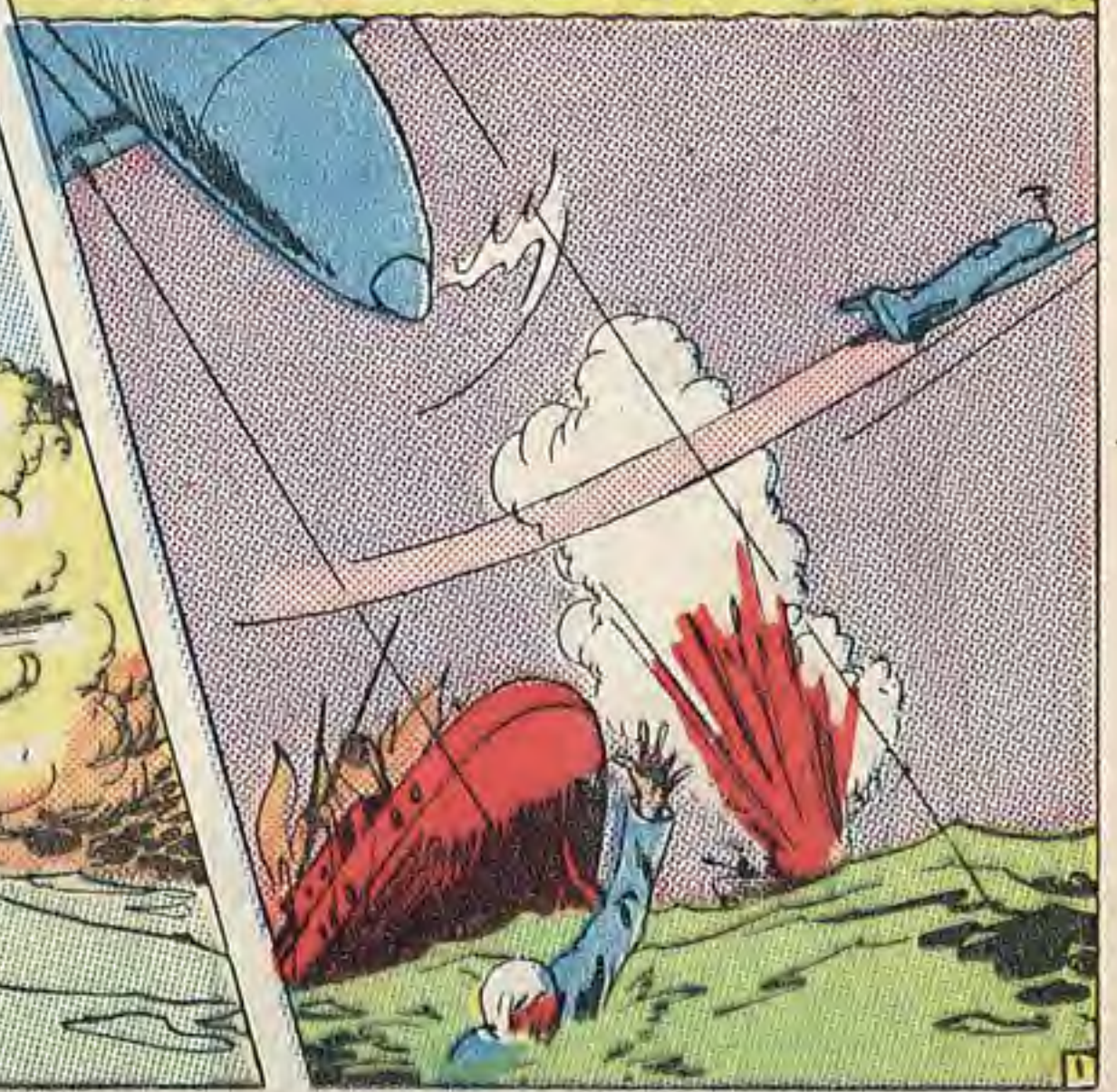
NEITHER OF THEM  
NOTICE THE GRIM  
WARNING OF  
DEATH A FEW  
HUNDRED YARDS  
AWAY...



SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION  
RIPS THE FREIGHTER APART.



FAST FIGHTER PLANES BOMB AND  
MACHINE GUN THE FEW SURVIVORS.





ON SHORE, TWO MEN  
CALMLY WATCH THE  
SLAUGHTER..

BAH! THIS IS THE  
FOURTH TIME  
WE'VE HAD TO  
SINK SNOOPING  
AMERICAN SHIPS,  
DERIK!

WHAT DOES IT  
MATTER, BARON?  
SOON OUR BASE  
HERE WILL BE  
STRONG ENOUGH  
TO HOLD OFF THE  
ENTIRE AMERICAN  
NAVY!

YES, DERIK! THIS BASE  
IS IMPORTANT IN OUR  
COUNTRY'S PLANS. IT  
WILL BE THE CENTER  
OF OUR PROPAGANDA  
AND SPY SERVICE! IT  
IS THE FIRST STEP IN  
OUR DOMINATION OF  
THE WESTERN HEMI-  
SPHERE!

WHEN AT LAST  
THEY TURN AWAY,  
ONLY SCATTERED  
WRECKAGE MARKS  
THE SEA

OUR SCENE NOW  
SHIFTS TO  
WASHINGTON D.C.

UNITED STATES ARMY  
INTELLIGENCE BUREAU....

WENDALL, THE ENTIRE  
NATION'S AROUSED ABOUT  
THOSE SHIPS BEING SUNK!  
THE PEOPLE WANT ACTION  
..IT'S UP TO US TO  
GIVE IT TO THEM!

I'M WAY AHEAD OF  
YOU, COLONEL  
HARRISON, I'VE  
ALREADY GOT A  
LEAD TO WORK  
ON!

I'VE PLOTTED THE  
COURSE AND  
SPEED OF THOSE  
SHIPS, CHIEF, AND  
FOUND ONE VERY  
PECULIAR THING:  
HERE, LOOK AT  
THIS MAP!

THE X'S SHOW WHERE  
EACH SHIP WENT DOWN!  
EVERY ONE OF THEM  
SANK WITHIN A FEW  
MILES OF SAN PAULO!

BUT HOW WERE  
THEY SUNK,  
WENDALL.. AND  
WHY?

THE WHY IS SIMPLE!  
SOMEBODY'S GOT  
SOMETHING HIDDEN  
ON THAT ISLAND..  
THOSE SHIPS WERE  
SUNK BECAUSE THEY  
LEARNED THAT SECRET  
!!

AS FOR THE HOW,  
SPINNER AND I  
ARE FLYING TO  
SAN PAULO TO  
LEARN THAT!



CRUISING AT 400 MILES AN HOUR, THE BULLET-PLANE SPEEDS TOWARD SAN PAULO



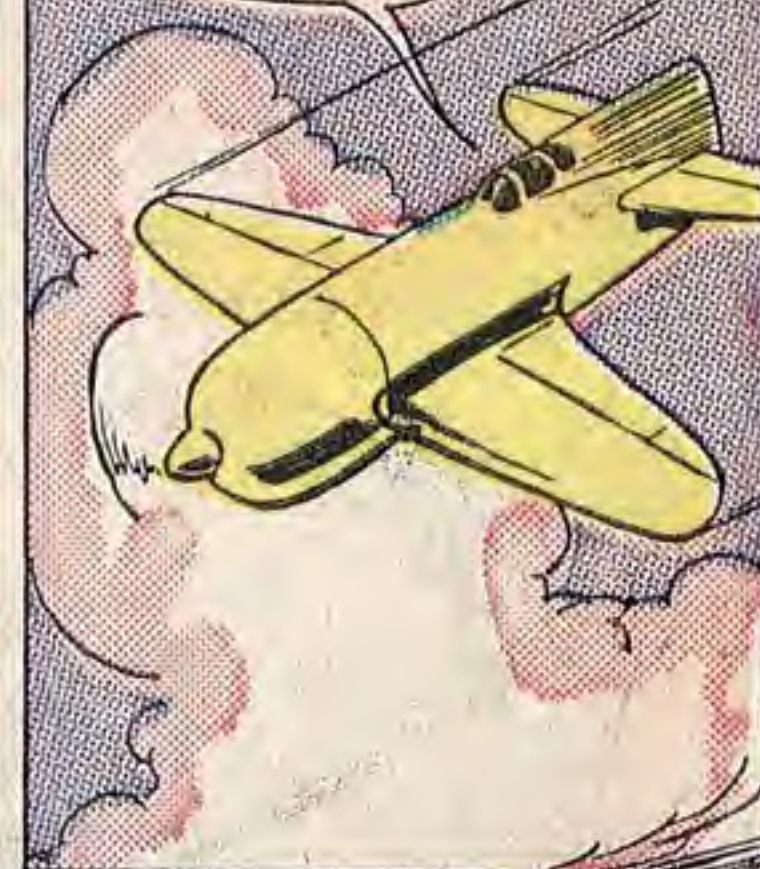
THERE'S THE ISLAND, WINGS!



GREAT GUNS! THERE'S A COMPLETE NAVAL BASE DOWN THERE! WE'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT, SPINNER!



I'VE RADIOED THE NAVY FOR HELP. IT'S OUR PARTY UNTIL THEY GET HERE!



ON THE GROUND THE BARON HURLS ORDERS AT HIS FLYERS..

GET UP THERE AND SHOOT DOWN THAT PLANE!

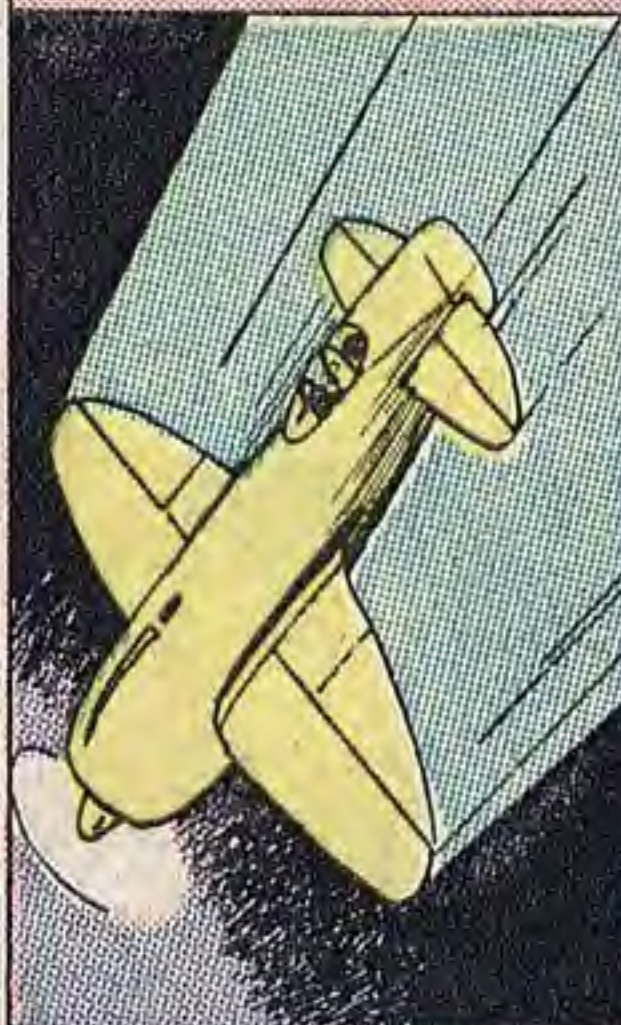


A SQUADRON OF ALIEN PLANES STREAK SKYWARD..

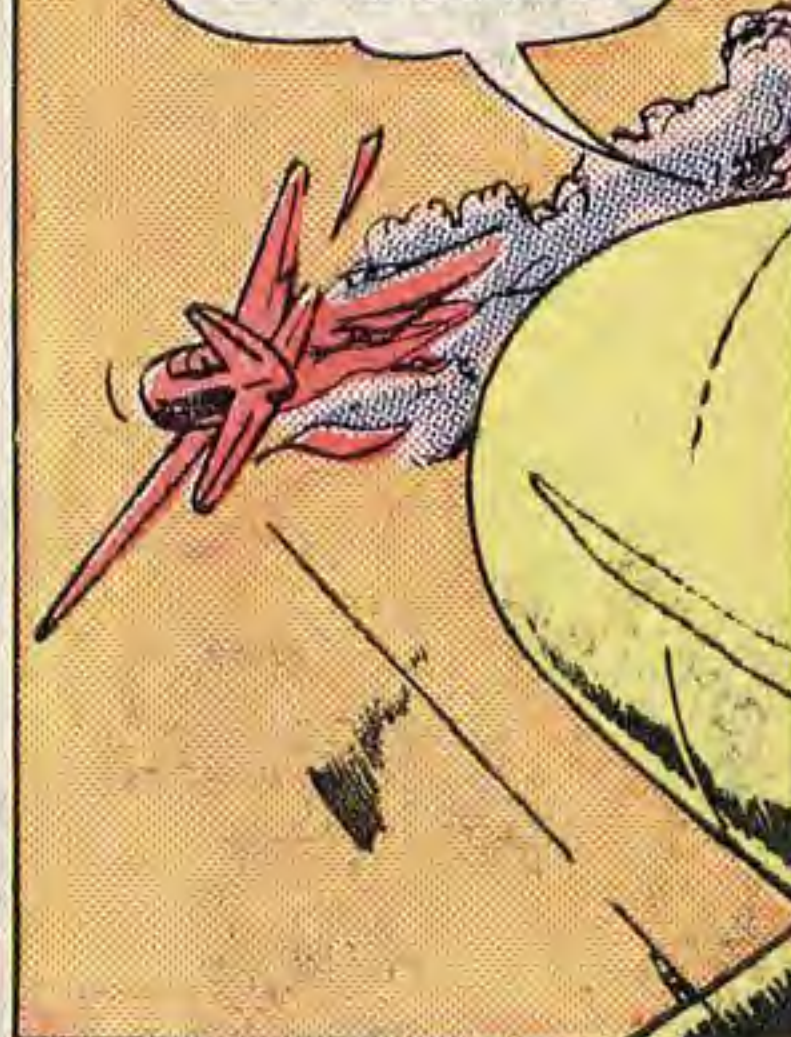
CUSTOMERS COMING UP, SPINNER!



WITH THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, THE BULLET-PLANE SWOOPS DOWN...



YOU SET 'EM UP. WE'LL KNOCK 'EM DOWN!



WENDALL GOES INTO A FAST VERTICAL BANK..AND ANOTHER PLANE FALLS BEFORE HIS GUNS..

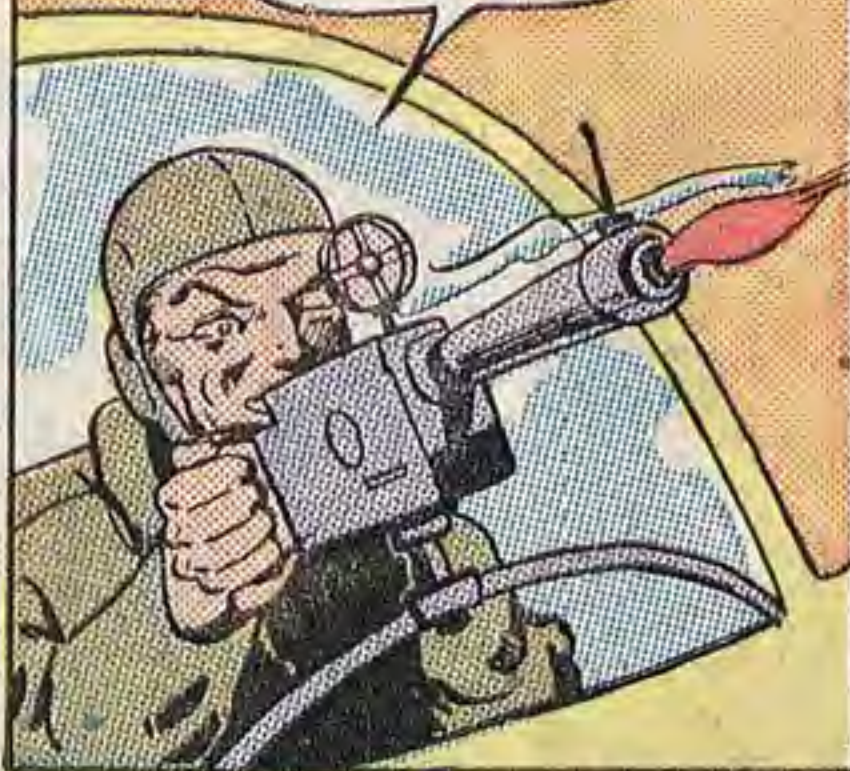


TWO AWAY!

SPINNER POURS A DEVASTATING FIRE FROM THE REAR GUNS..

YIPPEE!

A COUPLE O' MORE NOTCHES FOR GOOD OLD BETSY!



THE REMAINING PLANES ARE EASY PREY FOR THE RECKLESS PAIR...



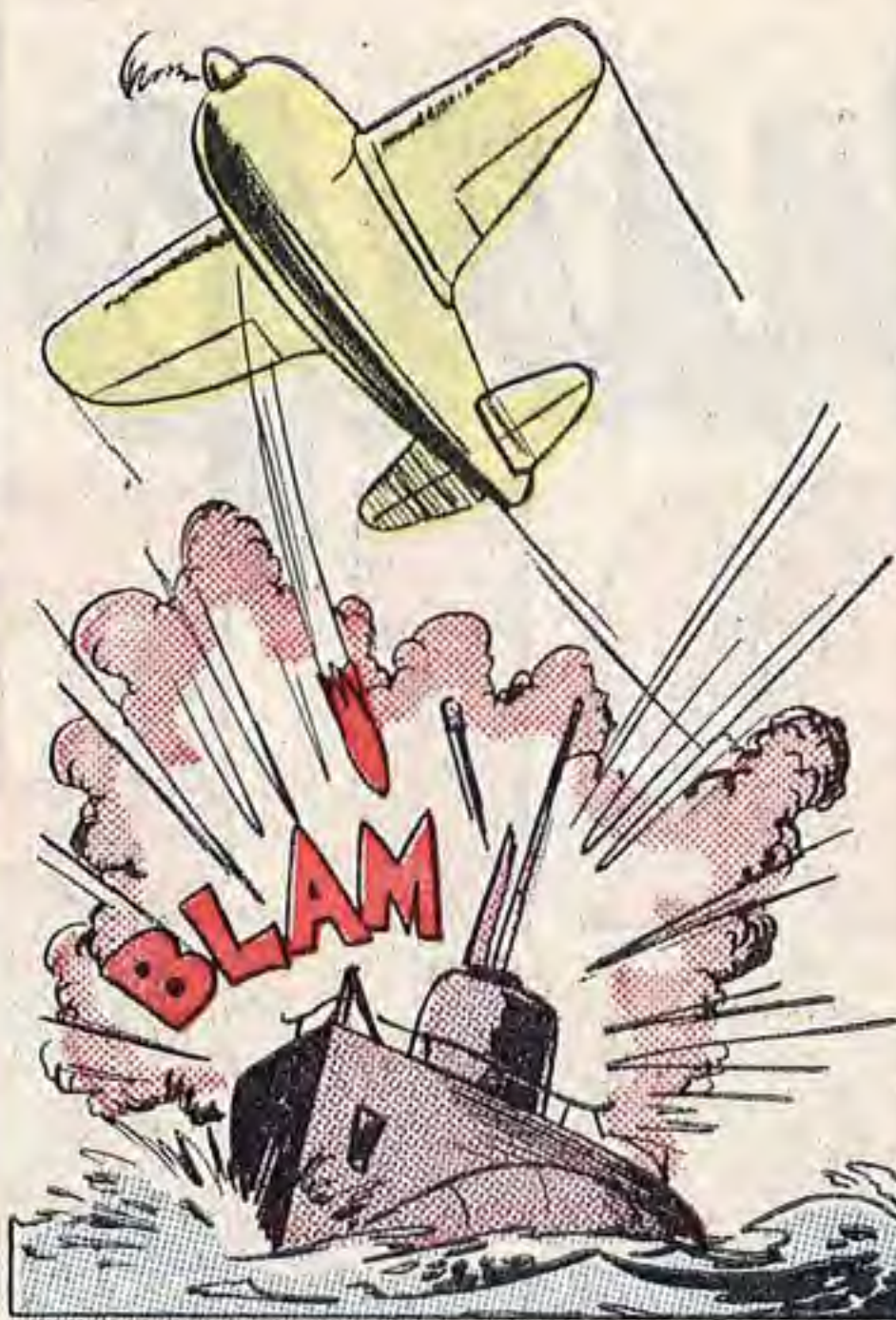




LOOK, WINGS! A SUBMARINE DOWN THERE!



SO THAT'S HOW THOSE BOATS WERE SUNK! GRAB YOUR BOMB RELEASE, SPINNER, WE'RE GOING AFTER THAT SUB!



OUR PLANES SHOT DOWN..OUR SUB DESTROYED! IS ONE MAN GOING TO RUIN ALL OUR PLANS?



LOOK! THE FOOL IS GOING TO LAND!

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET MY HANDS ON HIM!



WHEN THEY LAND, THE BARON LEADS HIS MEN IN A CRAZY ASSAULT.

UGLY-LOOKING CREATURES LIVING ON THIS ISLAND!



BUT THE ALIENS FACE FIRE MORE ACCURATE THAN THEY IMAGINED..



COME ON, SPINNER, LET'S FINISH THIS MESS!

OKE, PARD!



LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE THIS JOINT CLEANED UP BEFORE THE NAVY GETS HERE!



LATER.. A UNITED STATES SQUADRON PLACES THE ISLAND UNDER CONTROL..

GOOD WORK, WENDALL! THE NAVY CAN USE A BASE LIKE THIS!

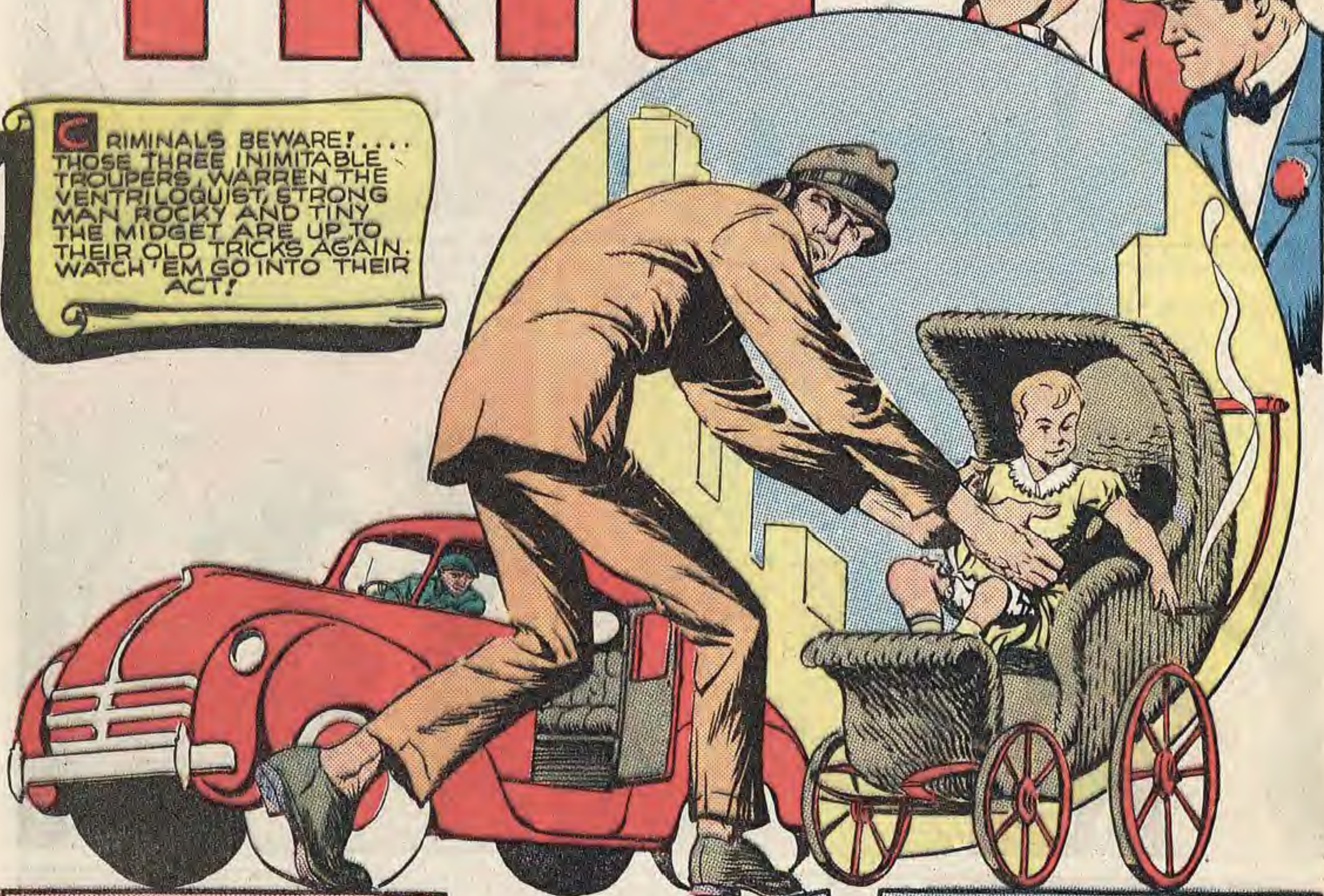
SURE! I'M FOR ALIENS BUILDING BIGGER AND BETTER BASES, SO WE CAN TAKE 'EM!



# THE Purple TRIO

by  
S.M. Regi

**C**RIMINALS BEWARE!...  
THOSE THREE INIMITABLE  
TROUPEERS, WARREN THE  
VENTRILOQUIST, STRONG  
MAN ROCKY AND TINY  
THE MIDGET ARE UP TO  
THEIR OLD TRICKS AGAIN.  
WATCH 'EM GO INTO THEIR  
ACT!



THE PURPLE TRIO STOPS OFF  
FOR AN HOUR'S DIVERSION AT  
A MOVIE THAT SHOWS ONLY  
NEWS AND SHORTS.



THE FACE OF A WELL KNOWN F.B.I.  
OFFICIAL FLASHES ON THE SCREEN.

THE KIDNAP RING IS STILL  
AT LARGE. WE ASK THE  
COOPERATION OF YOU,  
MR. AND MRS. CITIZEN,  
TO AID US IN THIS  
WAR AGAINST  
CRIME. PROTECT  
YOUR OWN  
CHILDREN BY..



AT ONCE THE TRIO LEAVES.



B-BUT I WANT  
TO SEE THE  
CARTOON!

WE'VE  
THINGS  
TO DO!

AW, BUT  
HEDY  
LAMARR'S  
PLAYIN'  
ACROSS  
THE  
STREET!



WARREN QUICKLY OUTLINES HIS PLAN AND THE TRIO HURRIES TO A FASHIONABLE PART OF TOWN.



GEE, WARREN, IT'S A BIG RISK.. DO YOU THINK THE OLD GUY WILL DO IT?

THEY ARE ADMITTED INTO THE HOME OF THE PHILANTHROPIC MILLIONAIRE, MR. J.G. THROCTON



G-MEN?

..NO..WE'RE INDEPENDENT AGENTS..WE REALIZE THAT THIS OUTRAGE MUST BE STOPPED, AND WITH SOME HELP FROM YOU..WE BELIEVE WE CAN DO IT... WANT YOU TO ANNOUNCE THAT YOU'VE ADOPTED A CHILD... WE'LL SUPPLY THE CHILD?



NEXT DAY..



THE TRIO MAKE UP FOR THEIR PARTS AS POLICEMAN, NURSE AND BABY.



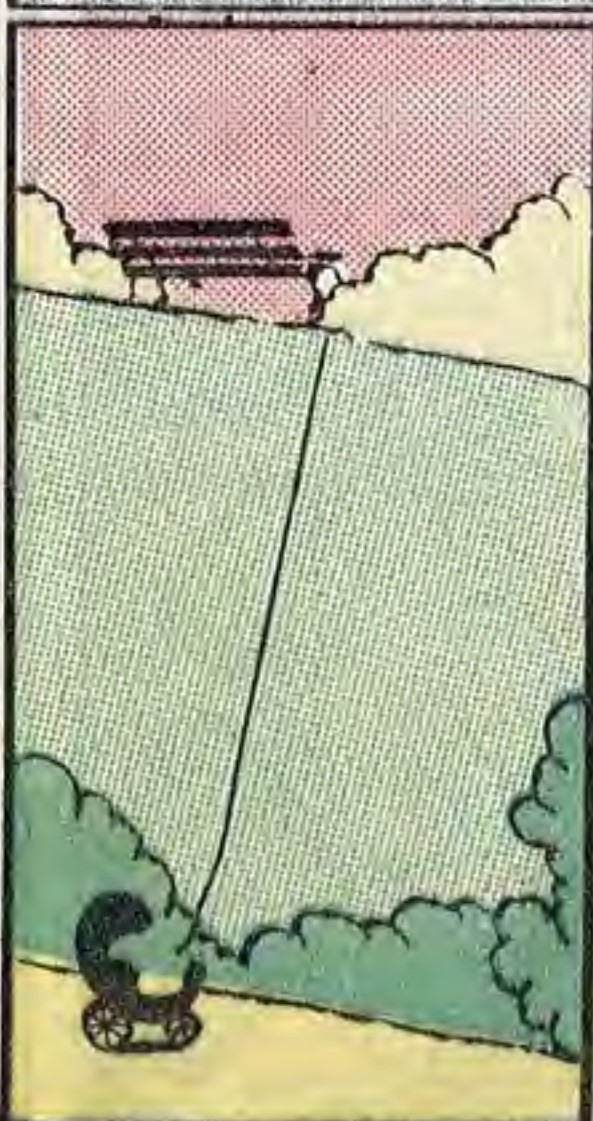
INTO THE PARK GOES THE HEIR APPARENT..A TEMPTING BAIT FOR KIDNAPPERS.



O.K., TINY.. WE'LL LEAVE YOU HERE...IF ANYTHING HAPPENS JUST PRESS THIS BUZZER... GIVE ME THAT WEED!



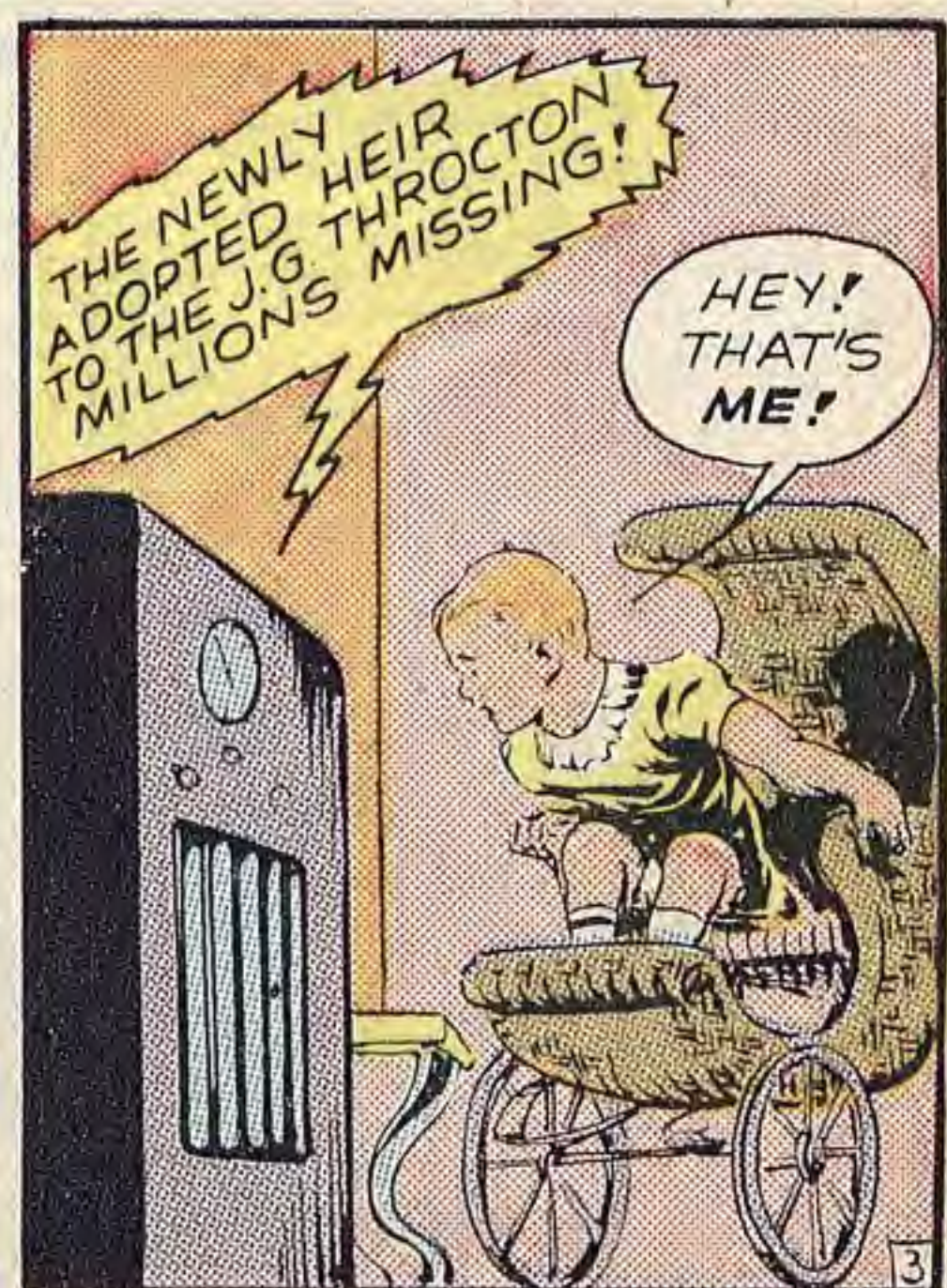
A WIRE HIDDEN IN THE GRASS RUNS FROM THE CARRIAGE TO A PARK BENCH..



WHERE WARREN AND ROCKY MAKE EYES AT EACH OTHER, TO FOOL THEY HOPE ANY PROSPECTIVE BABY SNATCHERS.









9th FLOOR.



DIS IS DE CUTEST KID WE TOOK YET!

SO THESE TWO ARE THE RING!



WELL, I'LL BE! THIS PLACE MUST BE RIGHT ABOVE J.G.'S! SAME VIEW!



THIS IS A LONG CHANCE BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE IT.. HOPE I CAN REMEMBER OUR CODE!

8th FLOOR.



NO!

D-DID TINY COME BACK HERE?



THAT'S WHAT YOU EXPECTED, ISN'T IT?

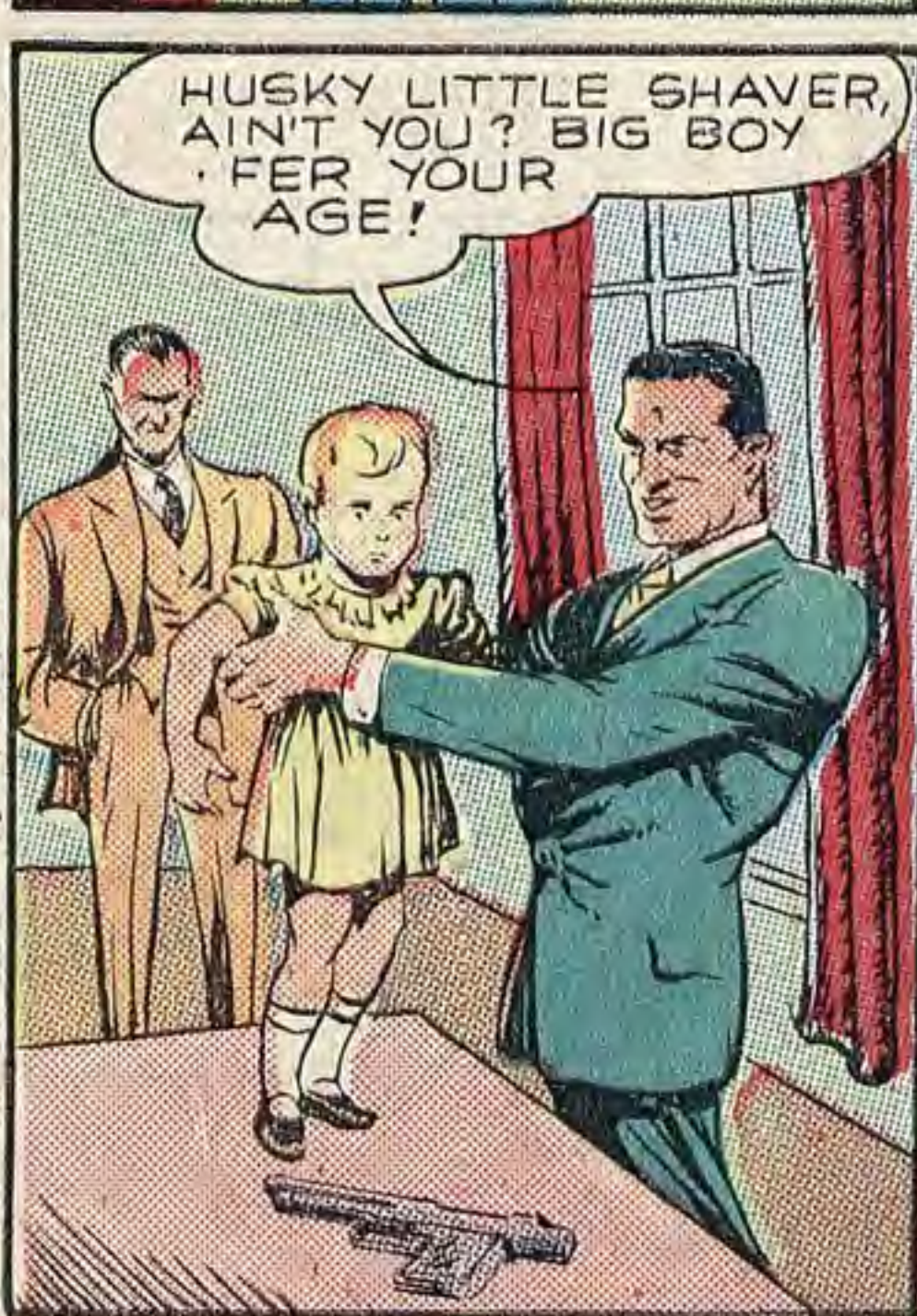
THEN HE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!



IT'S TINY'S DANGER SIGNAL! HE'S UPSTAIRS!



DON'T GET SORE, LITTLE FELLOW! WE WON'T HURT YOU.. AS SOON AS YER OLD MAN PAYS, YOU KIN GO HOME!



HUSKY LITTLE SHAVER, AIN'T YOU? BIG BOY FER YOUR AGE!

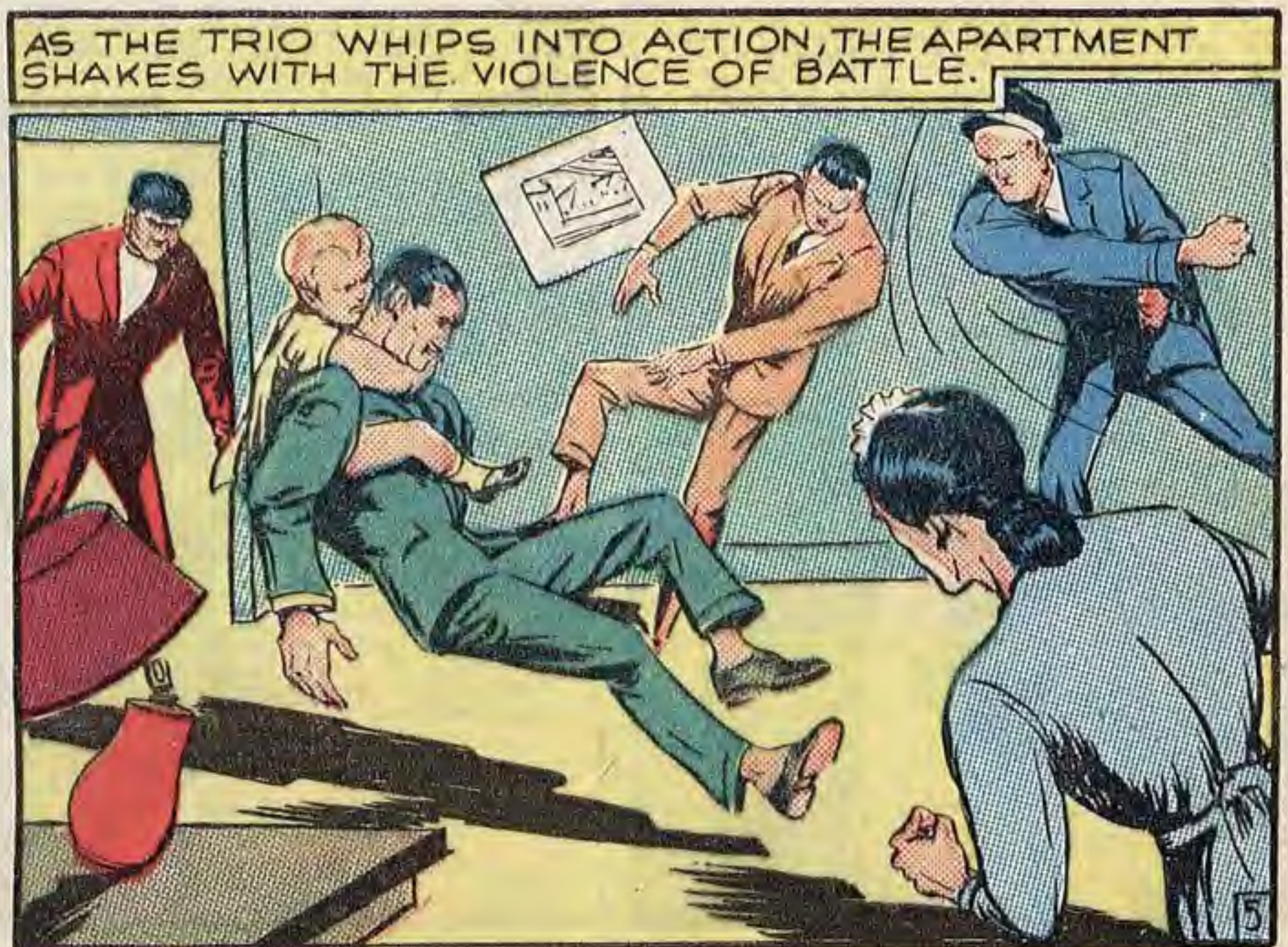
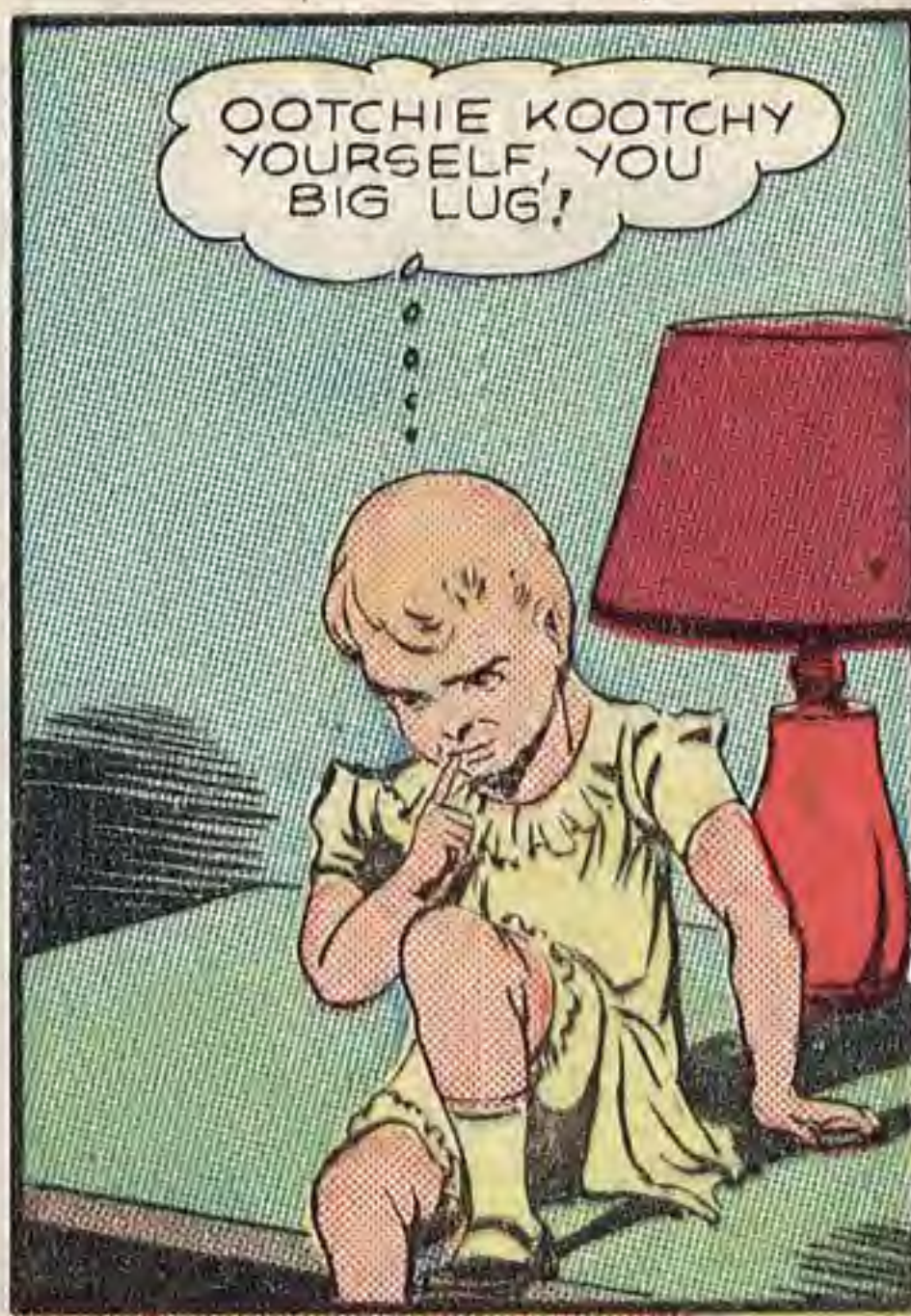


SUDDENLY..

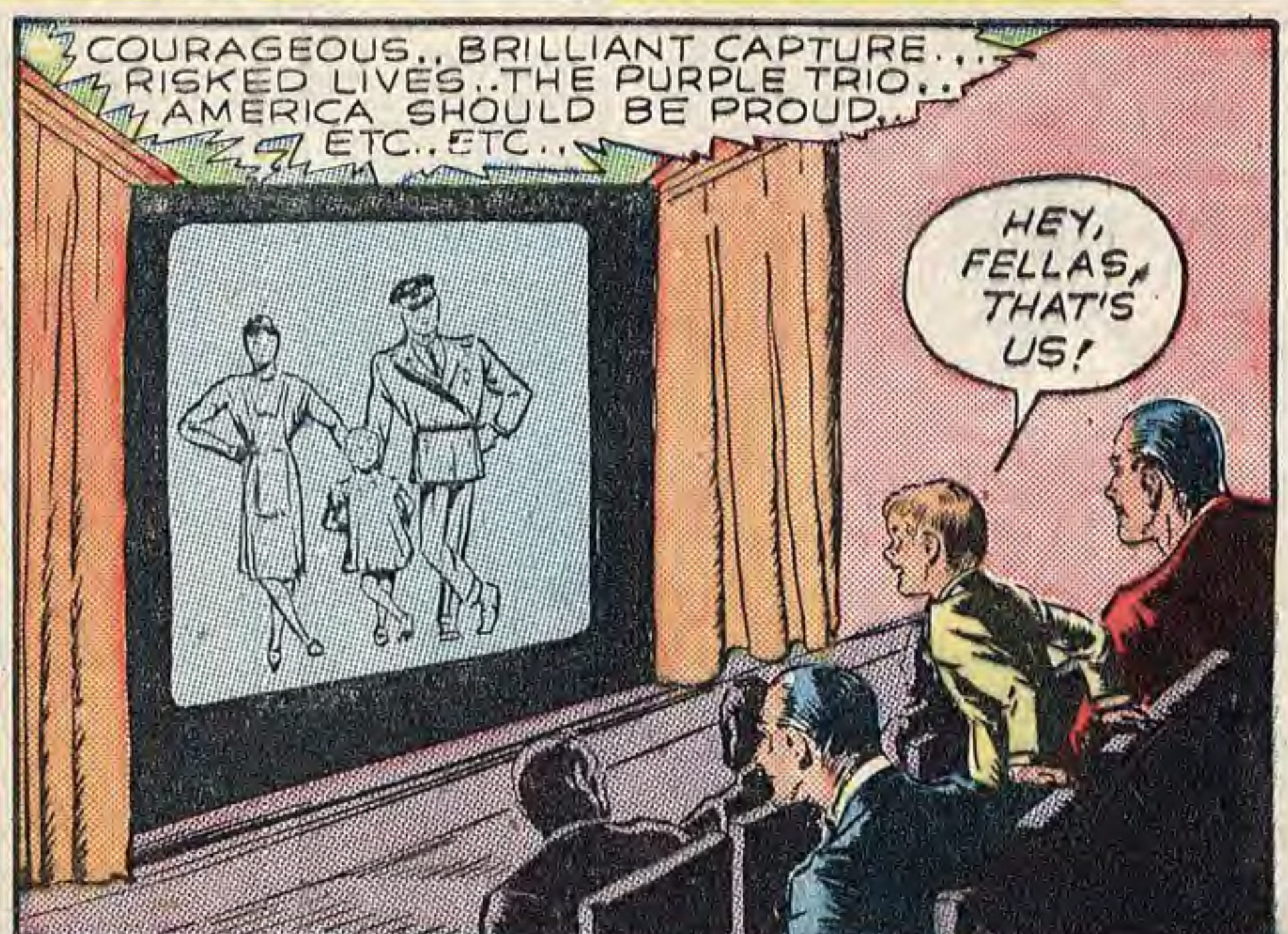
HA HA! HA!

CONK!









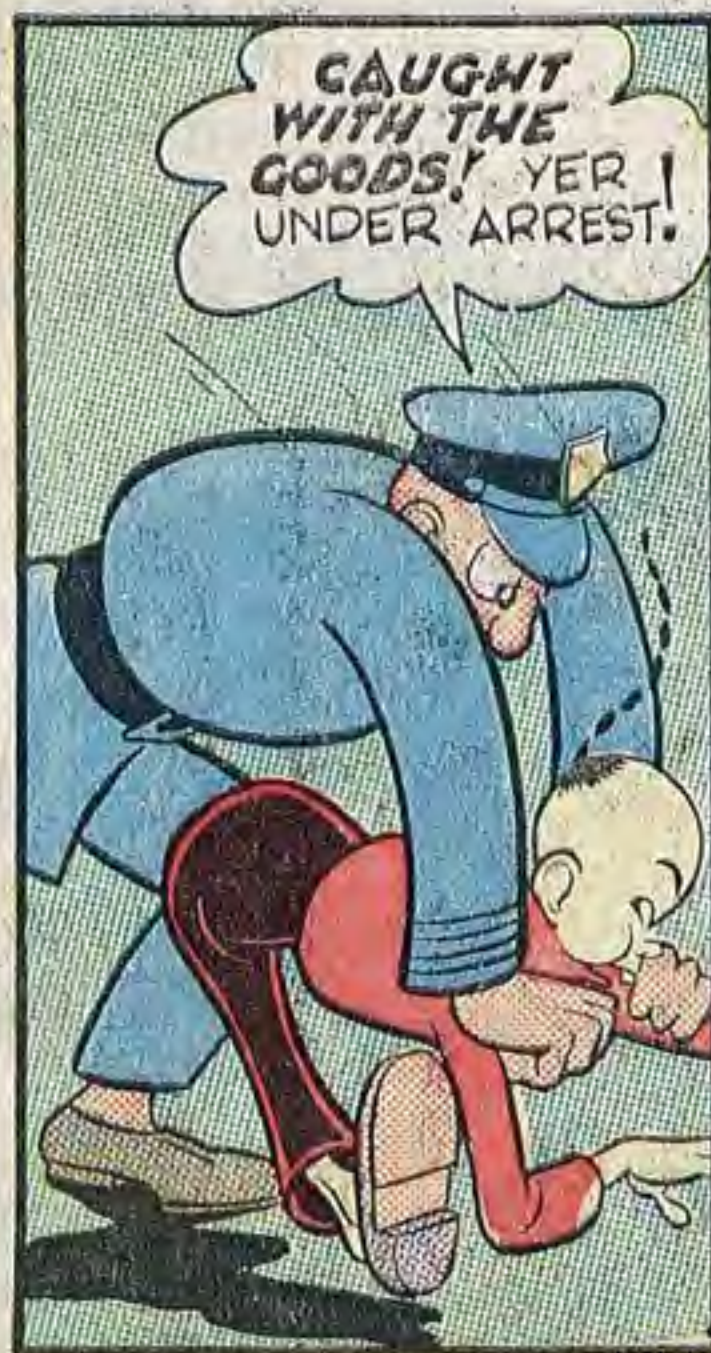
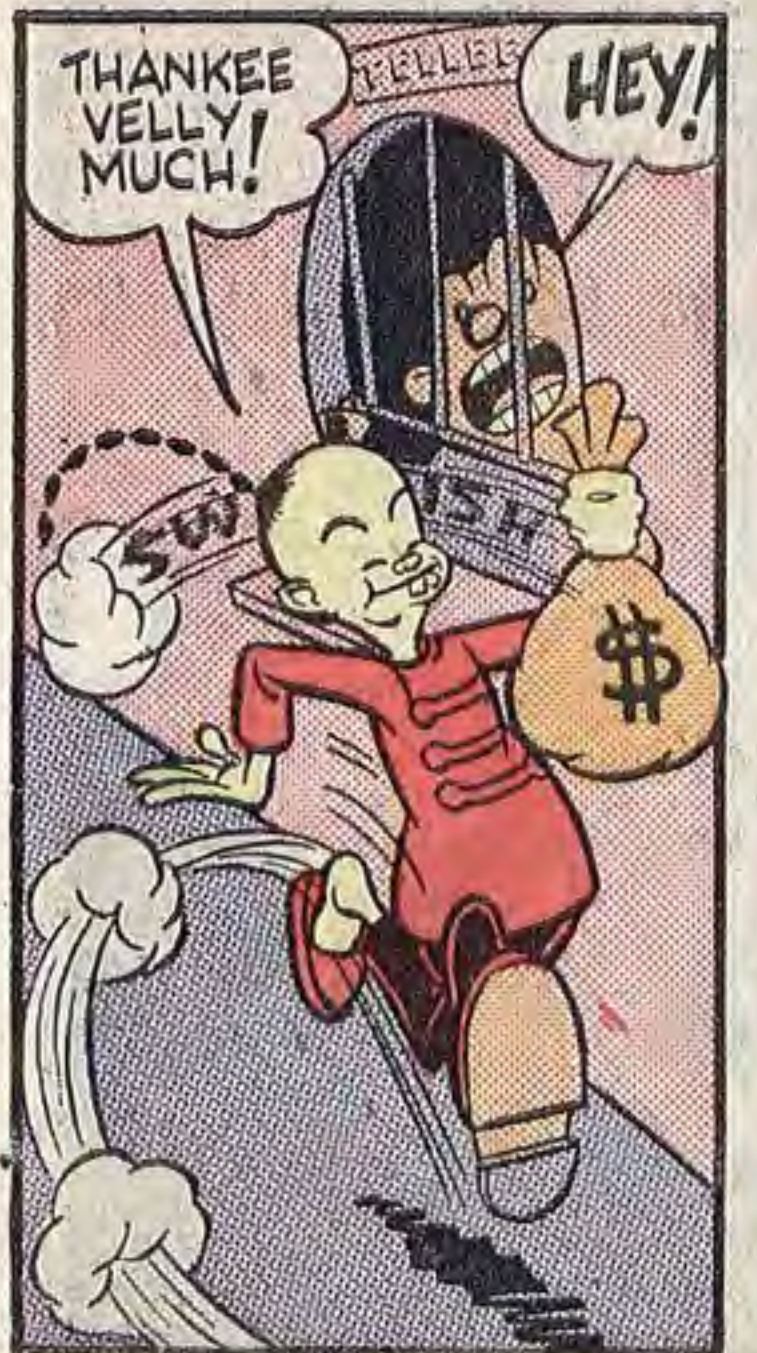


# WUN CLOO

by  
RALPH  
JOHNS



*The Defective Detective*



Wun Cloo appears each month in SMASH COMICS.



# INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON

IN THE LATE HOURS OF THE NIGHT, KENT THURSTON, THE INVISIBLE HOOD, PLAYS A GRIM GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK WITH DEATH, AS HE BATTLES AN UNKNOWN FOE IN AN OLD WATERFRONT TAVERN CALLED ONE WAY INN.

MIDNIGHT....ONLY THE NOISE OF FOOTSTEPS BREAKS THE SILENCE...



THE FIGURE PAUSES A MOMENT.



...THEN ENTERS ONE WAY INN....



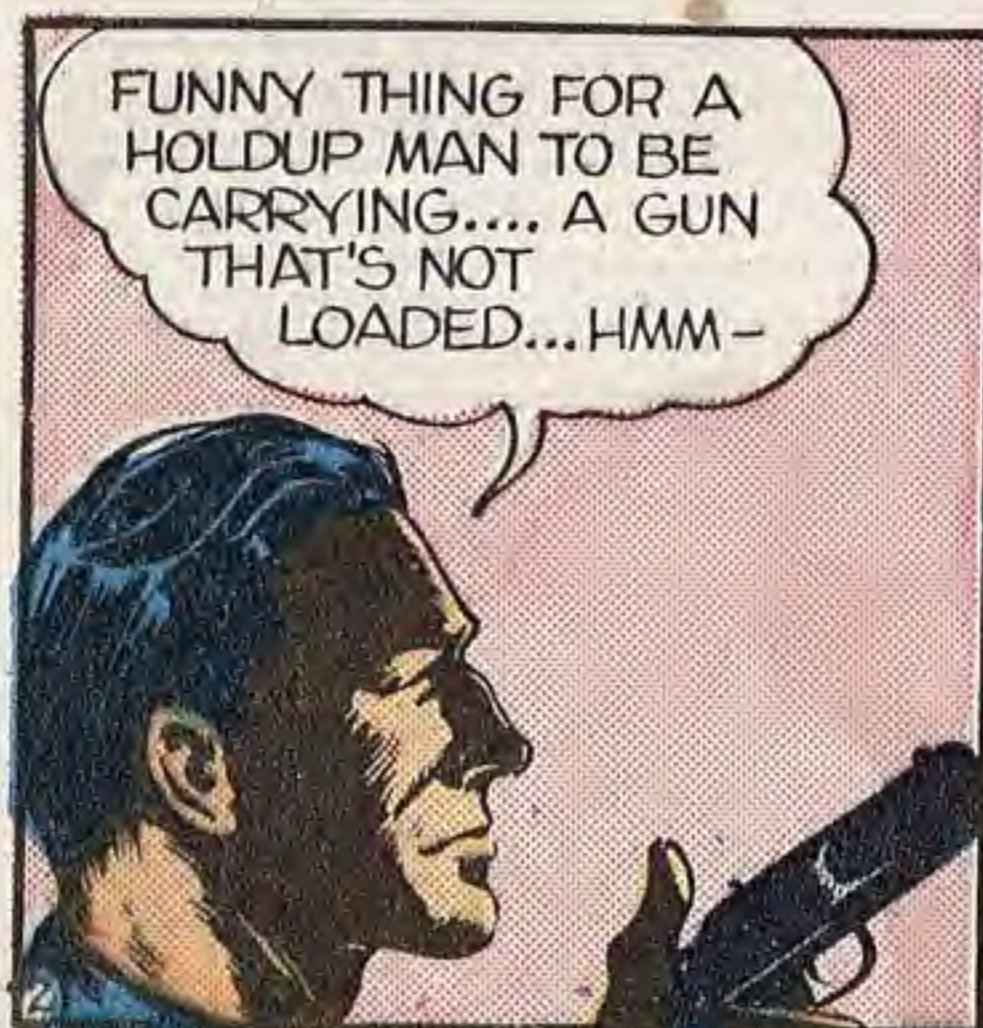
EARLIER IN THE WEEK A SERIES OF HEADLINES HAD ROCKED THE NATION.



AT THE HOME OF KENT THURSTON-











OKAY-YOU CAN GET UP NOW..... SAY! WHO OPENED THAT DOOR??

JUST THE WIND..WE SURE PUT THAT OVER EH, BLACK JOHN?



I'LL SAY!.... GO AHEAD- I'LL FOLLOW WITH THE LIGHT!

WONDER WHERE THAT LEADS TO...



GOSH-IT'S DAMP DOWN HERE...MUST LEAD TO THE SEA!

THEY WALK THROUGH A LONG TUNNEL



THERE'S ME SCHOONER ALL READY TO SAIL...THERE'S THREE OTHERS LIKE YOURSELF ON BOARD!



HERE'S THE MONEY... IT'S A STIFF PRICE, BUT WORTH IT!

I'LL SAY, MATEY-SEE YOU WHEN WE SAIL!

BLACK JOHN STARTS BACK THROUGH THE TUNNEL



WHAT'S THAT? THOUGHT I HEARD FOOTSTEPS.... MUST BE MY NERVES-THIS IS RISKY BUSINESS!



TWO MEN TO SEE YOU, BLACK JOHN-I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE TAVERN!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM, MR. MITE!



PRESSING A BUTTON IN THE WALL BLACK JOHN OPENS A DOOR..

GO IN, GENTLEMEN- YOU'LL LIKE IT IN THERE!!



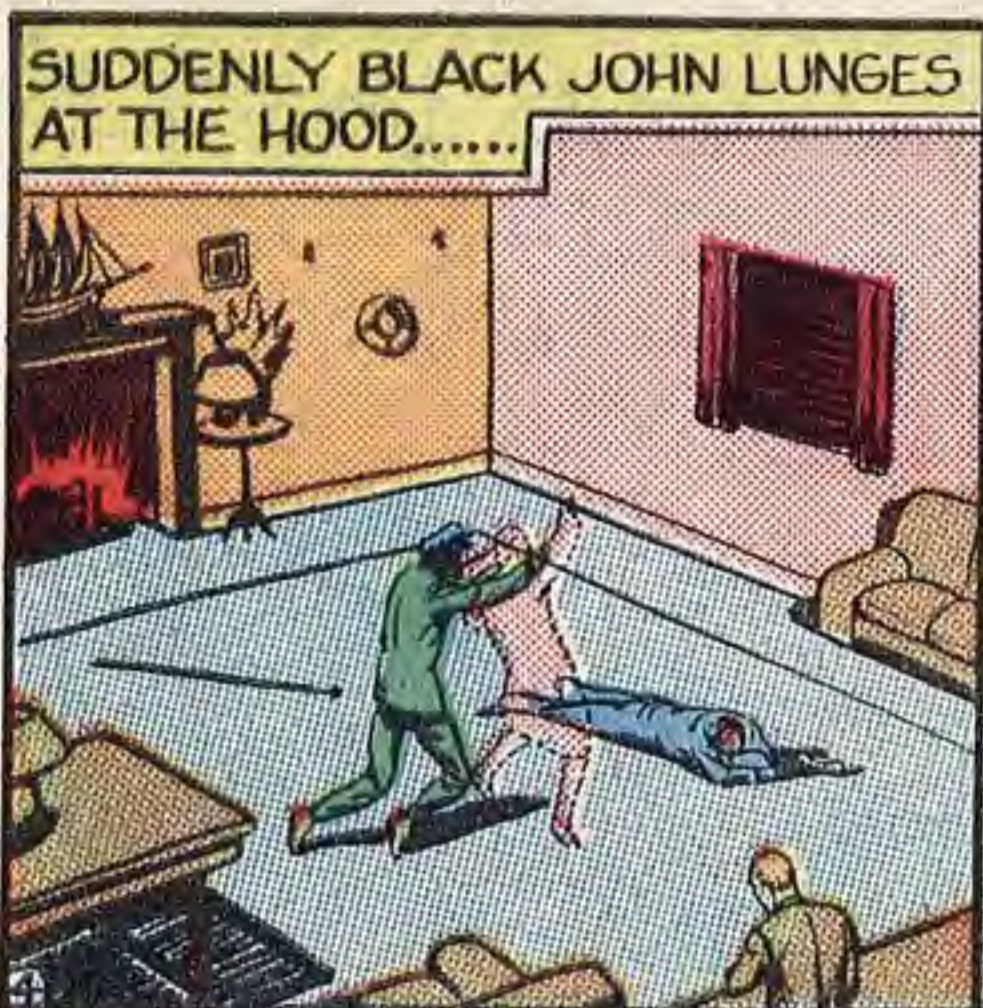
NOW, GENTLEMEN-LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS... I HOPE YOU'VE BROUGHT PLENTY OF CASH.... I'LL TAKE IT-



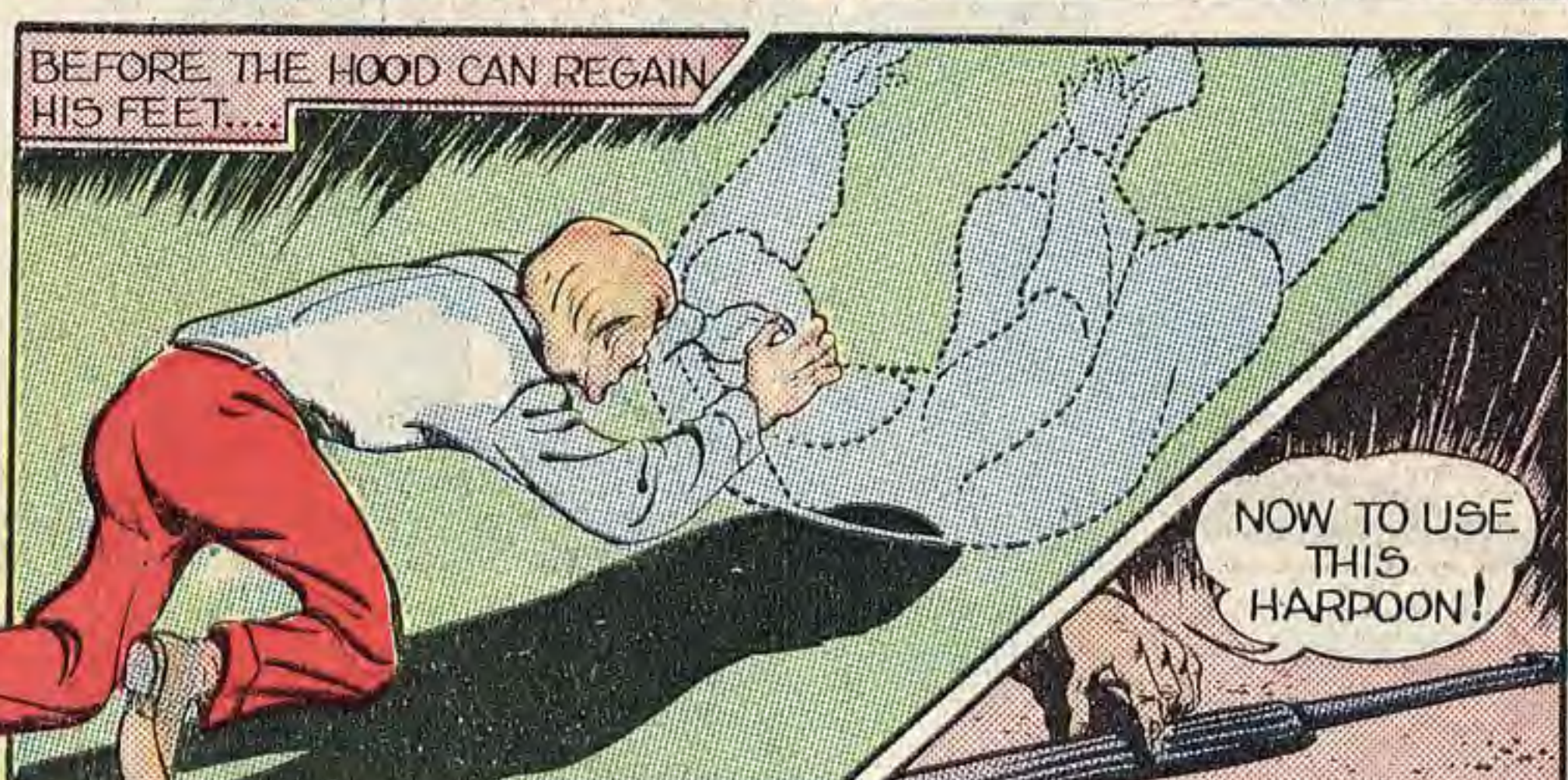
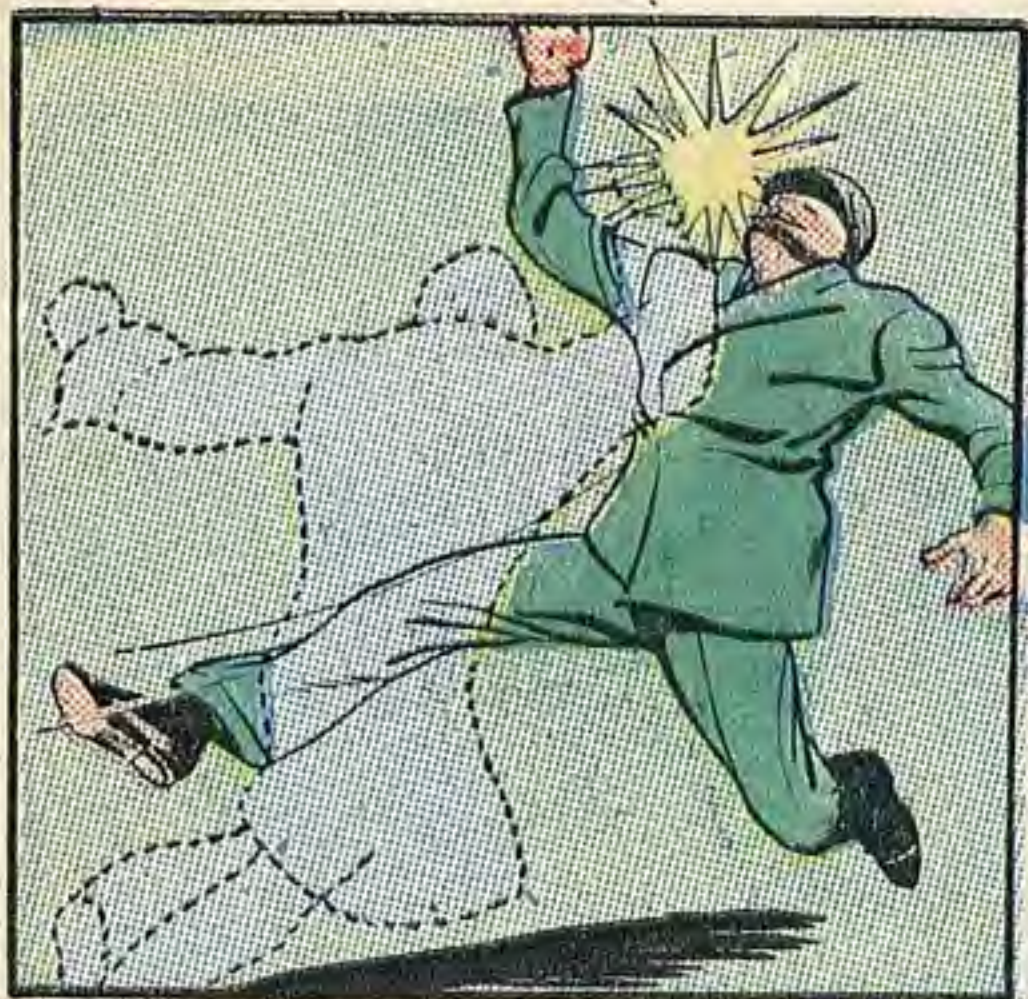
YOU'LL TAKE NOTHING, BLACK JOHN.....YOUR GAME IS UP! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST-

WHAT TH-! A COPPER!









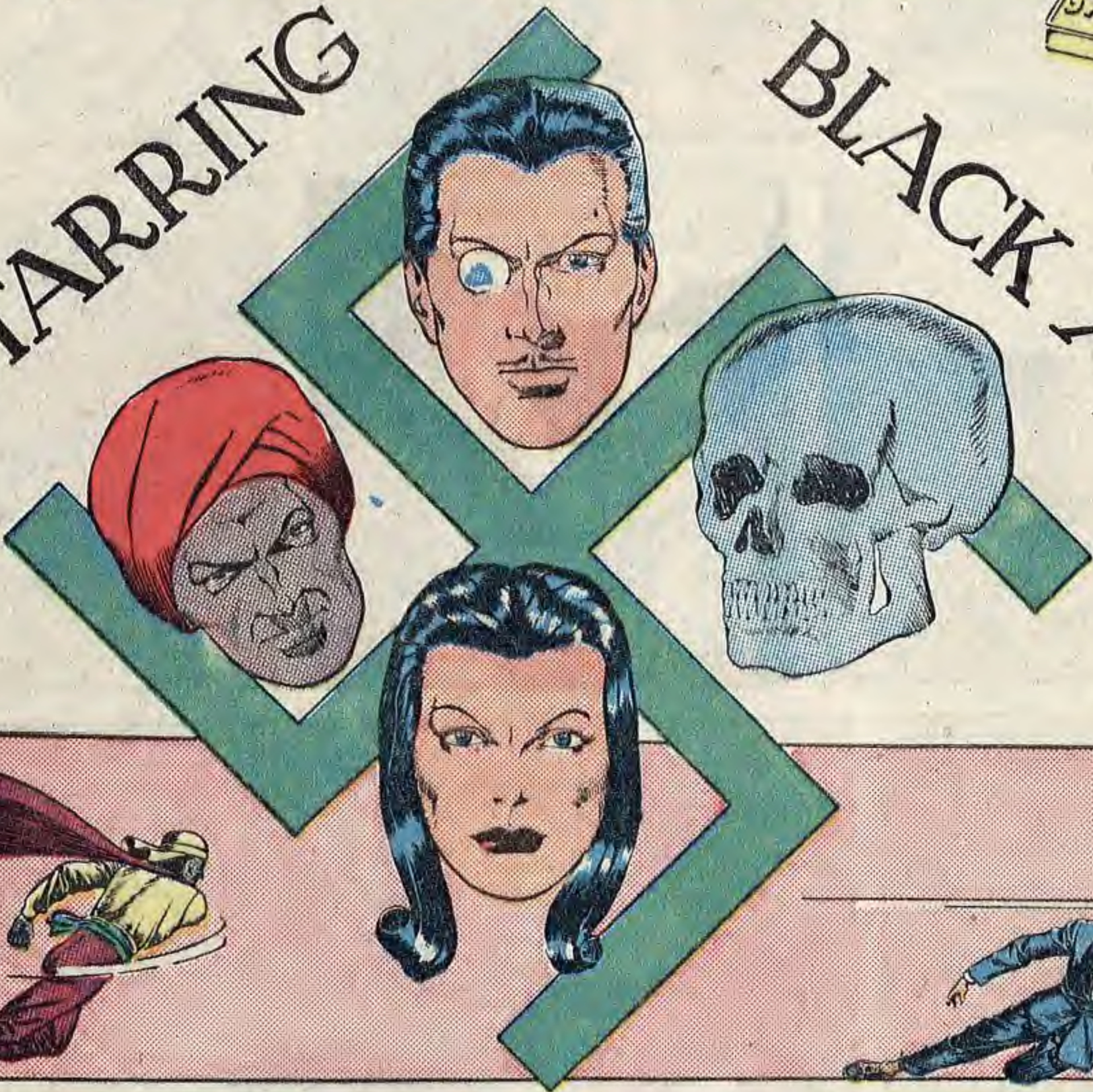


# ESPIONAGE



STARRING

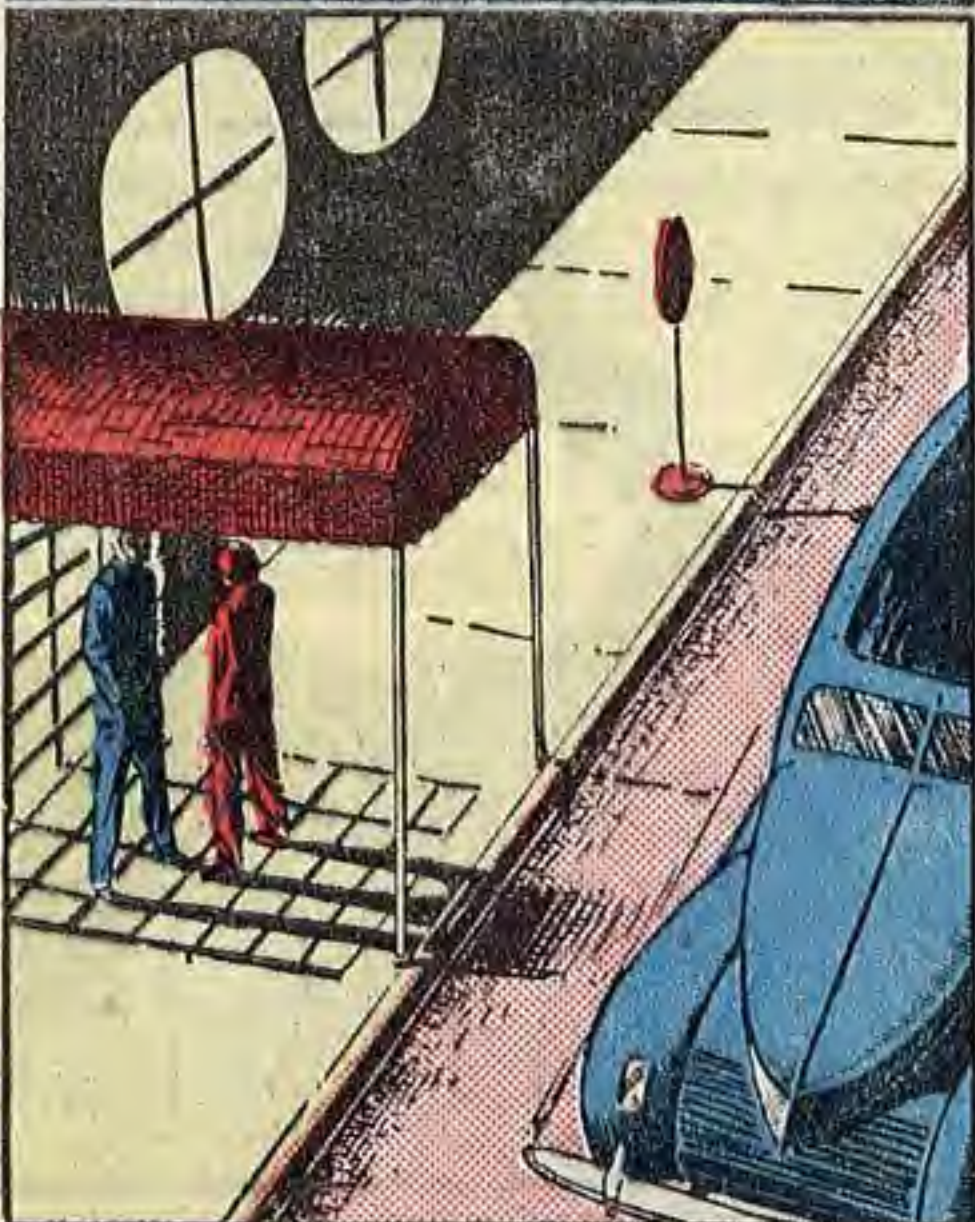
BLACK X



BY  
Will  
Erwin



BLACK X, THE INTERNATIONAL SPY  
LEAVES A NIGHT CLUB WITH BATU.



LOOK AROUND, MY FAITHFUL  
SERVANT. TROUBLE BREWS!

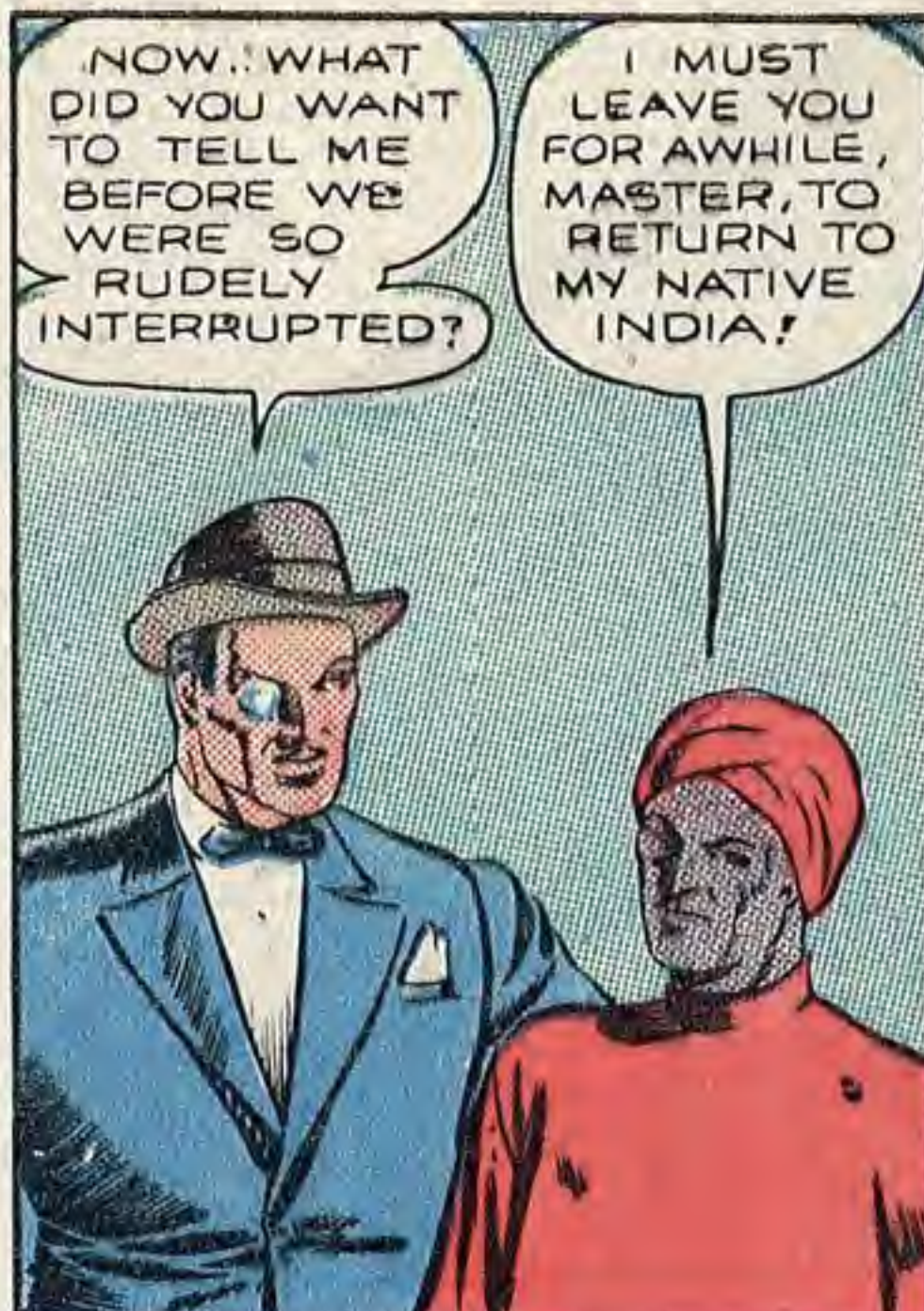
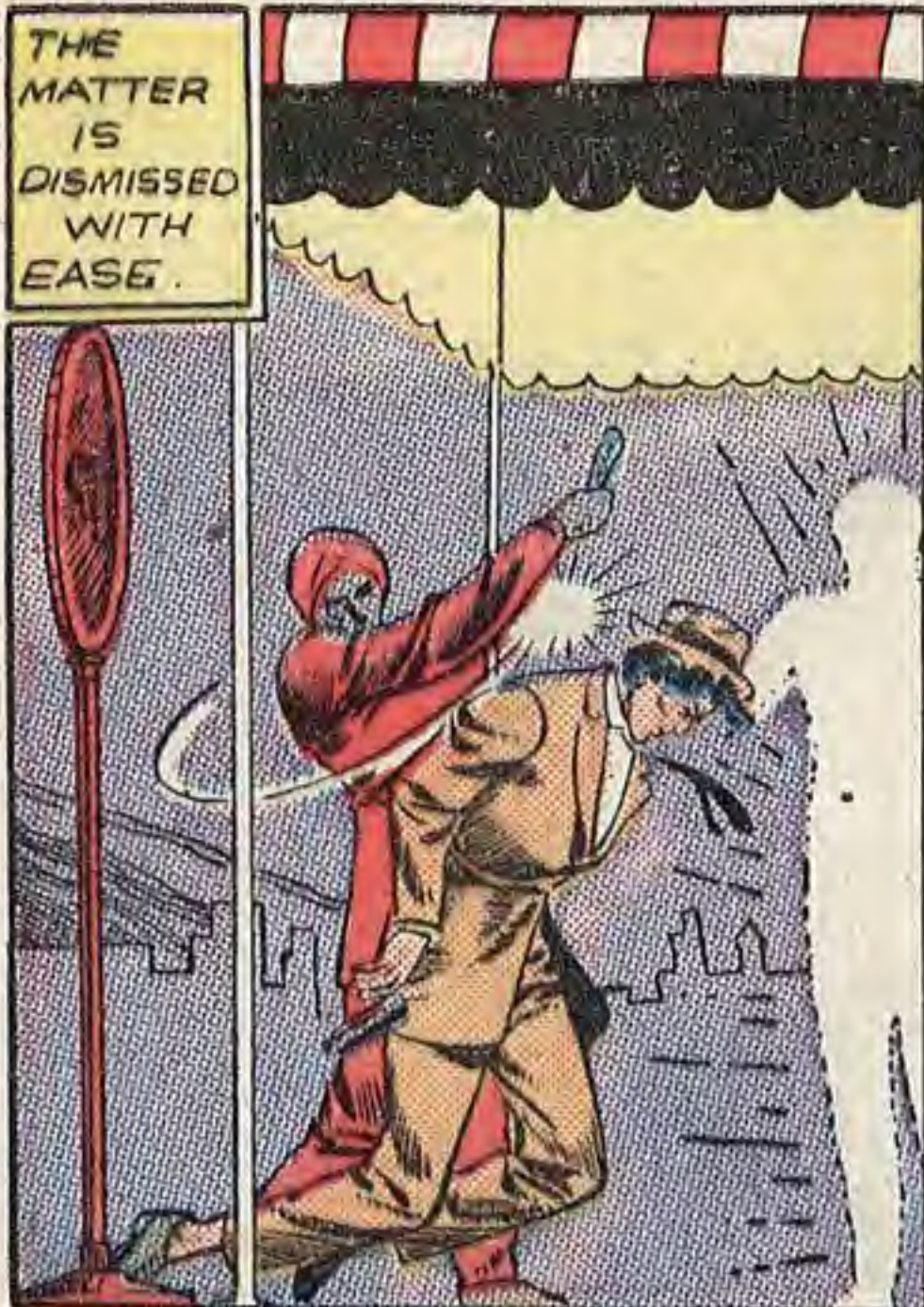


THIS IS ELEMENTARY STUFF FOR  
THE HINDU, WHO CAN PROJECT  
HIS IMAGE.

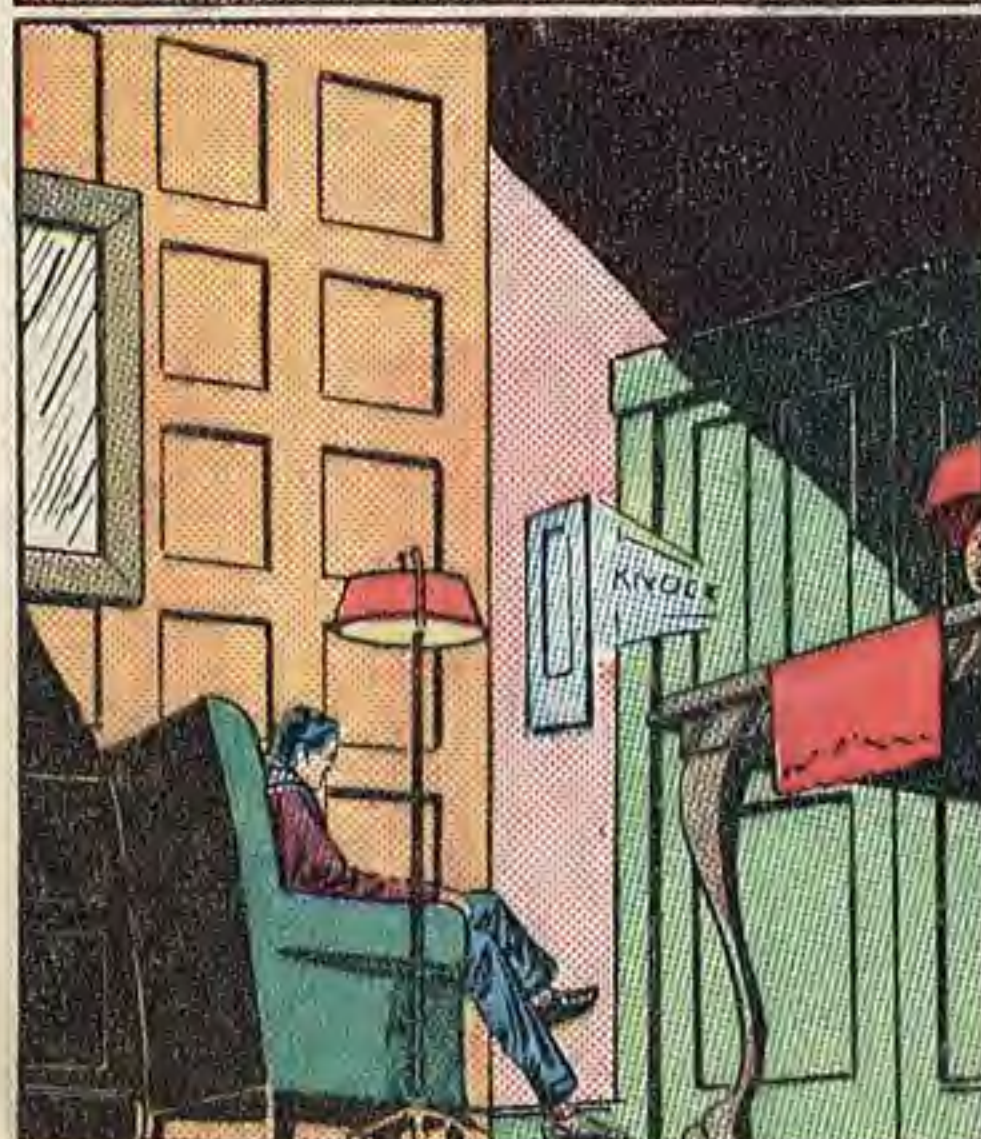


NOW, FORK  
OVER YOUR  
WALLET!



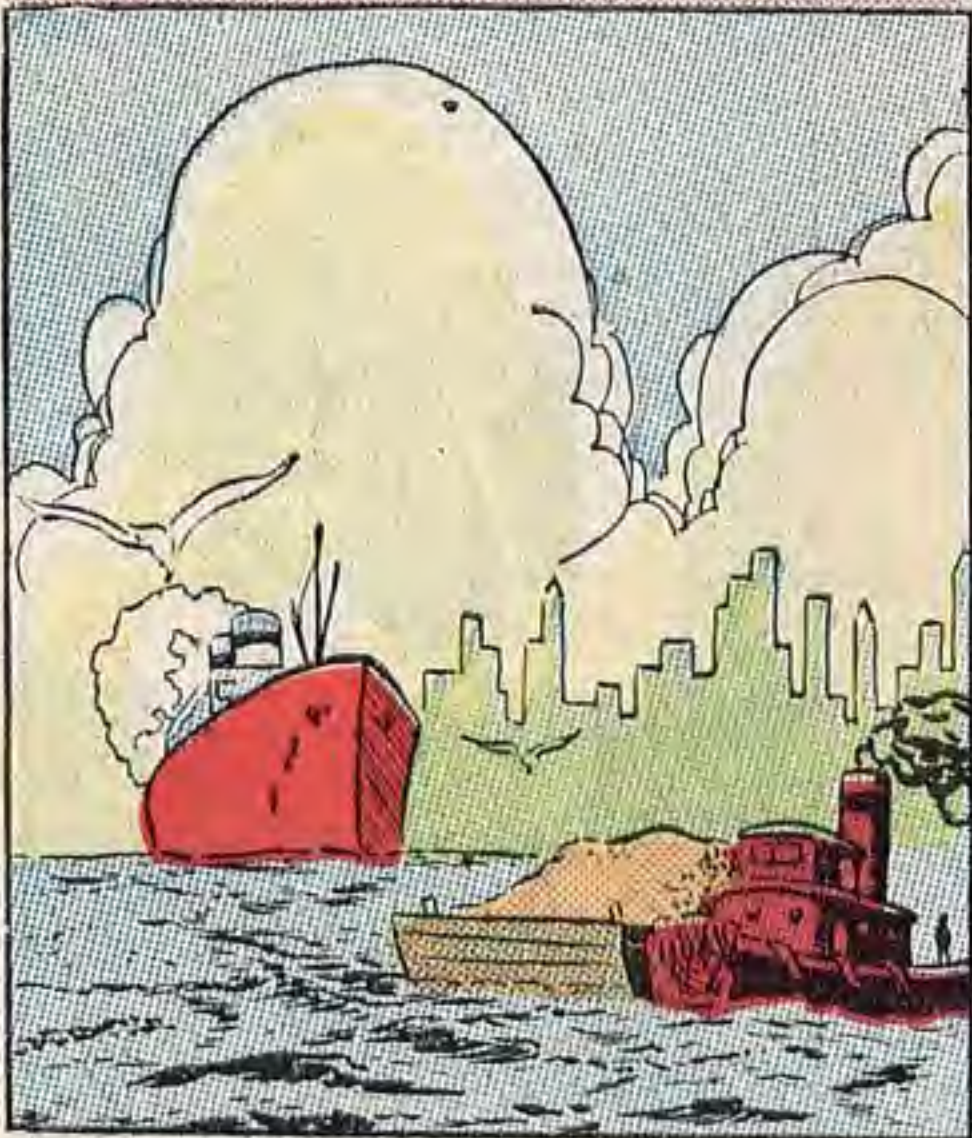


LATER, BLACK X BROODS IN HIS  
STUDY. A SUDDEN KNOCK  
BREAKS HIS REVERIE. . . . .





BLACK X SETS SAIL FOR INDIA THE NEXT MORNING. HE HAS MADE CERTAIN THAT MADAME DOOM KNOWS HIS DESTINATION.



SHE'D HAVE JUST ENOUGH NERVE TO SAIL ON THE SAME BOAT WITH ME!



HMM...I COULDN'T MISTAKE THAT WALK A MILE AWAY!



TRAVELING ALONE, MISS? I SAID, ARE YOU BY YOURSELF ON THIS TRIP?

SIR? I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME!



IN BOMBAY BLACK X IS WARMLY GREETED BY BATU.

MASTER! YOU DO ME HONOR IN ANSWERING YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT'S PLEA FOR HELP!

CUT THAT STUFF, BATU.. WHAT'S UP?



IN THE PRIVACY OF HIS HOTEL ROOM BATU TELLS HIS STORY.

THERE IS A PLOT AGAINST THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT HERE, INSTIGATED BY THE DICTATOR POWERS!



THEY'VE PROMISED TO RESTORE THE UNSCRUPULOUS PRINCES TO POWER AND ENFORCE MORE SLAVERY ON OUR SUFFERING PEOPLE.. YOU, MASTER, MUST ATTEND A BALL AT THE RAJAH OF PUNJAR'S..



BUT HOW DO I CRASH THIS PARTY?

AN INVITATION SENT TO A HIGH OFFICIAL WHICH I INTERCEPTED FOR YOU!



THAT NIGHT, DRESSED AS A RICH POTENTATE BLACK X APPEARS AT THE RAJAH'S FABULOUS PALACE





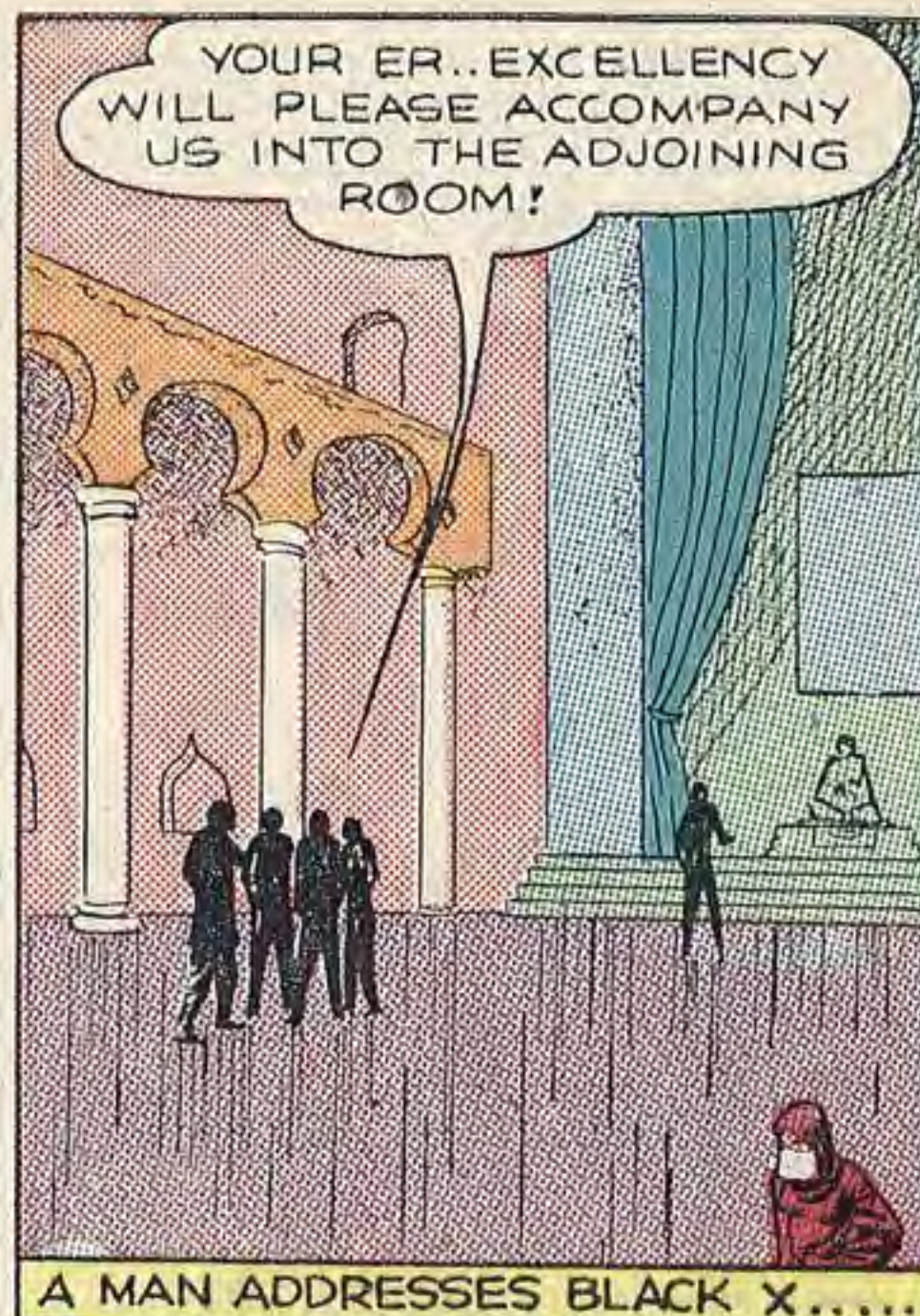
AS HE ENTERS, A VEILED BUT FAMILIAR FIGURE IMMEDIATELY ATTRACTS HIS ATTENTION.



HE WATCHES SILENTLY AS MADAME DOOM POINTS HIM OUT TO A GROUP OF MEN.



YOUR EXCELLENCY WILL PLEASE ACCOMPANY US INTO THE ADJOINING ROOM!



A MAN ADDRESSES BLACK X.....

IN HERE, BLACK X. YOU DID NOT THINK YOU COULD FOOL US, DID YOU?

I HAD NO DESIRE TO DO SO!



WHAT CONCEIT! YOU EXPECTED TO UNCOVER OUR PLOT.. EXPOSE US AND THEN CONTINUE TO LIVE?

THAT'S ABOUT IT!



THEN PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A DISAPPOINTMENT... YOU ARE ABOUT TO DIE!



WELL, THANKS, FOR THE WARNING, ANYWAY!



VERY POOR AIM. I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, SAHIB!



DIRECT CONTACT IS ALWAYS MORE CERTAIN.. SEE? LIKE THIS!





BEFORE ANOTHER KNIFE CAN FLY, A SHRILL DESPERATE SCREAM INTERRUPTS THE FIGHT.



IN THE NEXT ROOM BATU IS UP TO SOME MYSTERIOUS TRICKERY. HE HOLDS A CANDLE TO A CRACK IN A PANEL.



IN A SECRET NICHE LISTENING, IS MADAME DOOM... HEAVY FUMES ARE CHOKING HER.



HIS RUSE WORKS. THE SPIES FORGET BLACK X.



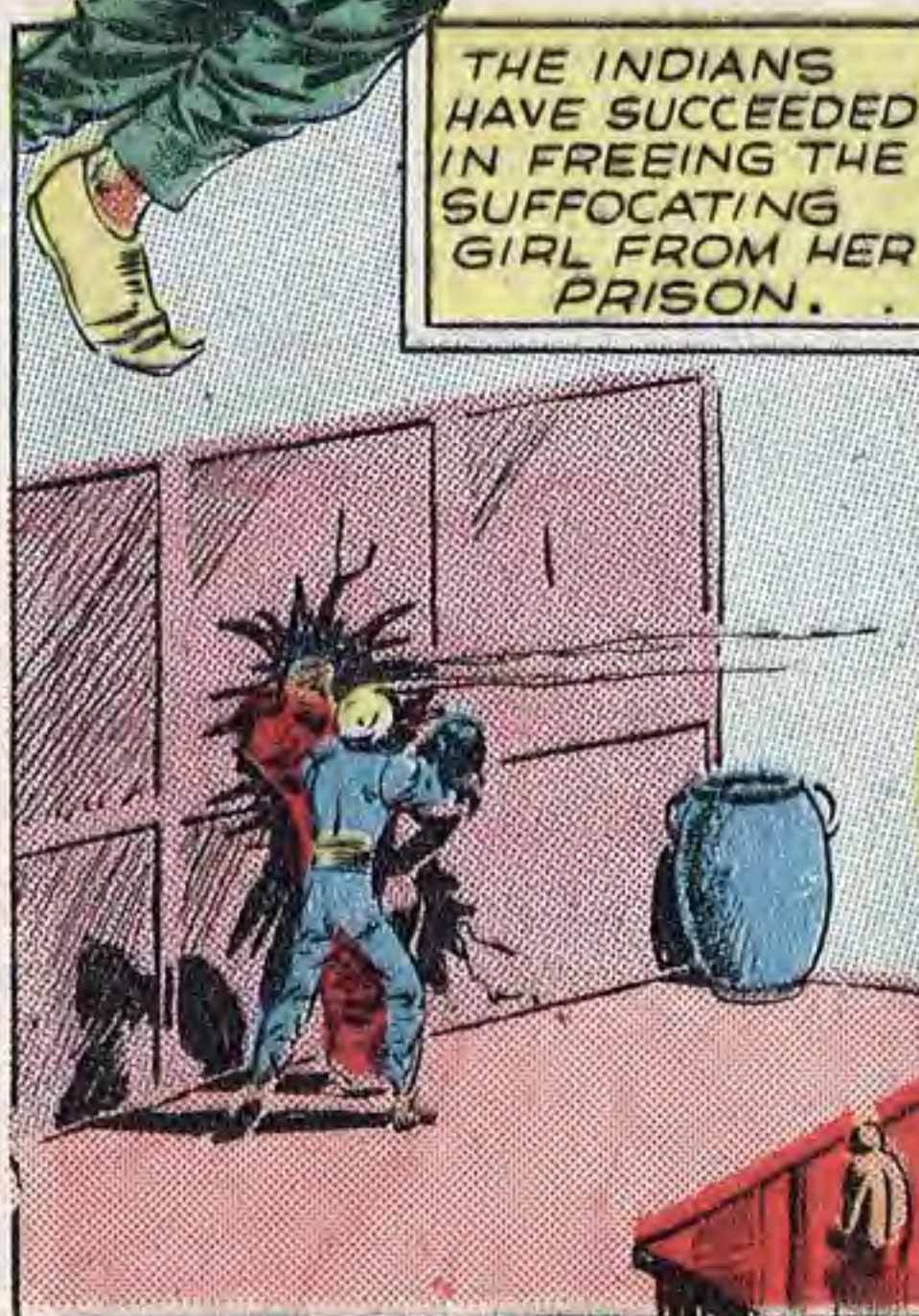
SILENTLY THE CLEVER BATU SLIPS IN.



THANKS, OLD BOY.. THIS'LL SAVE ME A LOT OF RAW FIST!



THE INDIANS HAVE SUCCEEDED IN FREEING THE SUFFOCATING GIRL FROM HER PRISON.



THEY TURN TO FACE THE COLD STEEL MUZZLE OF BLACK X'S GUN.



IF YOU WANT PROOF, HERE IT IS. IN PLAIN LEAD!







IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE BATU RETURNS WITH THE COLONIAL OFFICERS, TO ARREST THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS.





# ABDUL

## THE ARAB

By Powell Roberts

ONCE AGAIN ABDUL CHALLENGES THE FORCES OF DESERT EVIL.

THE DRIVERS WHO ESCAPED SAY THEY RECOGNIZED THAT DOG, AFTA IKUR, AS THE BANDIT... WE'D BETTER PAY HIM A VISIT AND FIND OUT.



ABDUL! LOOK YONDER A SAND STORM BLOWS UP WE MUST SEEK SHELTER!



THE ABANDONED PALACE OF SHEIK KIROT WILL SERVE US WELL COME!



MUST WE COME HERE? THEY SAY THE PLACE IS POSSESSED OF EVIL SPIRITS!



TYING THEIR HORSES IN A SECLUDED SPOT, ABDUL AND HASSAN PUSH OPEN THE MASSIVE CREAKING DOOR.



IT IS VERY DARK IN HERE... LOOK FOR SOME CANDLES!

AS THE MEN GROPE ABOUT IN THE DARK, HASSAN BACKS UP AND FALLS OVER A LARGE, SOFT OBJECT



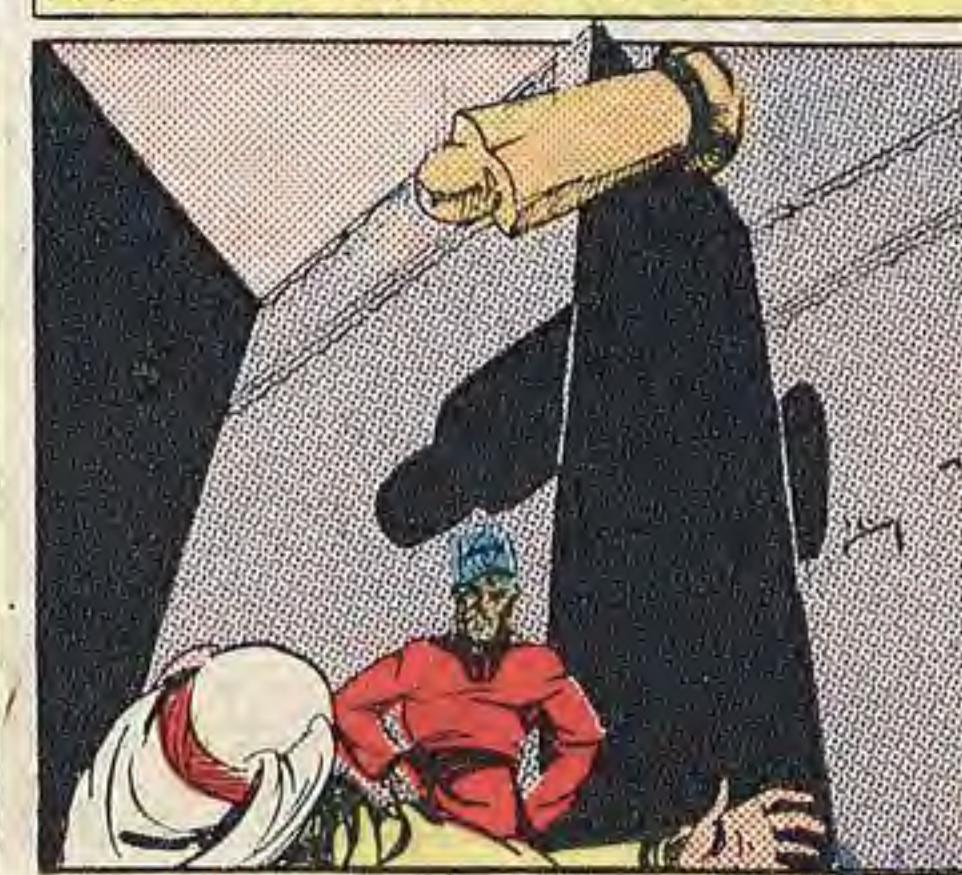
HE'S DEAD! WHY, IT'S THE SERVANT OF THE AMERICAN!



WHILE ABDUL AND HASSAN EXAMINE THE BODY, A DARK FIGURE APPEARS ON THE BALCONY ABOVE, AND PUSHES A HUGE STONE DECORATION OFF THE RAILING.



JUST IN TIME, ABDUL LOOKS AROUND AND SEES THE OBJECT FALLING STRAIGHT AT HASSAN



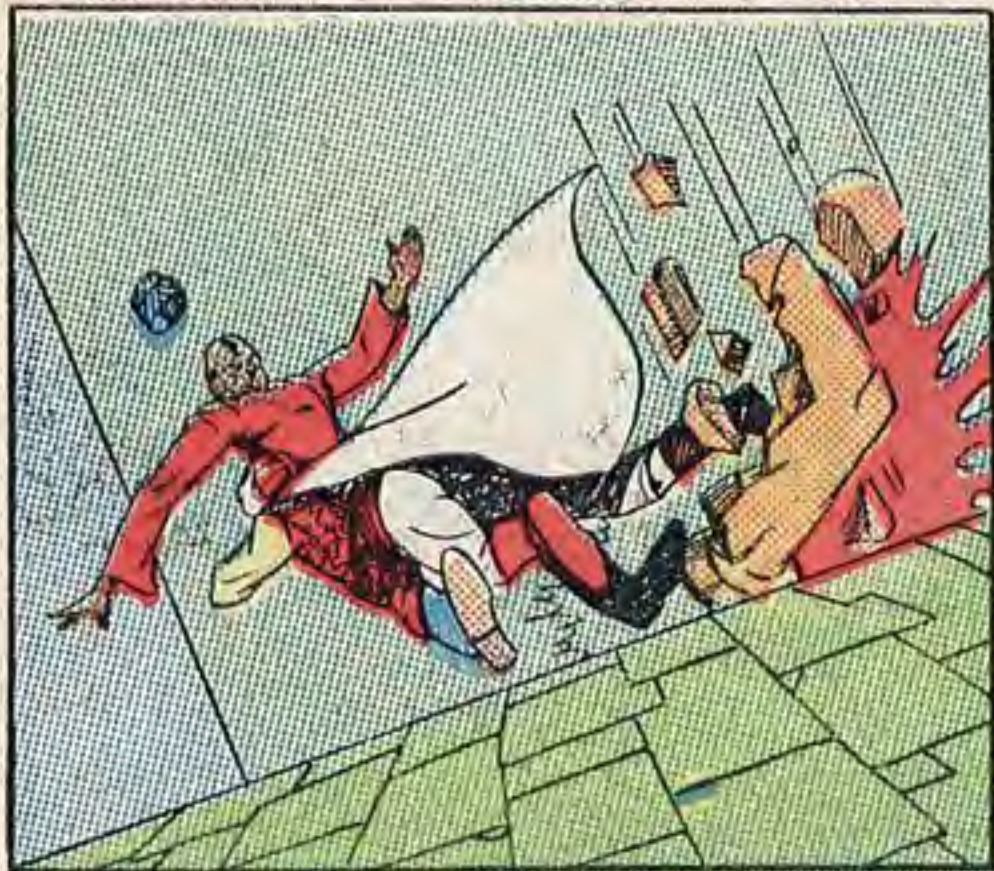
WHEN WAS THE AMERICAN CARAVAN ATTACKED?

THIS MORNING ALL THE GOLD WAS STOLEN AND MR YOUNG, THE AMERICAN, WAS KIDNAPPED!





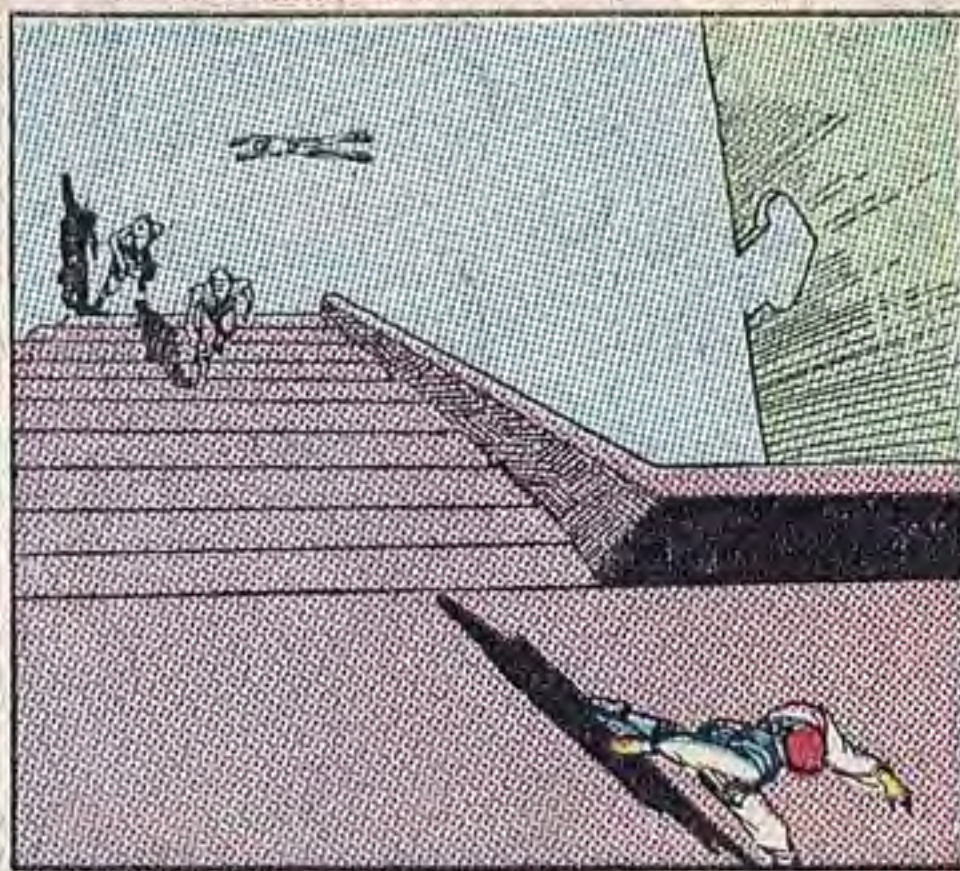
IN A FLASH ABDUL IS OFF HIS FEET WITH A TACKLE THAT SENDS HASSAN FLYING OUT OF DANGER



QUICK, HASSAN, THERE HE GOES! IT MUST BE ONE OF THE IKUR GANG!



UP THE DARKENED STEPS SPEED TWO MEN, HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THEIR WOULD-BE ASSASSIN.



HE'S GOTTEN AWAY!

WHEW! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



AS HASSAN FALLS BACK AGAINST THE WALL, IT SPRINGS OPEN, AND HE GOES TUMBLING DOWN INTO A BLACK VOID . . .



PAINFULLY HE BUMPS AGAINST THE HARD STONE WALLS ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE PASSAGE . . .



A MOMENT LATER HE FLIES OUT OF THE SHAFT AND CRASHES INTO A PILE OF WINE KEGS . . .



UNCONSCIOUS, HASSAN DOESN'T FEEL THE FEW DROPS OF RED WINE THAT DRIP DOWN . . .



AWAKENING SUDDENLY, HASSAN TOUCHES HIS ACHING HEAD..WITH A START, HE STARES AT HIS STAINED FINGERS . . .



EEOW.. BLOOD!! I'M DYING! HELP... I'M KILLED!

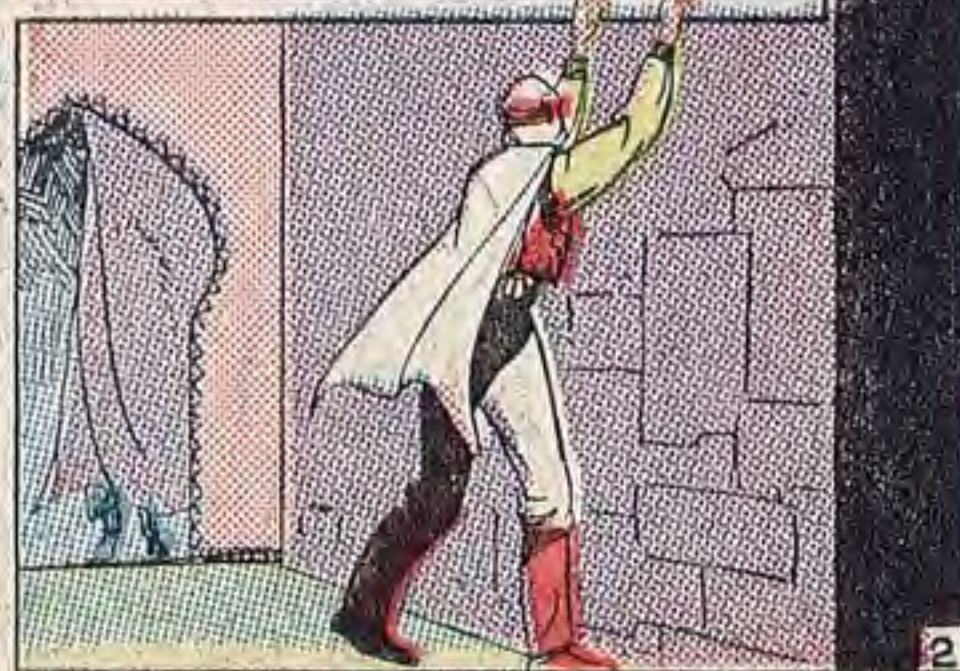
I'M... THIS ISN'T BLOOD! WHAT AM I YELLING FOR??  
HMM IT LOOKS LIKE WINE IT TASTES LIKE WINE .MMMM!! GOOD WINE, TOO. THINK I HAVE TIME FOR JUST ONE LITTLE DRINK!



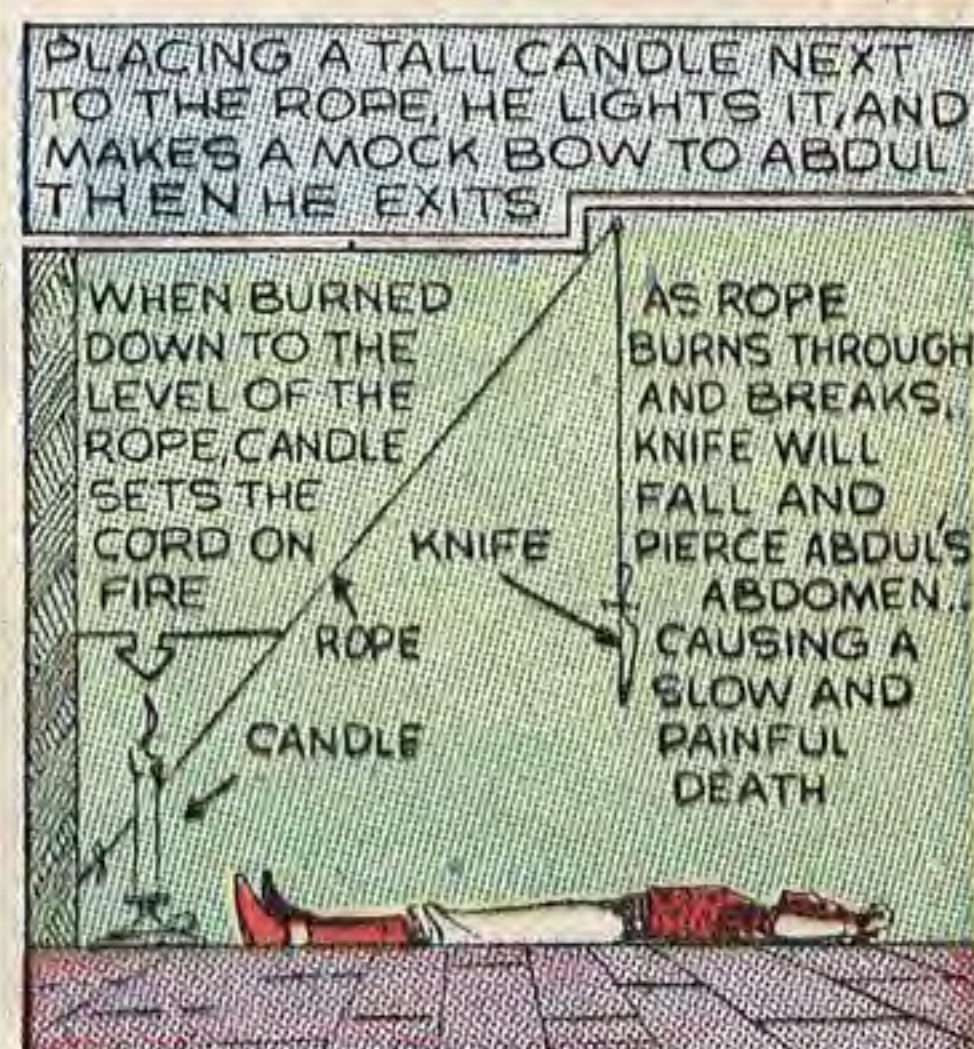
SMACKING HIS LIPS IN ANTICIPATION, HASSAN FAILS TO NOTICE THE FIGURE THAT APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY . . .



MEANWHILE ABDUL TRIES FRANTICALLY TO FIND THE CATCH ON THE SECRET PANEL, WHEN HE SPIES A PAIR OF LEGS STICKING OUT FROM BENEATH A CURTAIN





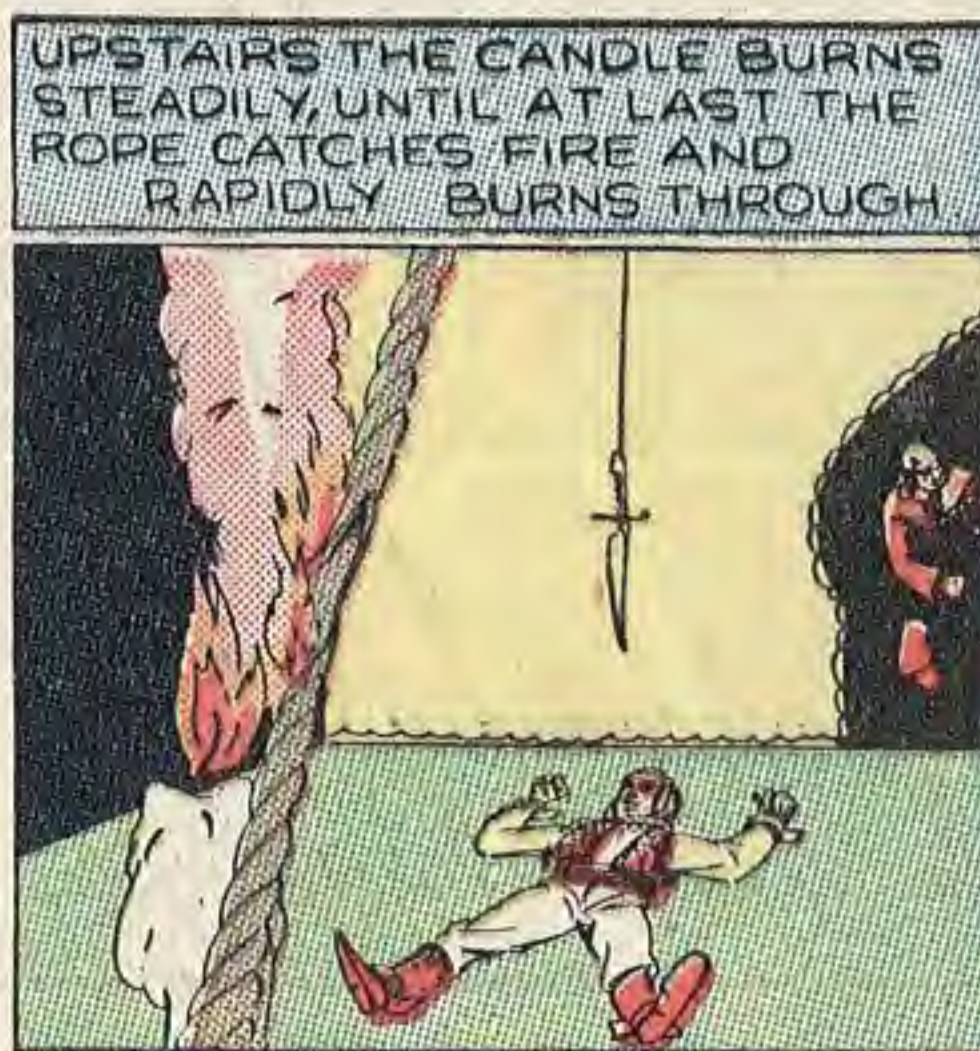






AMERICAN... QUICK!!  
WE MUST FIND ABDUL  
AND TELL HIM YOU  
ARE FOUND HURRY!  
I THINK THIS IS  
THE WAY!

LEAD  
ON!



UPSTAIRS THE CANDLE BURNS  
STEADILY, UNTIL AT LAST THE  
ROPE CATCHES FIRE AND  
RAPIDLY BURNS THROUGH



SUDDENLY IT BREAKS, THE  
KNIFE FALLS... BUT  
HASSAN FLINGS HIMSELF  
AT IT AND KNOCKS IT AWAY.

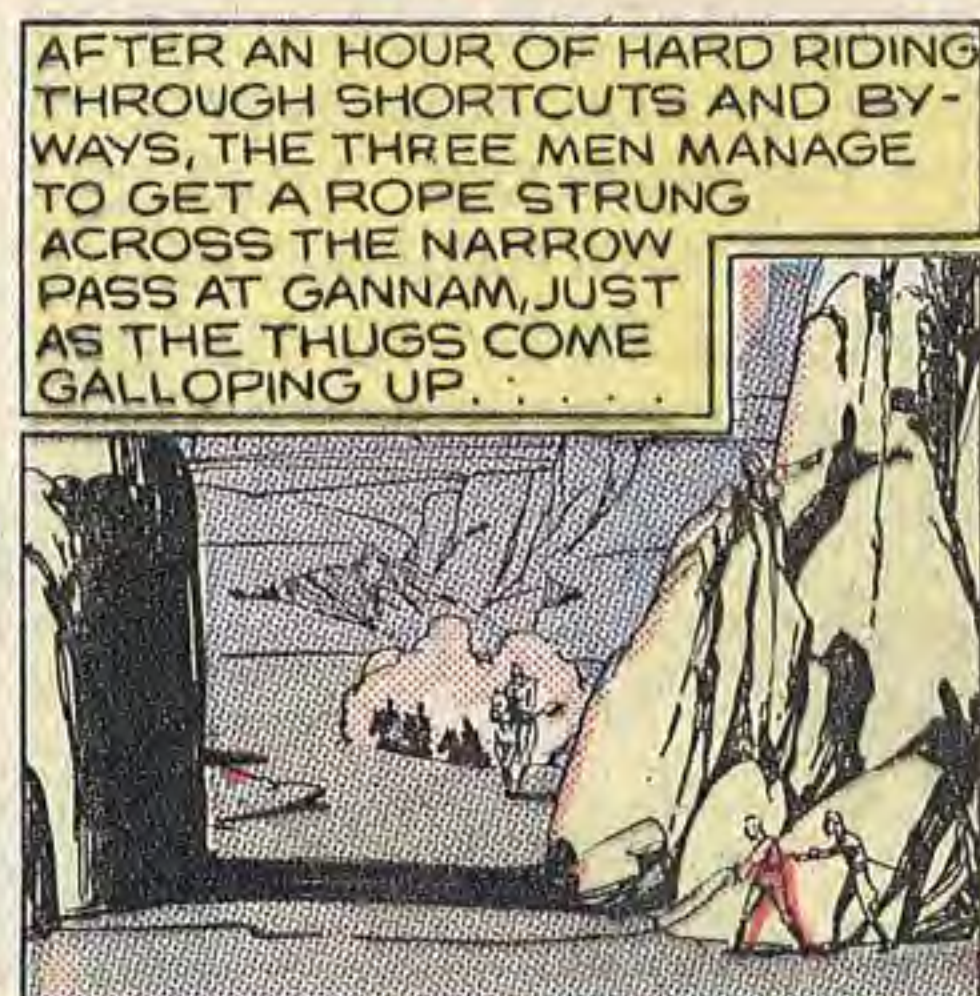


YOU CAME JUST IN  
TIME! AFTA IKUR IS GOING  
TO KHAFAR-ANNUM! WE  
MUST STOP HIM!



IF WE CAN REACH THE GANNAM  
PASS BEFORE HE DOES, WE  
CAN CAPTURE HIM!  
GATHER UP ALL THE  
ROPE YOU CAN FIND  
AND LET'S BE OFF!

RIGHT!



AFTER AN HOUR OF HARD RIDING  
THROUGH SHORTCUTS AND BY-  
WAYS, THE THREE MEN MANAGE  
TO GET A ROPE STRUNG  
ACROSS THE NARROW  
PASS AT GANNAM, JUST  
AS THE THUGS COME  
GALLOPING UP.

AS THEY THUNDER INTO THE TIGHT PASSAGE, ABDUL GIVES A SIGNAL  
AND HASSAN AND THE AMERICAN PULL THE ROPE TAUT, TOPPLING THE  
RIDERS TO THE GROUND.



PUT UP YOUR HANDS! ONE  
MOVE AND I'LL KILL YOU  
ALL... ALL RIGHT, MR.  
YOUNG, TIE THEM  
UP WELL!



THAT WAS A QUICK JOB!  
BETTER TURN THEM OVER  
TO THE BRITISH, HASSAN..  
THERE IS A RICH REWARD  
FOR AFTA IKUR!

AYE! I'LL DO  
THAT NOW!



COME, MR.  
YOUNG, I WILL  
TAKE YOU  
BACK TO  
HEJAZ!

B. BUT, WILL  
HASSAN ALONE  
BE ABLE TO  
HANDLE THOSE  
KILLERS?



HAVE NO WORRY, MY  
FRIEND! HASSAN IS ONE  
OF THE FIERCEST FIGHTERS  
IN ARABIA, AND IF ONE DOES  
TRY TO GET AWAY... WELL,  
WE MOSLEMS HAVE  
SEVERAL METHODS  
TO DISSUADE THEM.  
EFFECTIVE  
METHODS!





# The **SCARLET SEAL**

by  
DUANE BYRD MONROE

LIEUTENANT BARRY MOORE FORMER ACTOR IN HOLLYWOOD IS NOW A MEMBER OF THE POLICE FORCE HIS FATHER IS HEAD OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD ALSO, BARRY IS THAT MYSTERIOUS ORIENTAL FOE OF GANGLAND - THE SCARLET SEAL

BARRY, THIS SEYMOUR BLOTS **MAY** BE A FINANCIAL WIZARD TO THE **SUCKERS** WHO **INVEST WITH HIM**, BUT HE'S STILL A **CROOK TO ME!**

RIGHT, DAD, AND I THINK **WE'LL GET HIM-**

AN INVESTOR NAMED SIMMS PHONED IN AND SAID HE HAD **EVIDENCE** AGAINST BLOTS! I'M GOING OUT TO SEE HIM **NOW!**

I'M GLAD I'M NOT IN ON **THIS!** I'M JUST IN CHARGE OF **HOMICIDE.**

AT THE ADDRESS SIMMS HAD GIVEN

HERE IT IS!

THAT'S **FUNNY!** NO ANSWER TO MY RING, BUT THE **DOOR'S OPEN!** I'LL **LOOK AROUND!**

GREAT **GUNS! MURDERED!** WHAT'S **THAT** PAPER?

POOR SIMMS! HE EVIDENTLY **LIVED** LONG ENOUGH TO **WRITE THIS!**

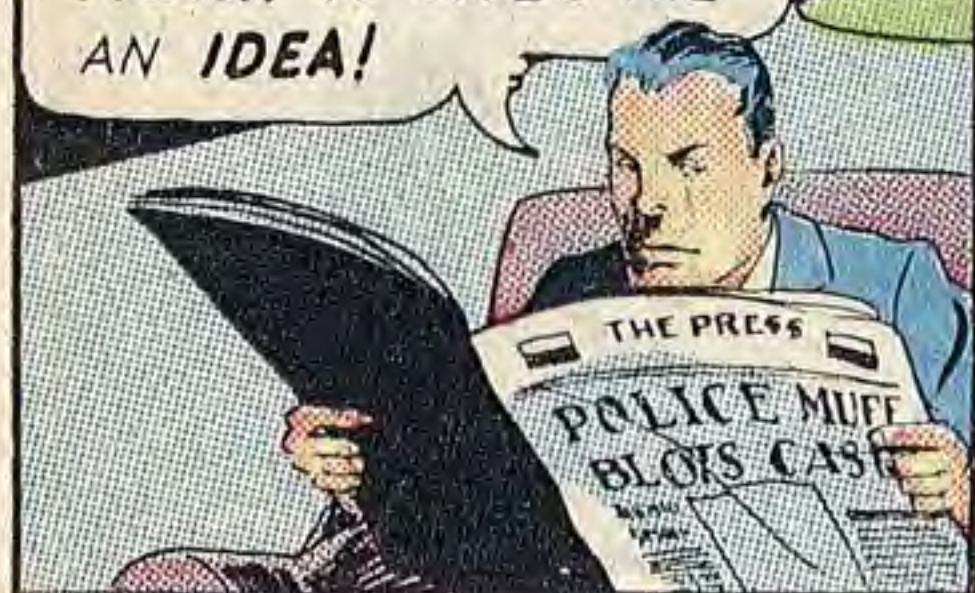
Blots did it  
going away when  
he gets million  
900,000 now  
we

CAPTAIN MOORE? LOOK, DAD, THIS CASE IS **YOURS NOW!** **SOMEBODY, BLOTS I GUESS, MURDERED SIMMS!**



THAT NIGHT BARRY PLANS!

I'LL HAVE TO **TRAP** BLOTS **SOMEHOW!** THIS **NEWSPAPER** **ITEM.** IT GIVES ME AN **IDEA!**



CHINESE, EH? BY GOSH, I SEE A WAY THE **SCARLET SEAL** CAN **FORCE** BLOTS' HAND.

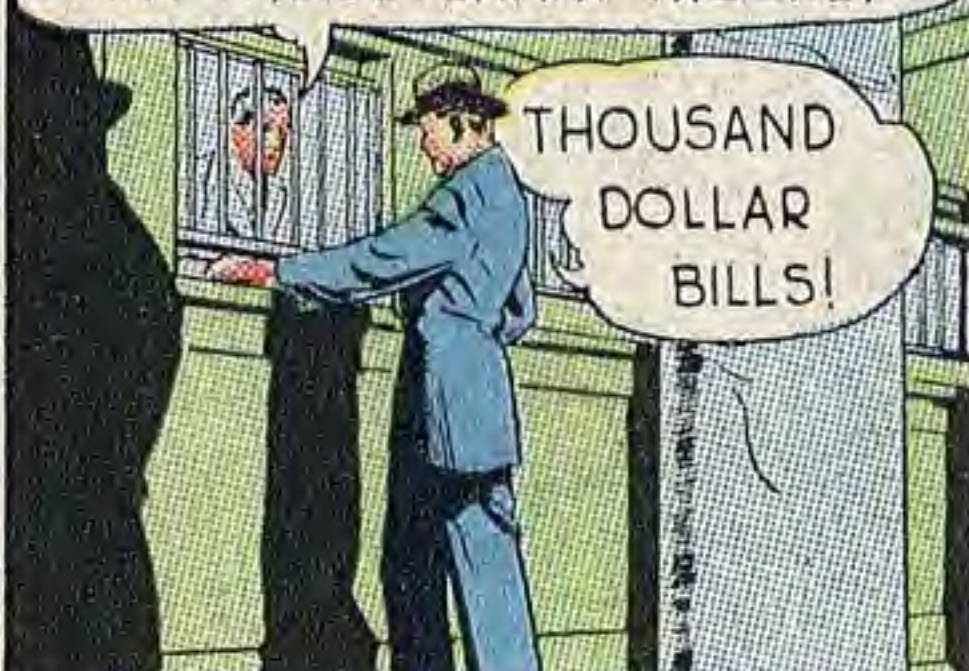


I'VE **STILL** GOT OVER \$200,000 IN **CASH** I SAVED IN THE MOVIES IT **MIGHT** MAKE BLOTS **TRY TO** **ABSCOND!** I'LL DO IT!



THE NEXT MORNING

\$100,000? HOW DO YOU WANT IT, LIEUTENANT MOORE?



THOUSAND DOLLAR BILLS!

JUST A SECOND, WE RECORD THE **NUMBERS** OF ALL **BIG** BILLS, LIEUTENANT!



AN HOUR LATER BARRY LEAVES HIS SECRET HEADQUARTERS AS THE DREAD SCARLET SEAL

NOW, FOR BLOTS' OFFICE!



TELL MR. BLOTS TEN YET LENG WOULD SEE HIM ABOUT AN INVESTMENT!



WAIT A MINUTE!

A **CHINK** SUCKER, BOSS! LOOKS LIKE **DOUGH!**



SEND HIM **IN**, BY **ALL** MEANS!

IT **HAPPENS** I CAN PAY **20% A MONTH** FOR \$100,000, MR LENG!



MOST **PROFITABLE!** IN AN HOUR I COME BACK FOR THE PAPERS.

10 MINUTES LATER

I CAN USE THIS, I'LL CALL THE BANK, HAVE THOMAS DO HIS STUFF, AND **DISAPPEAR.**







HELLO, THOMAS, BLOTS SPEAKING  
"GO THROUGH WITH OUR  
PLAN!"



I UNDERSTAND, **BLOTS**. I'LL  
**LEAVE IT** AT THE **SPOT**  
**WE PICKED**, THEN JOIN YOU.

BLOTS' ACCOMPLICE IS  
THE TELLER AT BARRY'S BANK.



IN THE BANK'S SAFE DEPOSIT  
DEPARTMENT

890,000 , 900,000 IT'S  
ALL HERE!



BACK AT BLOTS' OFFICE

I RETURN FOR STOCK  
AND RECEIPTS.

HERE THEY  
ARE, MR. LENG!



HELLO-BOSS! I THOUGHT  
YOU WERE **ALONE!**

COME IN,  
**THOMAS!**



MEET TEN YET LENG, A **NEW**  
INVESTOR. THIS IS **MR.**  
**THOMAS** OUR **TREASURER.**

OH-O! -THE  
TELLER AT THE  
BANK!



TAKE CHARGE OF THIS  
\$100,000, MR. LENG IS  
INVESTING WITH US!

WILL I!



**BOSS!** THESE ARE THE **SAME**  
**BILLS I PAID TO A POLICE**  
**LIEUTENANT THIS**  
**MORNING!** I REMEMBER THE  
**NUMBERS!**

SO! A **TRAP!**



**MAYBE** THIS CHINK IS-  
THE **SCARLET SEAL!**

I'M ON A  
**SPOT!**

THIS IS  
**BAD!-**



- BUT IT COULD BE **WORSE!**  
**PUT UP YOUR HANDS, LENG!**  
TIE HIM, THOMAS!

AND **HOW!**

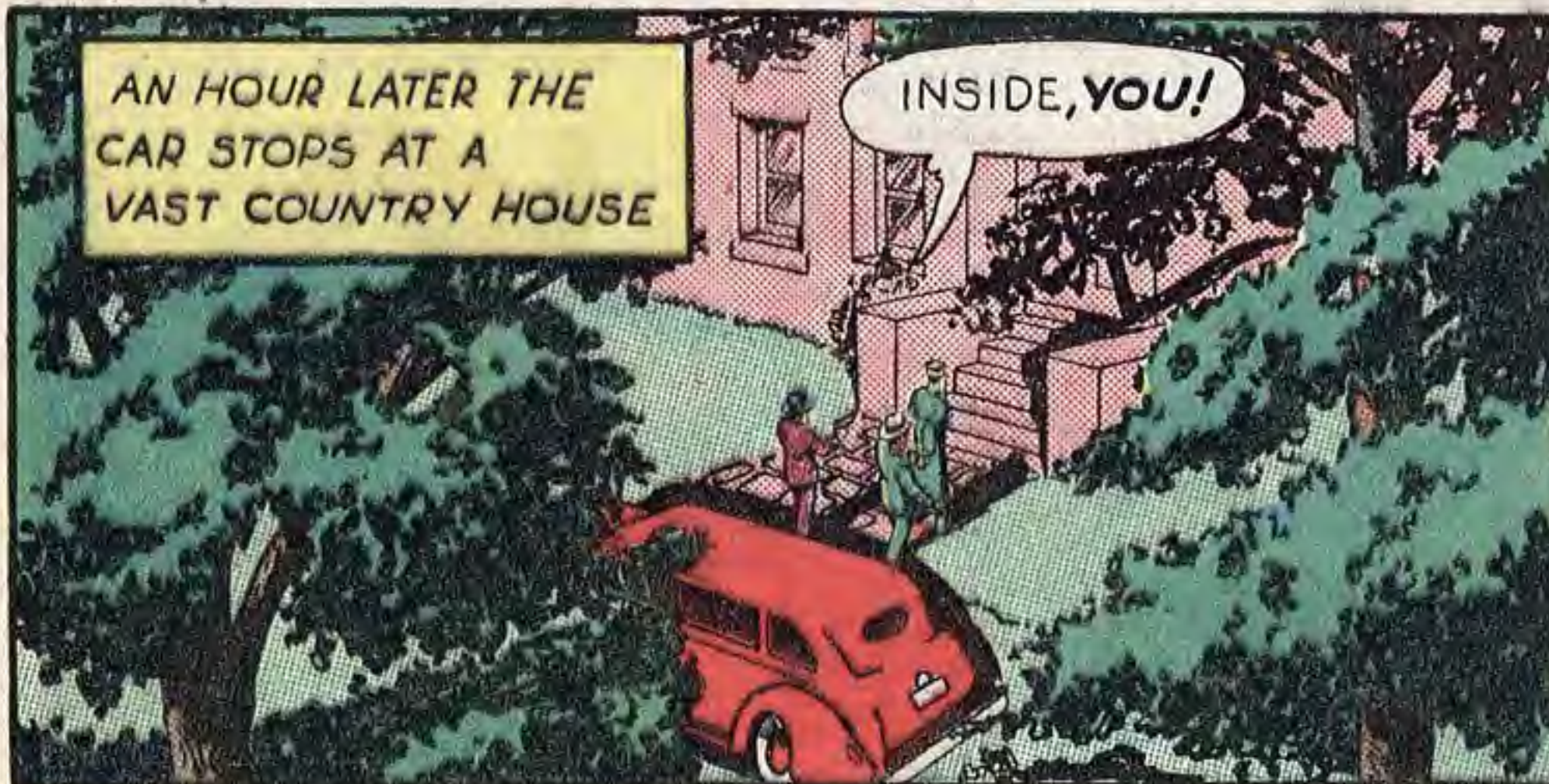
I'LL PLAY IT  
THROUGH!



**THAT** WILL HOLD YOU,  
**WHOEVER** YOU ARE.

THAT'S  
WHAT **YOU**  
THINK!









THE GUN BARKS AND THOMAS FALLS DEAD —



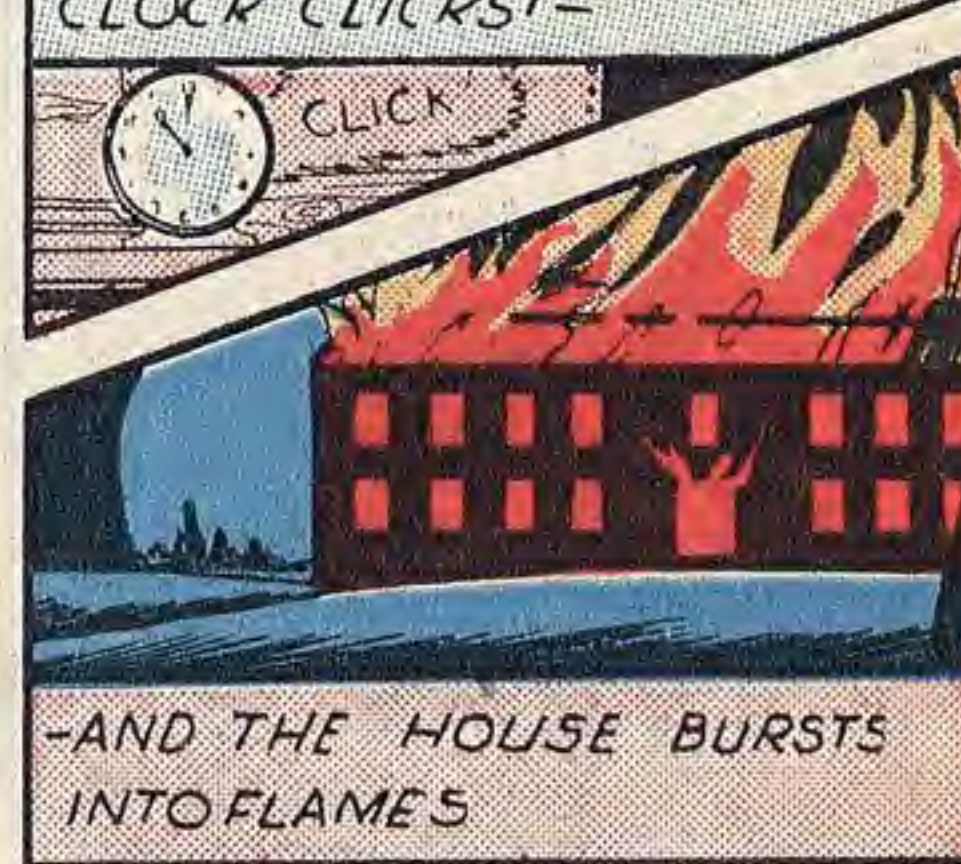
FIVE MINUTES LATER



OUTSIDE THE HOUSE



BACK AT THE HOUSE A CLOCK CLICKS! —



BLOTS' HOUSE! IT'S A FURNACE! HE'S DONE FOR!



LATER AFTER BARRY HAS REMOVED HIS DISGUISE!



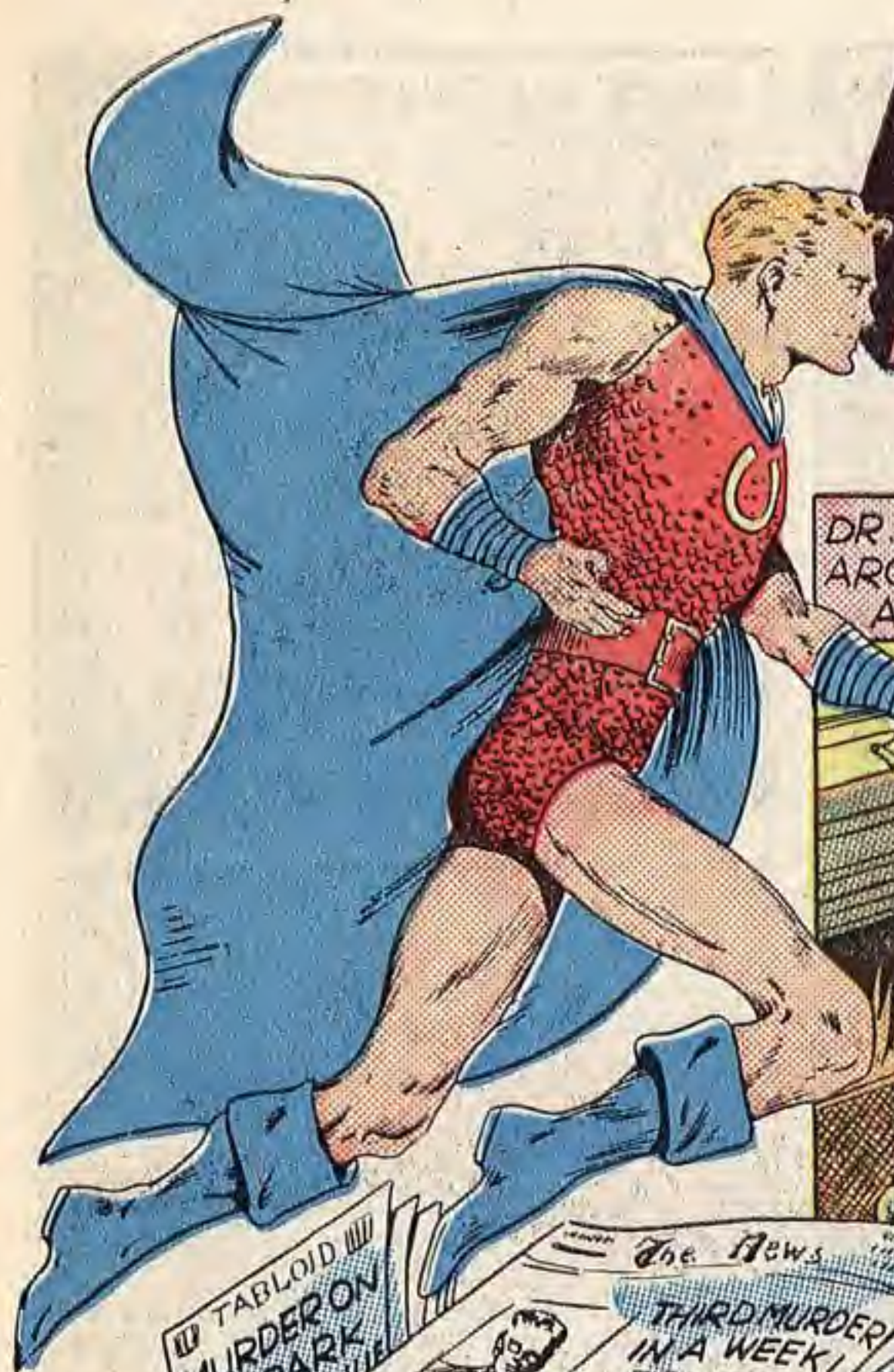
THE NEXT MORNING





# MAGNO

BY PAUL GUSTAVSON



DR. HARRY WOOD, A NOTED  
ARCHAEOLOGIST, READS THE  
ACCOUNTS OF THE MURDERS.

WELL... I GUESS I'M  
NEXT... IT'S  
INEVITABLE!

ONLY TWO OF US  
LEFT TO CARRY  
ON AGAINST  
SOMETHING WE  
DARE NOT  
EXPOSE!



THE  
LIGHTS  
GO  
OUT.  
AND  
A  
FIGURE  
POUNCES  
UPON  
DR.  
WOOD  
IN  
THE  
DARK-  
NESS!

THEN, A GLITTERING  
BLADE OF STEEL  
FLASHES.



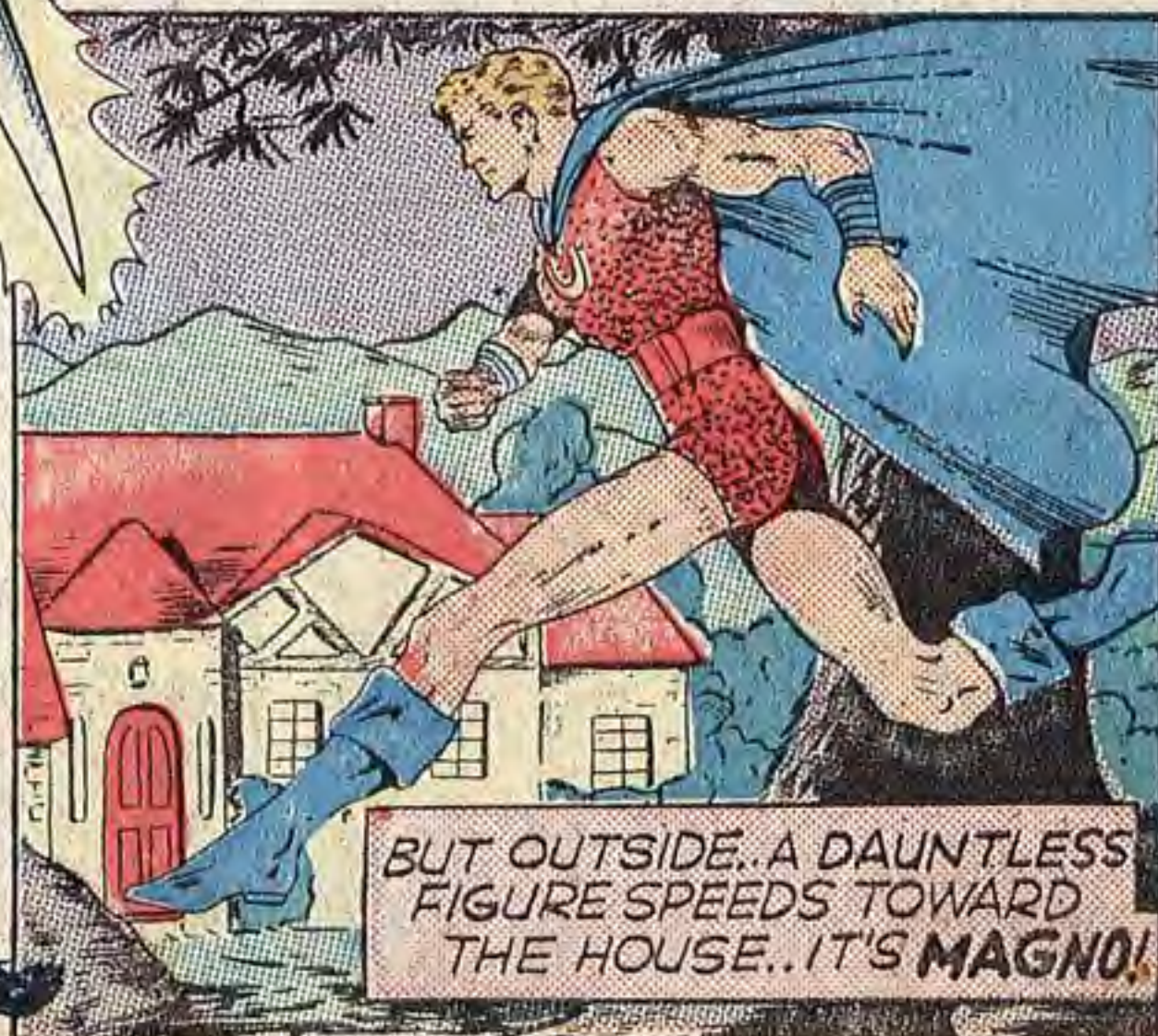
LAND SAKES! WHAT  
DOES THAT MAN  
WANT NOW! RAGS!  
STOP WHINING,  
YOU GIVE ME  
THE CREEPS!



WHY... ALL THE  
LIGHTS ARE  
TURNED OFF...  
**DOCTOR... UH!!**

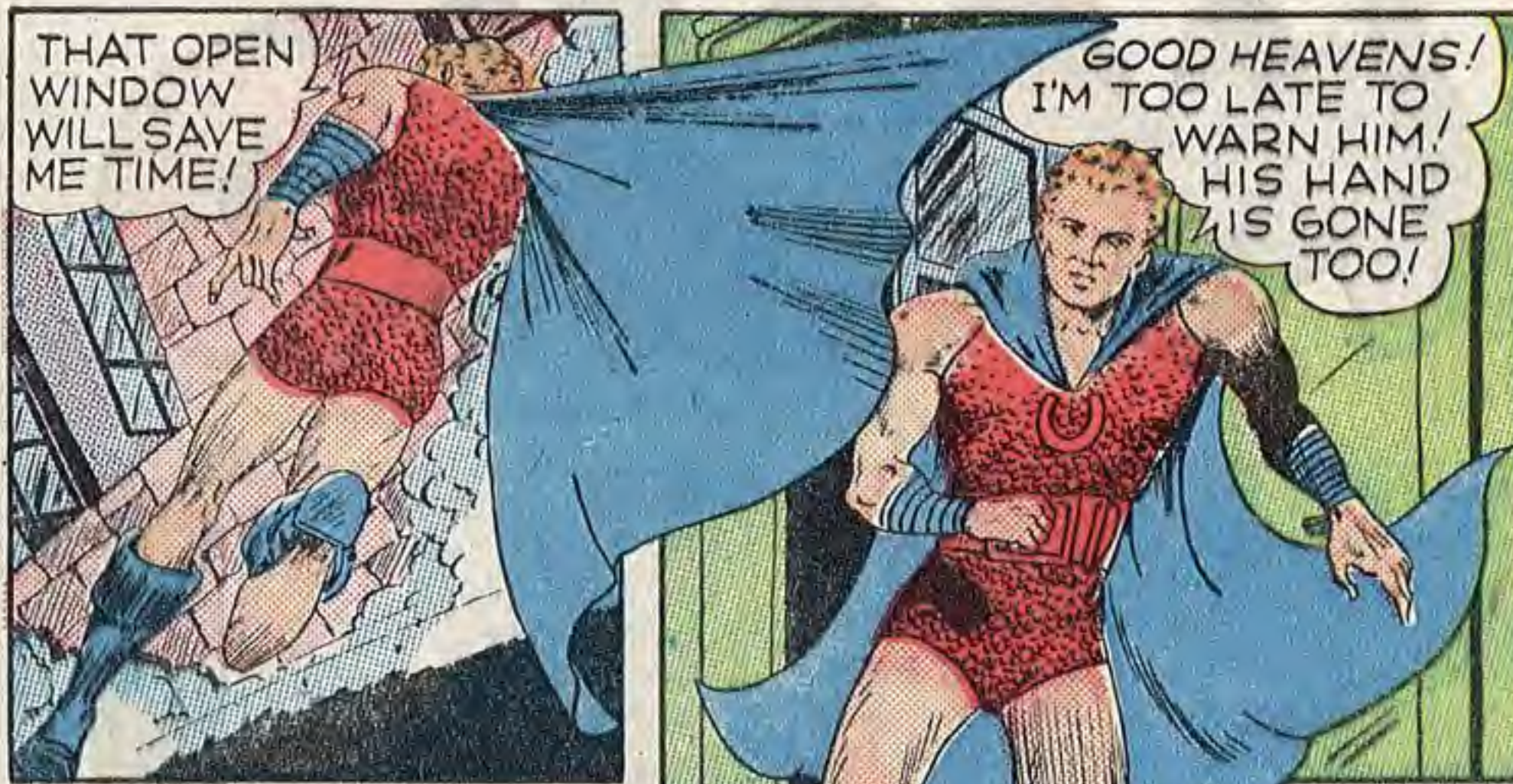


OHHHHH



BUT OUTSIDE, A DAUNTLESS  
FIGURE SPEEDS TOWARD  
THE HOUSE... IT'S **MAGNO!**





THAT OPEN WINDOW WILL SAVE ME TIME!

GOOD HEAVENS! I'M TOO LATE TO WARN HIM! HIS HAND IS GONE TOO!

I GUESS I CAN CROSS HARRY WOOD OFF THE LIST WITH THE OTHERS! NOW, THERE'S ONLY ONE LEFT... OH OH... THE PHONE'S RINGING!



DR. WOOD? THIS IS VAN NEST! IT'S AFTER ME.. I SAW IT PROWLING AROUND OUTSIDE! IT WON'T GET MY HAND THOUGH.. I HAD IT TAKEN OFF!! UH.. OHHHHH..



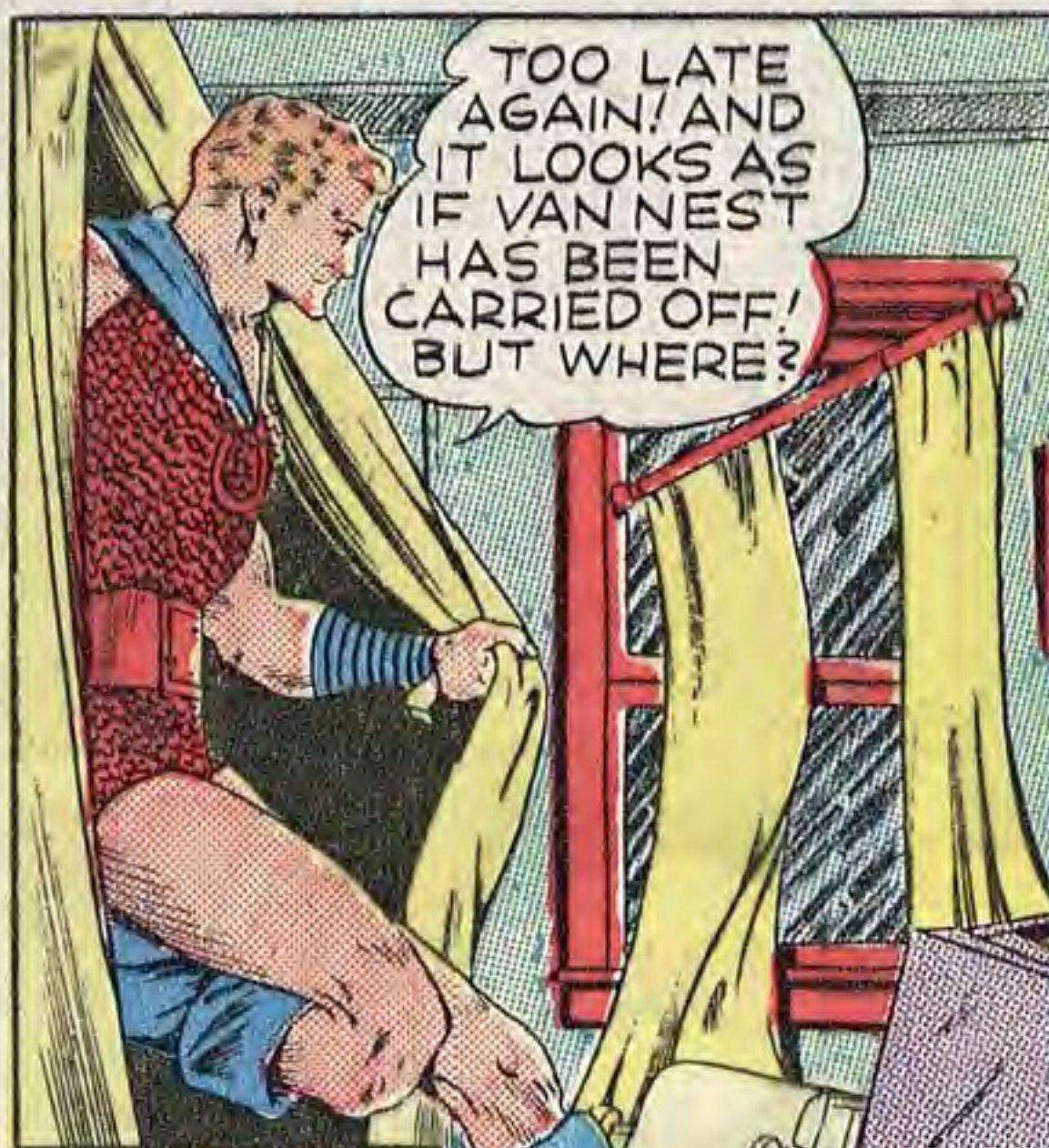
VAN NEST! I WAS RIGHT. ALL THESE MEN WHO HAVE BEEN KILLED ARE

FROM THE PARTY OF ARCHAEOLOGISTS THAT RETURNED FROM EGYPT A SHORT TIME AGO!



A POWERFUL CAR SOON ROARS UP TO VAN NEST'S HOME..

..AND MAGNO DASHES TO A LIGHTED WINDOW ON THE GROUND FLOOR..



TOO LATE AGAIN! AND IT LOOKS AS IF VAN NEST HAS BEEN CARRIED OFF! BUT WHERE?



WHAT'S THIS... WHITE CLAY? THE SWAMPS OFF KEYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.. IT'S THE ONLY PLACE IN THE EAST WHERE WHITE CLAY IS FOUND!

AGAIN THE POWERFUL MOTOR OF MAGNO'S CAR DRONES OUT, CARRYING HIM TOWARD THE KEYSTONE SWAMP..



FOOT-PRINTS!



HMM.. THEY LEAD OUT TO THIS OLD SHACK!





THE DOOR'S UNLOCKED!



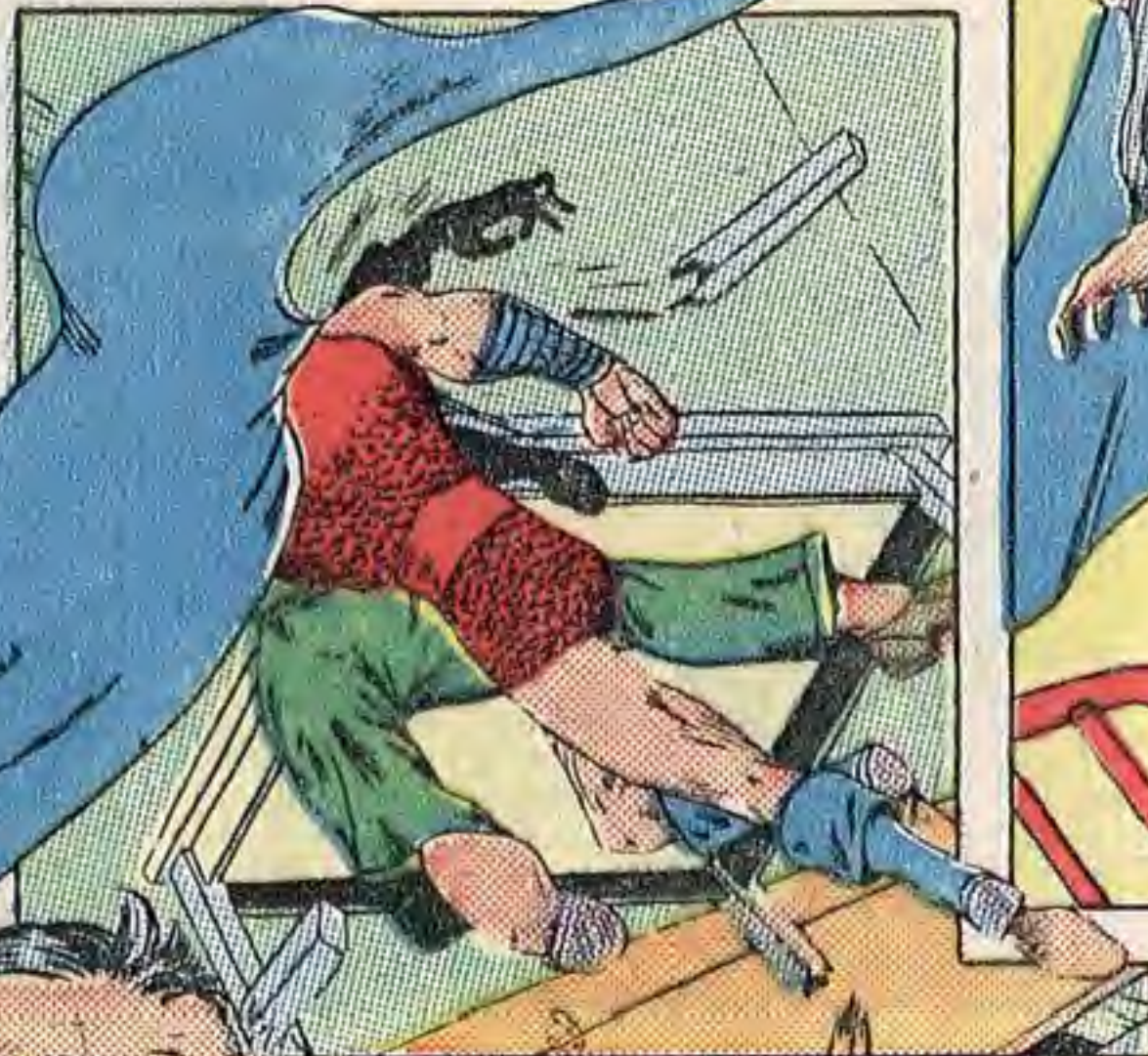
HMMM... NO ONE SEEMS TO BE IN HERE!



GUESS I SPOKE TOO SOON!



IS IT NICE TO MEET A GUEST WITH A KNIFE?



OKAY TAKE A NAP PAL! HERE'S A LULLABY!



SO! THIS SHACK IS NOTHING BUT A "FRONT"!!



OH OH! COMPANY DOWN HERE, TOO!



WHY DON'T YOU GUYS EVER GIVE ME A FIGHT?



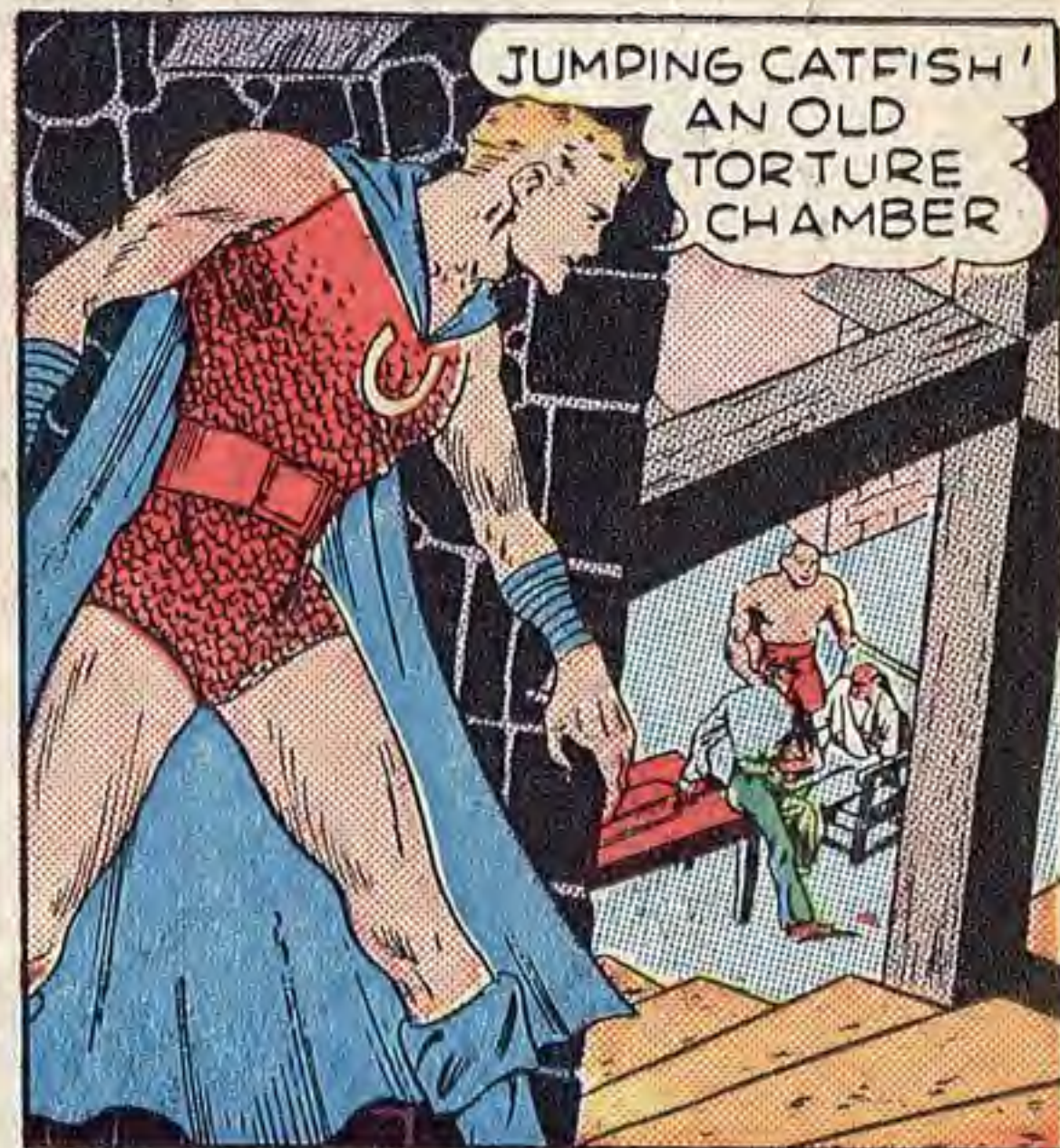
THE SHRILL SCREAM OF AN OLD MAN COMES FROM A LOWER CORRIDOR....



THAT SCREAM.. MIGHT BE VAN NEST!



JUMPING CATFISH! AN OLD TORTURE CHAMBER



THIS BEAMWORK IS JUST WHAT I NEED!



YOU WERE CLEVER TO DESTROY YOUR HAND, VAN NEST!



BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH! NOW YOU'LL DESCRIBE THE MAP THAT WAS TATOOED ON YOUR HAND!



NEVER! YOU CAN TORTURE ME UNTIL I'M DEAD, BUT YOU'LL NEVER KNOW THE SECRET WITHIN THOSE TOMBS!



I KNOW THE SECRET...THE KALI-HANA! THE SCRIPTURES OF ANCIENT POWERS, MORE DEADLY AND DESTROYING THAN A THOUSAND ARMIES PUT INTO ONE!



YES..AND THAT IS WHY THE MAP WAS TATOOED ON ALL FIVE OF OUR HANDS.. SO THAT NO ONE PERSON WOULD BE ABLE TO GAIN ITS POWER! AND NO ONE PERSON SHALL!

PERHAPS! BUT CAN YOU STAND A GREAT DEAL OF PAIN?



THIS CLAMP WILL CRUSH YOUR KNEES TO A PULP.. IT'S RATHER INGENIOUS, EH, VAN NEST!







WHAT PULLED THAT CLAMP UP? WHO? OH. YOU!

SUTA!  
GET HIM!  
KILL HIM!



HERE..RIGHT  
OFF YOUR  
NOGGIN!



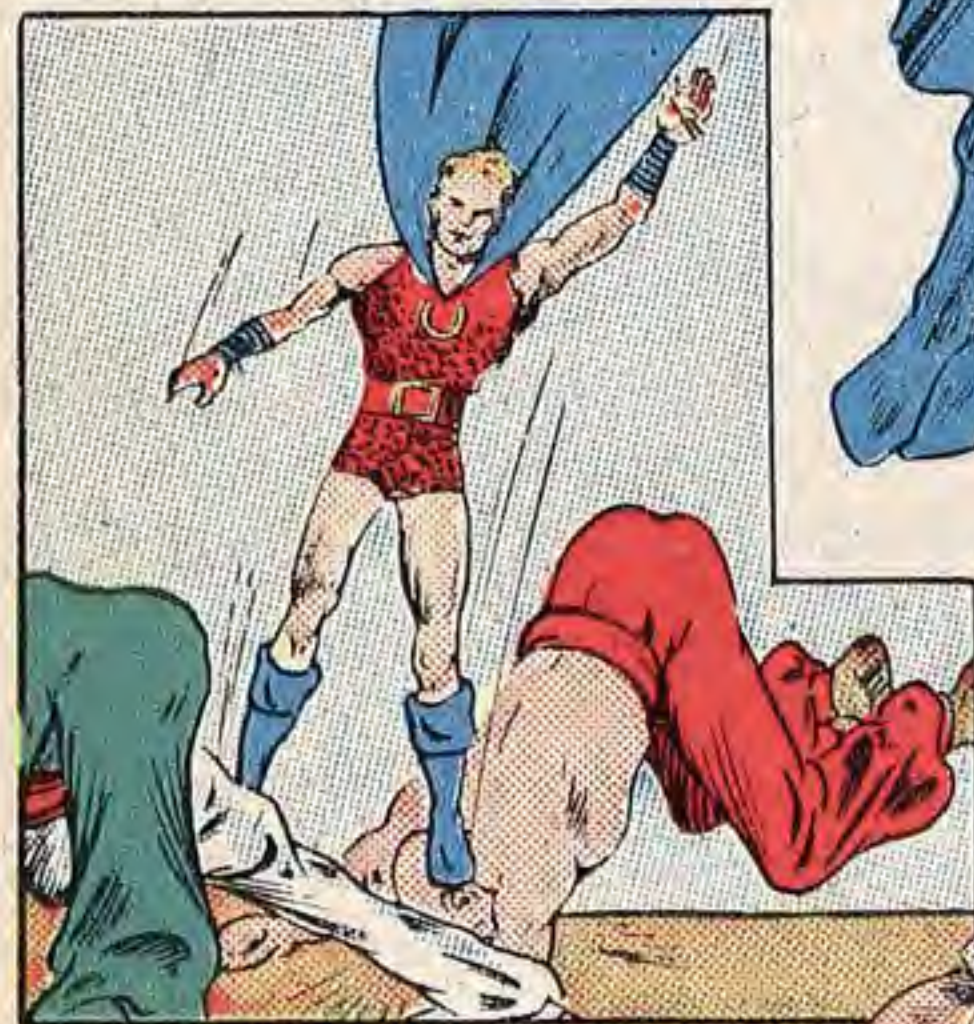
SORRY IF I'VE  
UPSET YOU,  
PUNK!



HA! THAT'S A  
BIG ORDER!



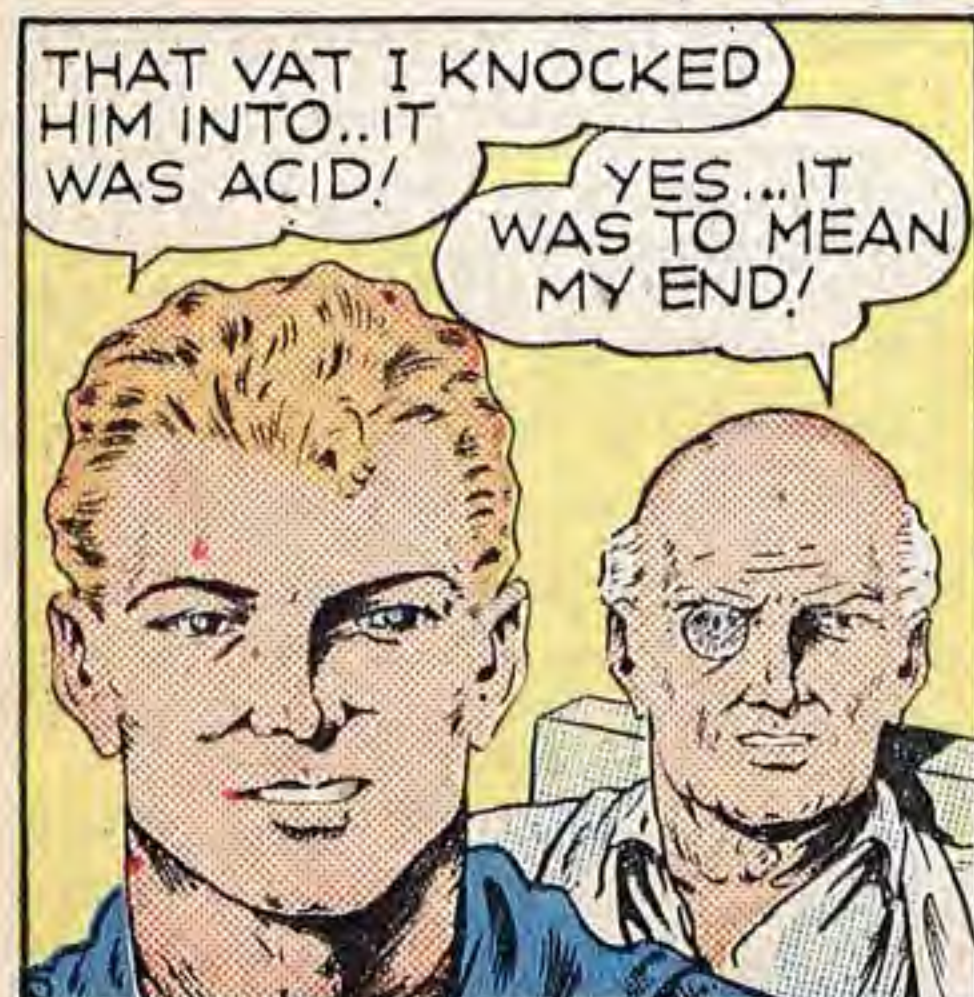
IN A FLASH  
MAGNO DRAWS  
UP TO AN IRON PEG IN THE CEILING..THE CHARGING MEN CRASH..



YOUR TEETH  
COME OUT  
EASILY, HA HA!



AND YOU, LEADER..  
YOU WANTED  
TOO MUCH..  
YOUR KIND  
NEVER WIN!



THAT VAT I KNOCKED  
HIM INTO..IT  
WAS ACID!

YES...IT  
WAS TO MEAN  
MY END!



I'VE HEARD OF YOUR WORK,  
MAGNO...THE PART OF THE  
MAP THAT WAS ON MY  
HAND IS ALWAYS AT  
YOUR DISPOSAL!

I WON'T  
NEED IT!



I WOULDN'T WANT ALL ITS  
POWER FOR ANYTHING..  
SUPPOSE IT GOT OUT OF MY  
HANDS..I WOULD BECOME  
ITS VICTIM TOO! AS  
FOR THESE  
OTHER HANDS  
...IN TIME  
THEY'LL  
SIMPLY TURN  
TO BONE..





The sound that shuddered out of the night sent a chill over Jimmy Christian. He drew his coat collar up and snuggled down in the straw he had heaped in a corner of the huge, bare room.

It was cold in the deserted house. The high mountain air bit into Jimmy's bones like sharp teeth. In the morning it would be warm again and he'd be on his way. There would be ten hard miles to old Larrabee's strike. A half dozen men had been lounging in the back room of Claggett's Store in Sacramento when old Crutch came in with the startling news.

Jimmy lay for a moment listening to the myriad night sounds. The mountain lion wailed again far up in the timber.

An hour passed while Jimmy's thoughts traveled back over the last five years. It had been that long since he had visited this territory, his parents' home. They were long dead. There was an uncle, an only living relative in the Sacramento area. Jimmy hoped that he would be among the first to reach the gold diggings. If lucky, the claim he intended to stake might pay for the equipment he wanted to add to his laboratory; that was his ambition...

A scuffling sound directly overhead made him jerk erect. It was like someone walking with a halting tread and dragging a heavy weight. Ghosts! The old house was "haunted," they said in Sacramento. Jimmy

smiled a little, though for a brief moment a convulsive shudder passed over him. Murder! That was the ugly thing that filled the darkness of this ancient house. Dark crime. Jimmy felt the menace of evil present in the throbbing silence.

Voices outside brought him erect once more. Two men stood silhouetted in the doorway, dimly visible against the moonlight. They conversed in low tones. (Then they stepped inside and one of them snapped on a flashlight. Its beam fell directly on Jimmy.)

"Huh!" one of them grunted. "We got company. Hey, punk, what you doin' here?"

Jimmy told him.



"Where you headin'?"

"To visit my uncle," Jimmy said. "He lives about ten miles from here."

"Uh-huh," said the man unconcernedly. "Well, punk, go dig yourself up another bed: me an' my buddy's aimin' to bunk here."

Jimmy hesitated a moment. "Git!" the man commanded gruffly. "Or I'll boot you out!"

It was no trouble to find more

straw. Jimmy made another pallet in a far corner of the room and lay down. He had barely dozed off when two more men entered. Well, it was beginning to look like old Larrabee's announcement had started a real stampede!

The four strangers exchanged guarded greetings. Only one thing worried Jimmy: If they got a head start on him in the morning they'd stake all the choice claims and he'd be left with the leavings. A sudden plan formed in his brain. He'd keep them sleepless during the night, so that they'd oversleep in the morning—then he'd set off in the early dawn.

The four men went outside and a few minutes later they had a big fire blazing in the front yard. Jimmy heard the rattle of tinware and knew that food was being prepared. Food! What he wouldn't give for a bowl of soup! He hadn't eaten all day.

"Hey, punk!" one of the men called. "Come out here an' rustle up some fire wood an' we'll give you some chow."

Jimmy got up quickly. This was just the opportunity he wanted!

By the time he had gathered a sizeable pile of dry boughs, all four men were squatted around the fire indulging in the camaraderie that a bonfire evokes. The food was good, a sort of mulligan, and Jimmy had his fill. While they ate, a lion screamed far off in the woods and Jimmy could see the expressions of the men tense momentarily. Now was his chance!

He said, "Do any of you believe in ghosts?"

"What's that?" one of the men said sharply.

"Ghosts," Jimmy repeated.

"Old Jud Hatcher's ghost! You know, this house was Jud's. They say it is haunted." Jimmy paused, watching the faces of the men. A breeze stirred through the tall pines and once more the lion gave voice to his wailing cry far up on a cliff. The sound sent a shiver up Jimmy's spine, and he could see that his little group reacted in like manner. No one spoke.

"Old Jud," Jimmy went on, "was a madman. He lived alone here for years. Then Millie Clayton moved to this neighborhood from Colorado... Well, to make a long story short, old Jud married her. That was the last anyone ever saw of the girl."

Jimmy waited, letting the impetus of his words sink in. A sharp whistling breeze fanned through the treetops. The fire leaped up and sparks spiraled aloft in a dizzy dance.

"Huh," said one of the men. "Think I'll turn in."

"Yeah," replied his companion. "Me, too."

The two men who had arrived first exchanged quizzical glances. One of them muttered, "So what, bub? What happened then?"

"Listen," Jimmy said quietly. "A few years passed, and Millie and Jud lived here, alone. No one ever saw her and so people began to talk and wonder why she never came in to town. One time the preacher from the village came out to visit the Hatchers. Old Jud drove him off the place."

A crash in the underbrush nearby caused the men to jump.

"What the heck was that?" gasped one of them. His eyes bugged and his right hand darted for his pocket; but he

didn't draw the gun Jimmy knew was there. "Must be Millie's ghost," he grinned sheepishly.

"Shut up!" another ordered gruffly.

"About three years ago," Jimmy continued, "a forest ranger passed this way and found Millie's body in the well over there. Her throat had been cut."

"No!" breathed one of the men, his face blanching.

Jimmy nodded. "It was terrible. The ranger couldn't get



her body out of the well, so he went to town for help. When he got back with some other men, the body was gone—just vanished, like that!"

Dead silence followed this disclosure. The men sat hunched, their faces colorless, except for the tint of firelight.

"What was that?" one of them said suddenly.

Jimmy had heard it, too. That slow dragging sound in an upper room of the old house, as if someone were walking with difficulty across the floor. Then there was a crash upstairs and a pan went rolling across the room. The men leaped to their feet with startled curses.

"I'm gittin' outa here!" one of them blurted.

"Wait!" said Jimmy in the best sepulchral voice he could muster. "You haven't heard all the story. That sound you just heard. Know what it was?"

Not a word in response.

"Of course, I don't believe it," Jimmy continued. "But the story goes that the ghost of Jud and Millie parade around here in the night."

One of the men started off toward the edge of timber to the south—the south where the village lay, and noise and people. His companion followed without a word.

"I—I think I'll sleep outside, Mike," one of the remaining two men stated.

"Yeah. They's an old shed 'bout a mile down the road... Come on!"

Jimmy found himself suddenly very much alone. He grinned and went inside the house. He chuckled as he climbed the rickety stairs to the upper room. (In the flare of a match he read the whole story.) The warped flooring, the thick dust, the cobwebs and musty odor of age. And tracks—thousands of tiny tracks. An old gold pan had been knocked off a shelf. A litter of refuse of all sorts covered the floor.

"Thanks to you, old fellow," he said, "I'll get to the diggings before my friends do. Ghost stories have merit once in a while, if they're told for a real purpose. They seem to be effective, too—especially if you have the help of an old pack rat in a vacant house!"

—READ—  
TODAY IS TOMORROW  
IN THE MAY ISSUE OF  
SMASH COMICS  
ON SALE MARCH 19TH

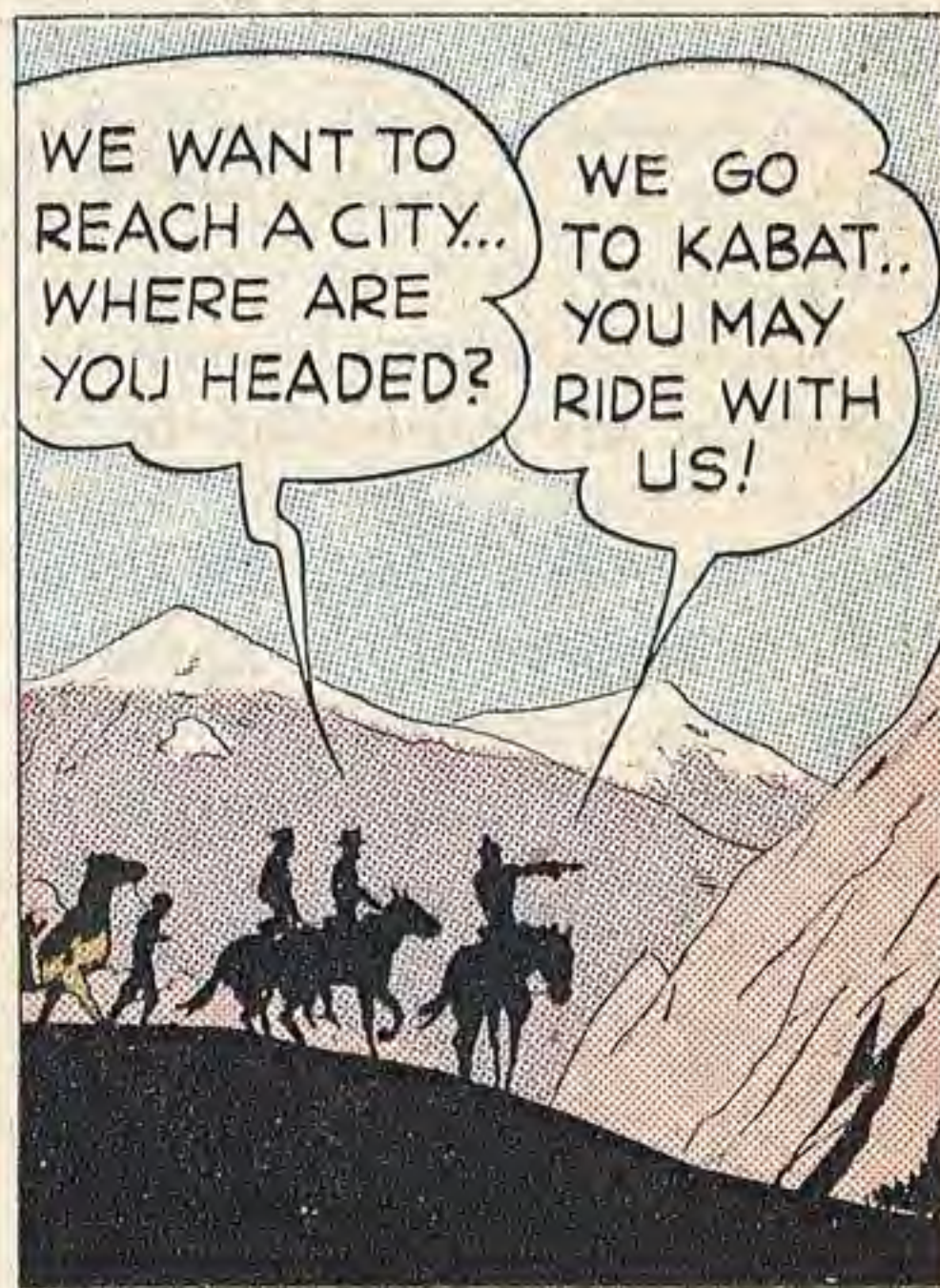




# CHIC CARTER

ACE REPORTER

CHIC CARTER ACCOMPANYING THE EXPLORER GORDON BRUCE, IS LOST IN THE WILDS OF TIBET.. TOGETHER THEY START A PERILOUS TREK BACK TO CIVILIZATION..





INSIDE THE GATE OF JADE THEY SEE THE SOLDIERS OF CHUNG MUSTAH BEATING A PATH THRU THE CROWD...



KNEEL IN THE DUST, SONS OF DOGS, THE LORD CHUNG APPROACHES!

AND THE COLD EYES OF CHUNG APPRAISE THEM...



BOW DOWN! IT IS DEATH TO OFFEND LORD CHUNG!

I'LL NOT BOW TO ANY POT-BELLIED WINDBAG!



ON YOUR OWN FACE, FAT BOY!



FLASHING SCIMITARS SWIFTLY SILENCE THE LAUGHING CROWD..



ON THY FACES, DOGS! OR I SHALL CHOP THINE LEGS FROM UNDER THEE!



CHUNG SPURS HIS HORSE INTO THE STANDING FIGURES

GET THE WHITE SWINE..THEIR HEADS WILL LOOK WELL ATOP MY THRONE!

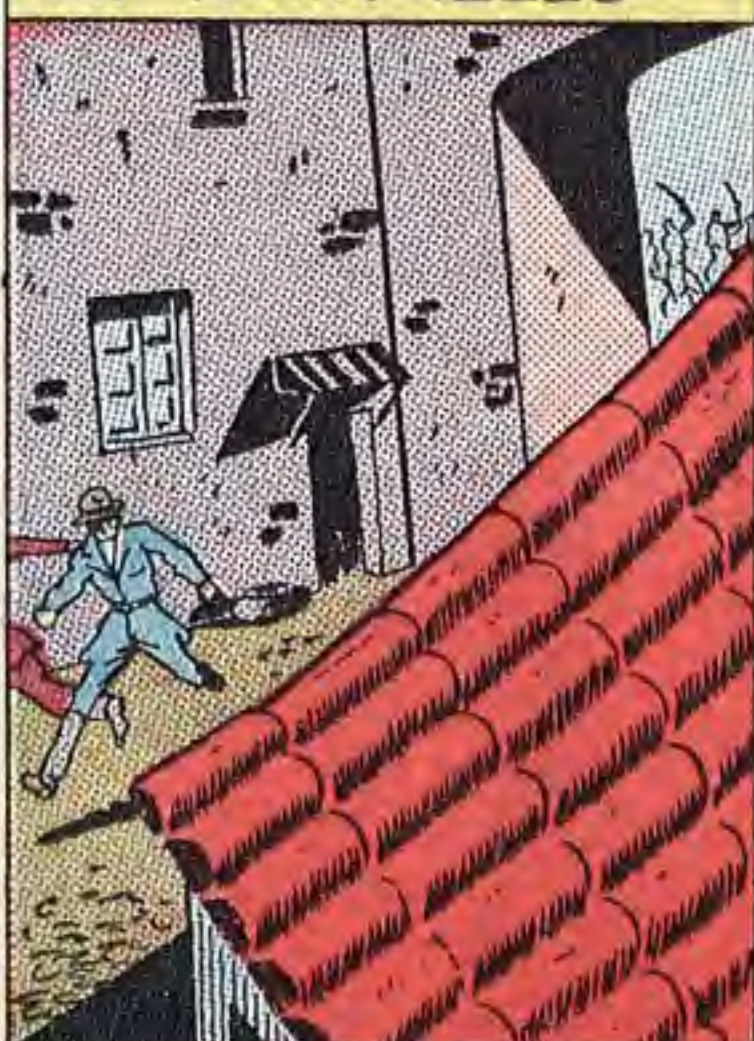


I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'D BETTER START MOVING!

YEAH! AND FAST TOO!



CHIC AND BRUCE RACE OFF WITH A PACK OF YELLING ORIENTALS AT THEIR HEELS



THIS WAY! FOLLOW ME!







HOLY CATS!  
WITH ALL  
THE ALLEYS  
IN KABAT I  
HADDA PICK  
A BLIND  
ONE!

I CAN  
SEE OUR  
HEADS ON  
CHUNG'S  
THRONE  
RIGHT  
NOW!



QUICKLY A DOOR  
OPENS AND A  
SLIM HAND  
CLUTCHES CHIC'S  
SHOULDER..

PSST,  
STRANGERS!  
IN HERE!



INSIDE THEY  
DISCOVER THEIR  
RESCUER TO BE  
A GIRL..

NO TIME TO TALK  
..THE SOLDIERS  
WILL SOON FIND  
THIS PLACE..  
FOLLOW ME!



SHE LEADS THEM  
THRU A BEWILDERING  
MAZE OF PASSAGES.



..AND INTO THE  
SAFETY OF A WELL  
HIDDEN CHAMBER.

CHUNG'S MEN  
WILL NOT FIND  
YOU HERE!



YOU RISKED  
YOUR OWN LIFE  
PULLING US OUT OF  
A TOUGH SPOT!  
WHY DID YOU  
DO IT?



THE PRINCE OF  
KABAT IS THE  
REAL RULER HERE,  
CHUNG MUSTAH  
HAS TAKEN THE  
THRONE AND CAST  
THE PRINCE INTO  
PRISON!! I NEED  
YOUR HELP TO  
RESCUE  
HIM!



WHY DON'T  
THE PEOPLE  
RESCUE THE  
PRINCE!

HE IS  
HELD  
ON AN  
ISLAND IN  
"THE LAKE OF  
THE MOON!" IT  
IS TOO WELL  
GUARDED!!



MEANWHILE..CHUNG  
HEARS OF THE WHITE  
MEN'S ESCAPE..

HEAR ME! SEARCH  
EVERY HOUSE IN  
KABAT.. DO NOT  
COME BACK WITH-  
OUT THEM!

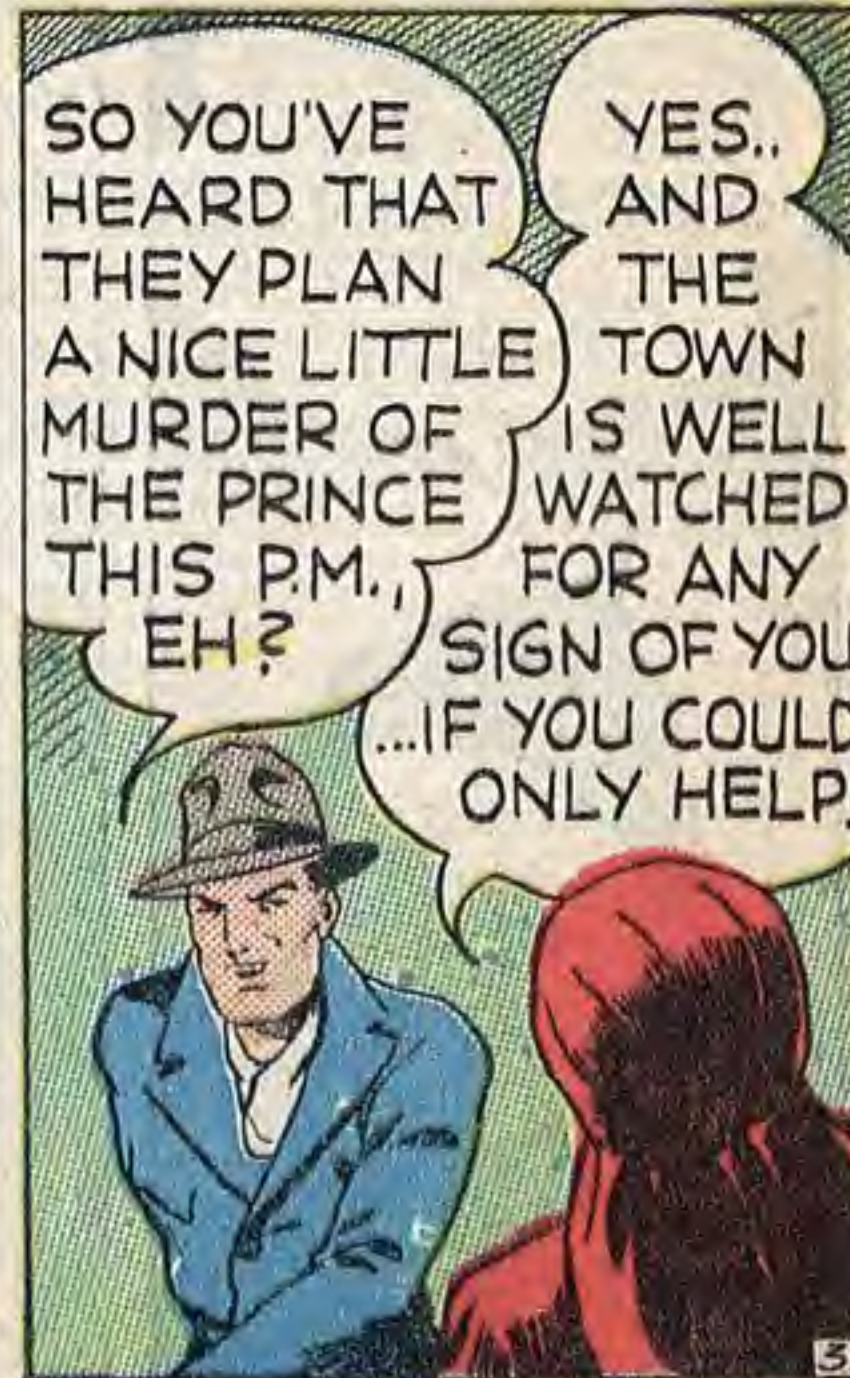


WHEN I TOOK THE  
THRONE I LET THE  
PEOPLE'S BELOVED  
PRINCE LIVE! NOW  
THEY SHELTER MY  
ENEMIES! TONIGHT  
MY OWN HAND  
SHALL EXECUTE  
THEIR PRINCE!



A CLEVER SPY  
LEARNS OF  
CHUNG'S PLAN.

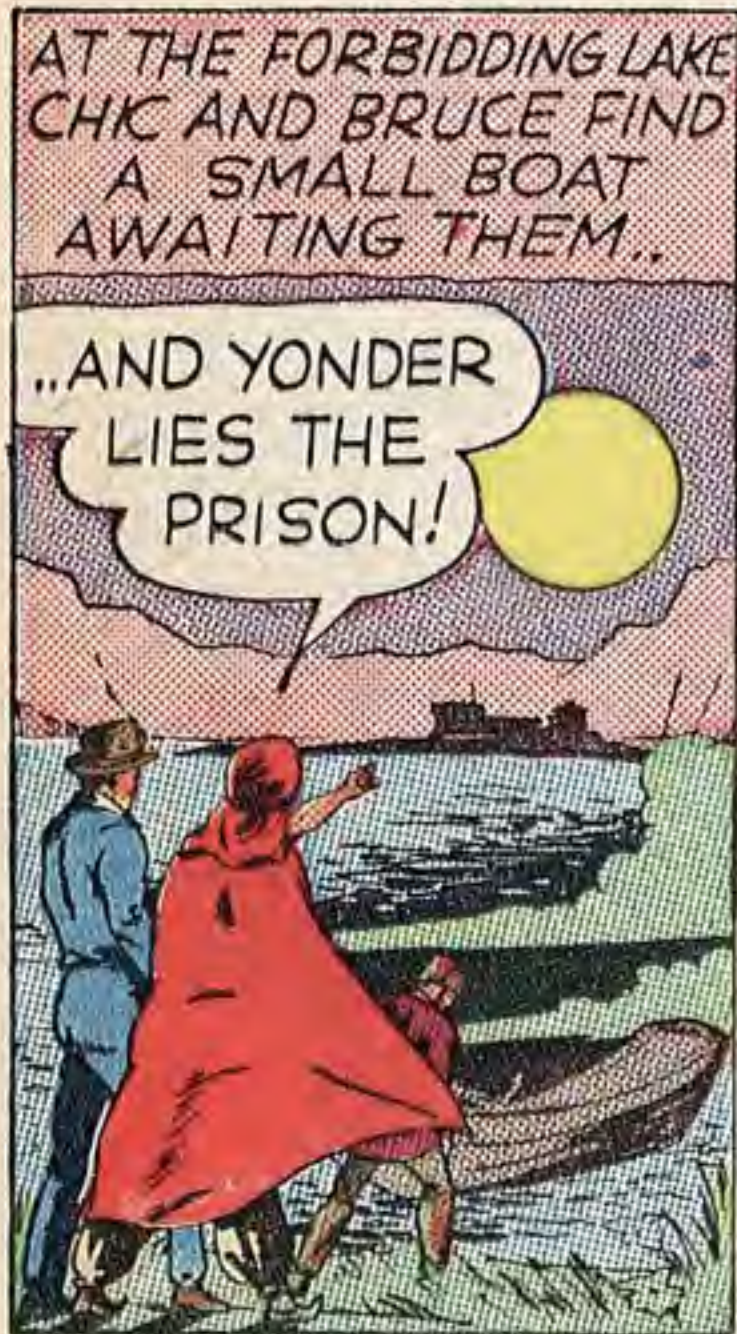
HILME, WE MUST  
WORK FAST! THE  
PRINCE IS TO BE  
SLAIN TONIGHT!



SO YOU'VE  
HEARD THAT  
THEY PLAN  
A NICE LITTLE  
MURDER OF  
THE PRINCE  
THIS P.M.,  
EH?

YES..  
AND  
THE  
TOWN  
IS WELL  
WATCHED  
FOR ANY  
SIGN OF YOU  
...IF YOU COULD  
ONLY HELP!





AT THE FORBIDDING LAKE  
CHIC AND BRUCE FIND  
A SMALL BOAT  
AWAITING THEM..

..AND YONDER  
LIES THE  
PRISON!



OH..OH! LOOKS  
LIKE TH' GUARDS  
UP THERE HAVE  
SPOTTED US!



YOU TRY TO HOLD  
THEIR ATTENTION  
TILL I CAN REACH  
THE WALL!

CAREFUL,  
CHIC!



CARTER'S SURPRISE  
VISIT IS SUCCESSFUL



AS THE LAST GUARD  
GOES OVER THE WALL  
CHIC SEES CHUNG'S  
CRAFT APPROACH..



BRUCE! HILME  
CHUNG'S COMING..  
WE'VE GOT TO  
FREE THE PRINCE  
BEFORE HE GETS  
HERE!



THEY DASH TO  
THE DUNGEON  
WHERE THE  
PRINCE IS HELD.

RELEASE  
HIM I SAY !!



THE BATTLE  
ISN'T OVER  
YET! HERE  
COMES CHUNG  
PRINCE!

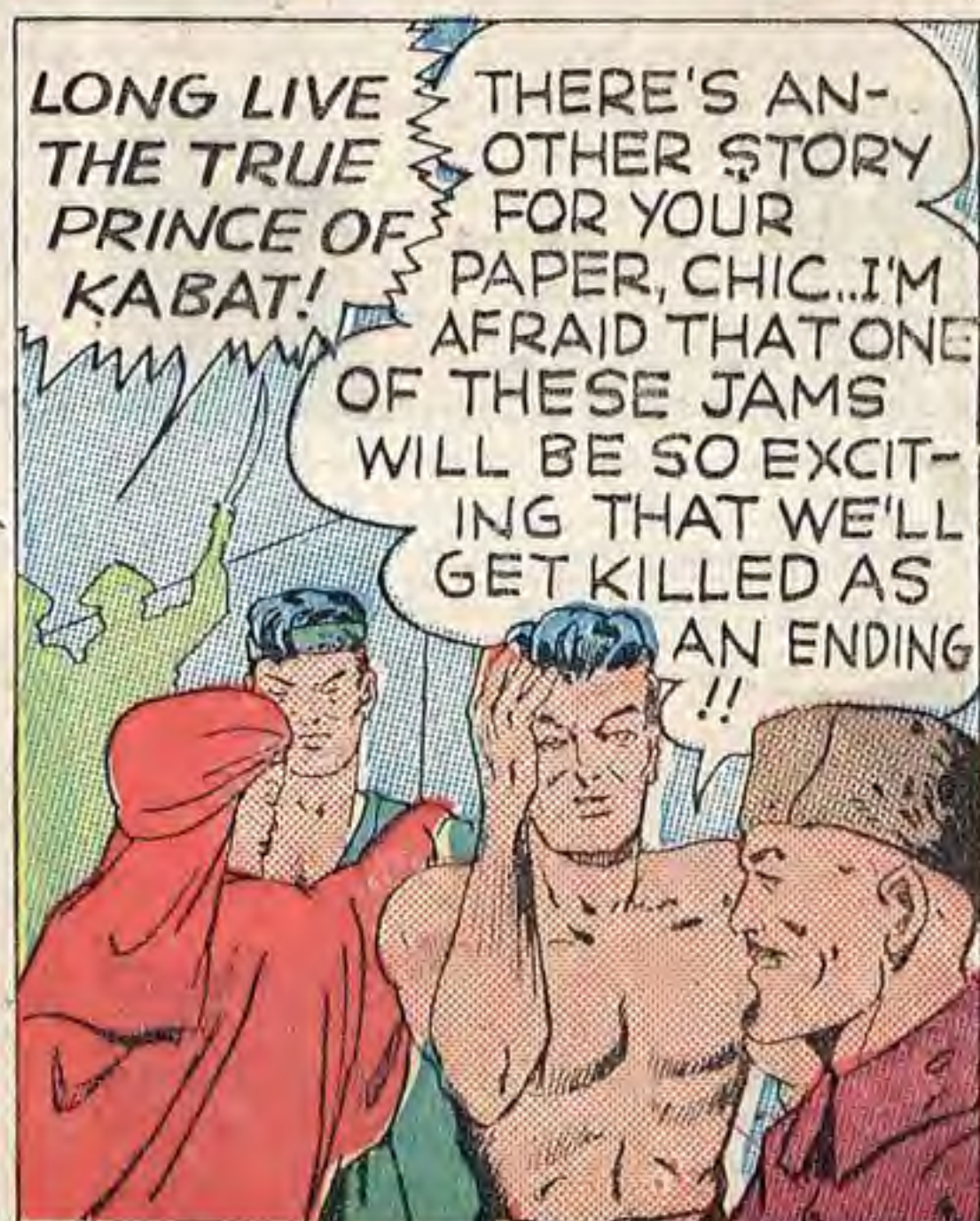
GOOD!  
LONG  
HAVE  
I  
WAITED  
TO CROSS  
SWORDS  
WITH THAT  
TYRANT!



SLAY THE FOREIGN  
DOGS! THE  
PRINCE IS  
MINE!



THE CLASH OF SWORDS  
RESOUNDS THRU THE  
DUNGEON AS CHUNG  
AND THE PRINCE BATTLE  
FOR A KINGDOM! FINALLY  
ONE WEAKENS. THERE IS  
A SCREAM.. THEN SILENCE.



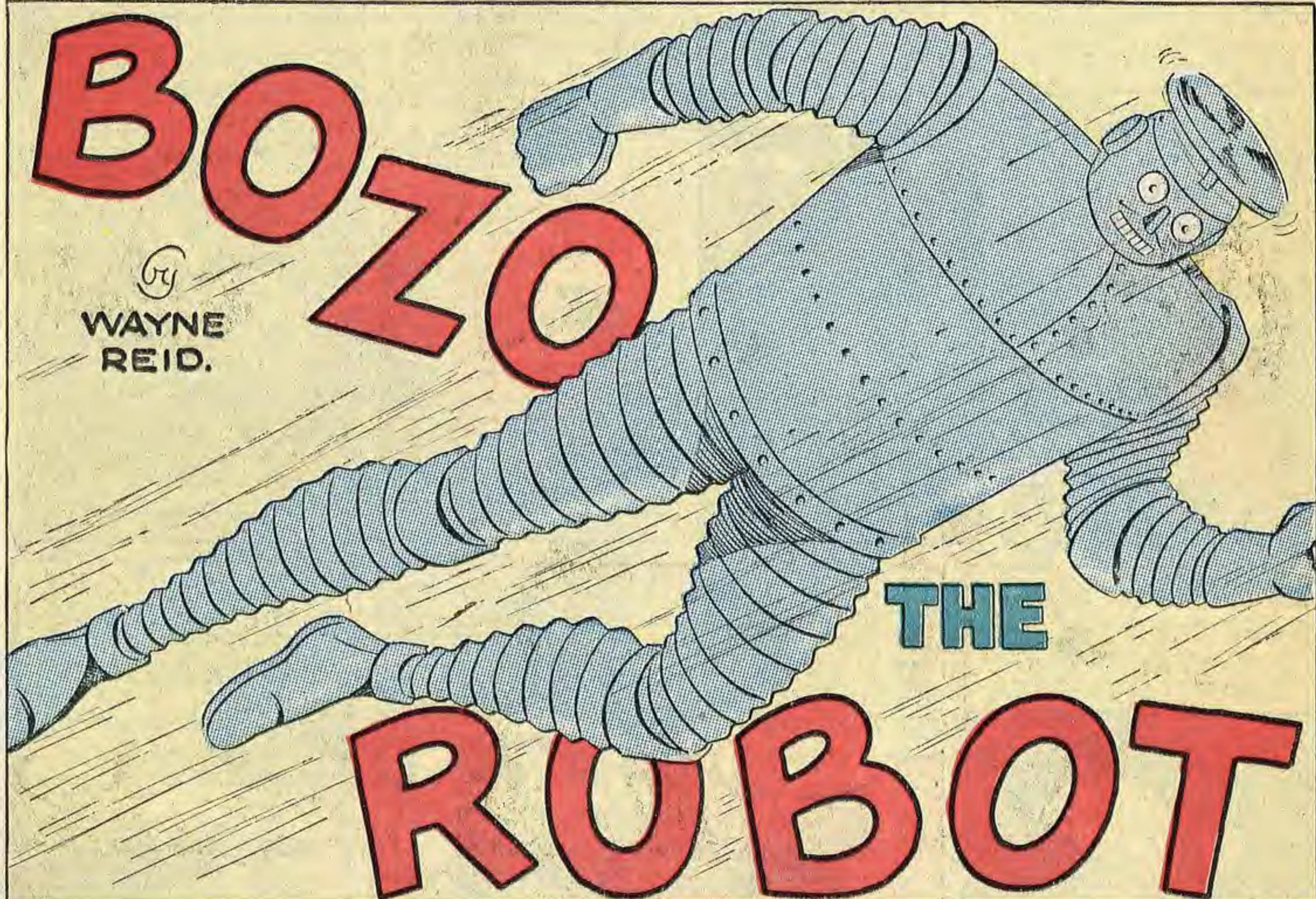
LONG LIVE  
THE TRUE  
PRINCE OF  
KABAT!

THERE'S AN-  
OTHER STORY  
FOR YOUR  
PAPER, CHIC.. I'M  
AFRAID THAT ONE  
OF THESE JAMS  
WILL BE SO EXCIT-  
ING THAT WE'LL  
GET KILLED AS  
AN ENDING  
!!



# BOZO

By  
WAYNE  
REID.



THE

# RUBOT

IN THE OFFICE OF THE ACME  
INSURANCE COMPANY -

HOLMS, YOU'RE NO DOUBT  
FAMILIAR WITH THE WAVE  
OF DEATHS THAT'S  
SWEEPING THE  
COUNTRY?

YES, I  
AM, MR. GOYLE!



WELL, SHOULD IT  
CONTINUE, THIS COMPANY  
WILL BE FORCED INTO  
BANKRUPTCY AND THOUSANDS  
OF STOCKHOLDERS  
WILL BE  
QUINED!



BUT THE  
COMPANY'S DONE  
ALL IT CAN  
TO SOLVE THE  
SITUATION,  
MR GOYLE!

THE  
COMPANY  
HAS, AND  
FAILED, HOLMS,  
THAT'S WHY  
I SENT FOR  
YOU -



AS THE ACE INVESTIGATOR  
FOR ACME, I THINK WORKING  
ALONE, YOU CAN SOLVE THIS  
THING - I HAVE  
REASON TO  
BELIEVE IT  
IS THE WORK  
OF  
RACKETEERS!



YOU MEAN ALL  
THOSE DEATHS WERE  
IN REALITY -  
**MURDER?**

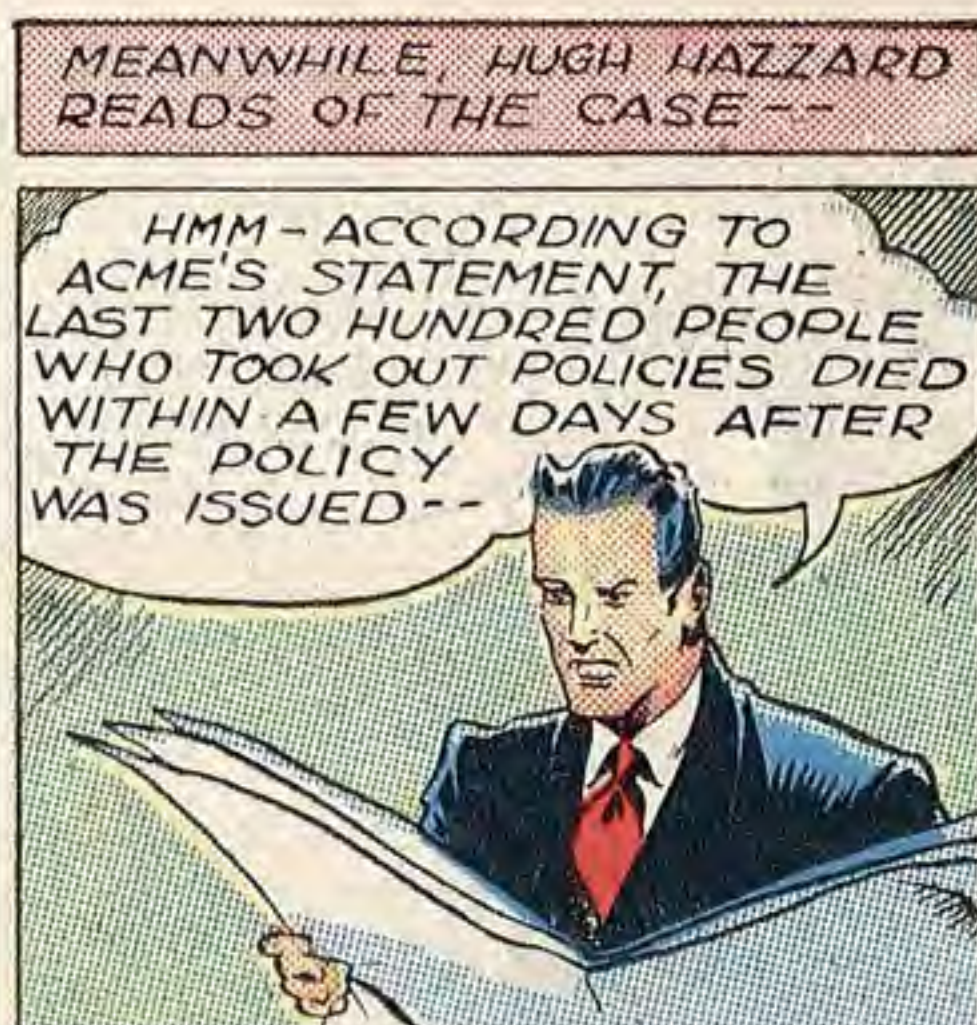


YES, AND  
THE SOONER  
YOU GET  
WORKING ON  
IT, THE  
BETTER!

I'LL START  
RIGHT NOW,  
MR GOYLE!







LANDING ON A ROOF, HUGH CLIMBS OUT--



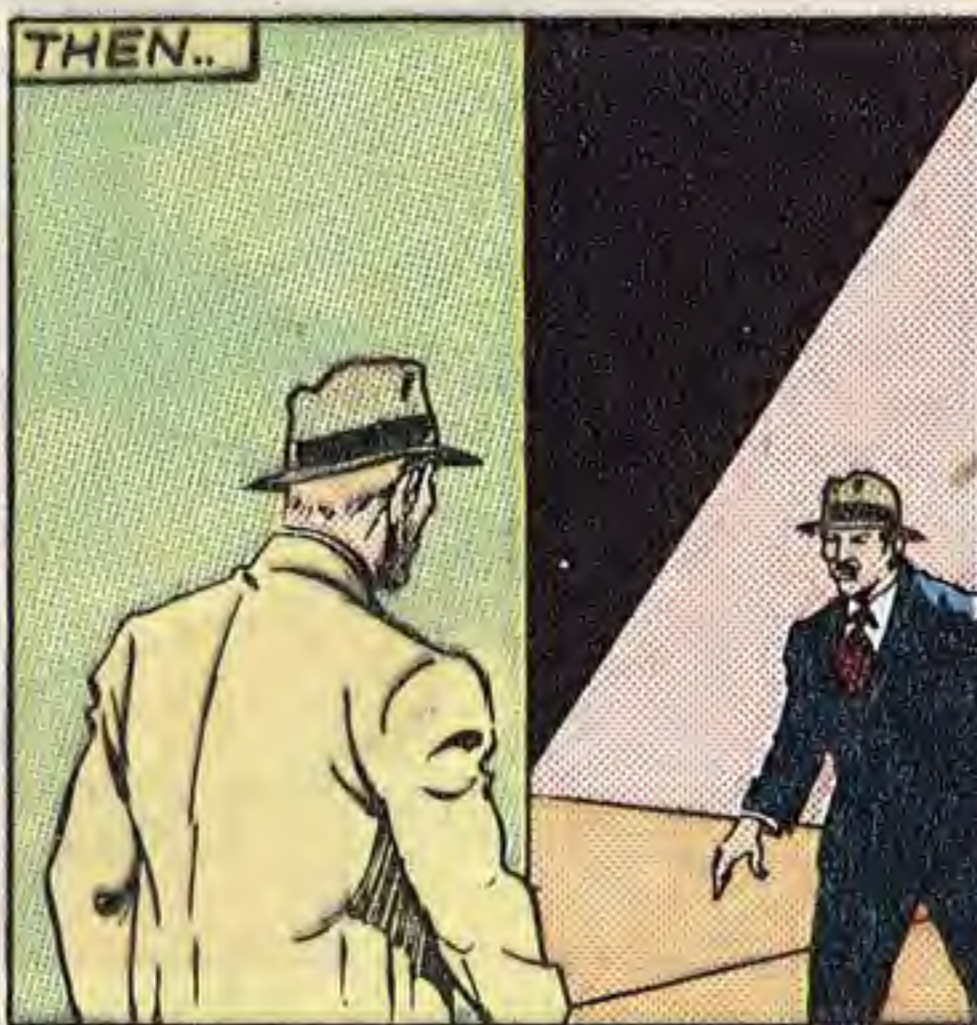
AND BELOW-- HOLMS, DRESSED AS A DERELICT, LOOKS FOR HIS FIRST CLUE--



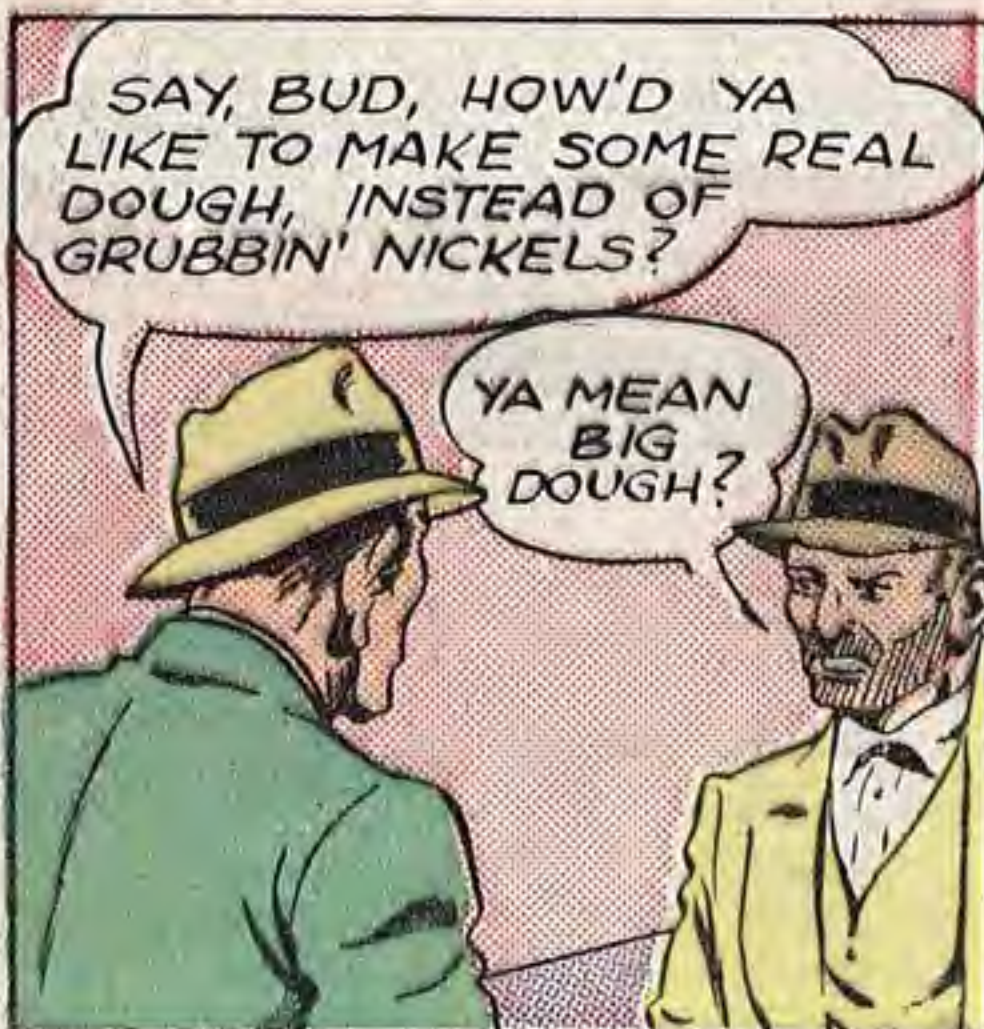
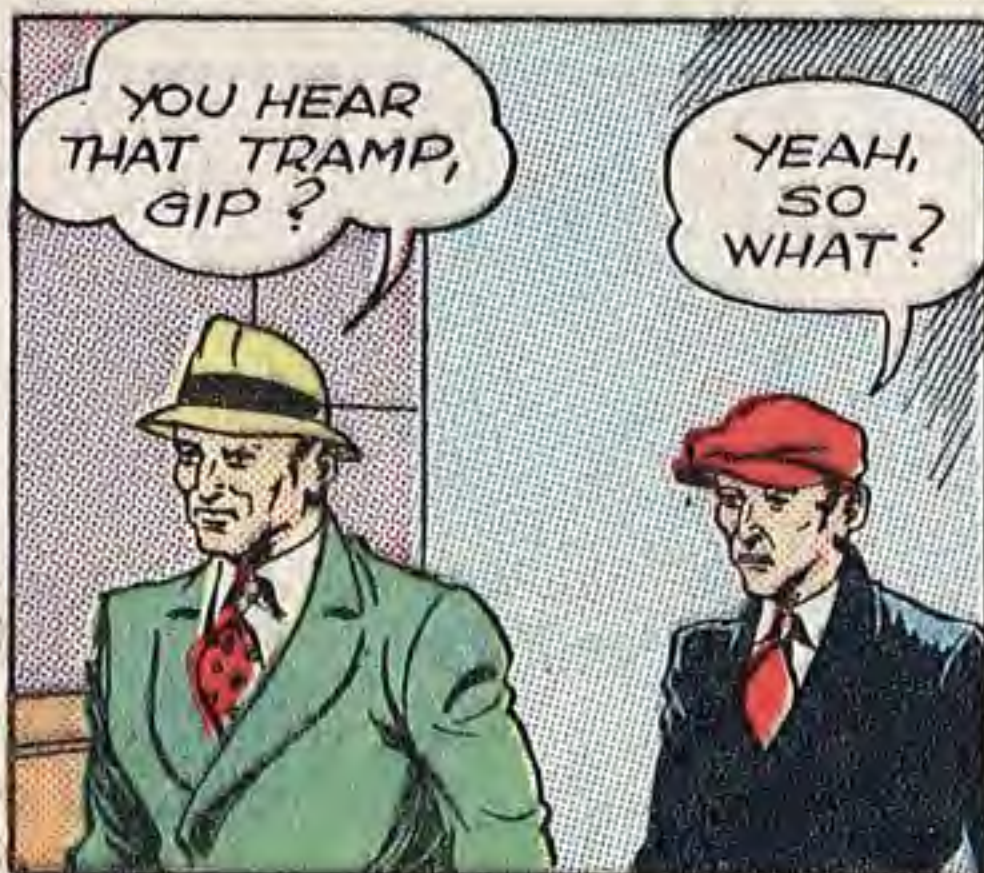
UNKNOWNLY, THE INVESTIGATOR APPROACHES HUGH HAZZARD--



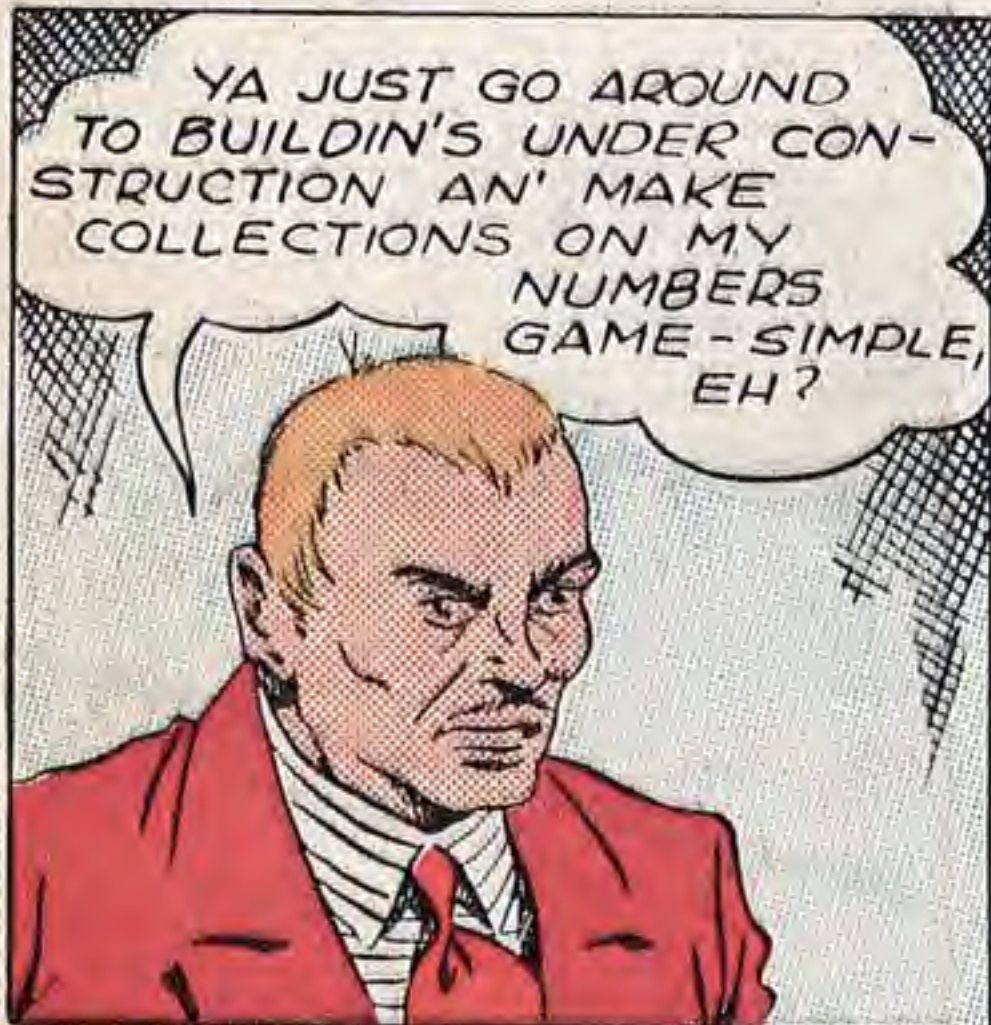




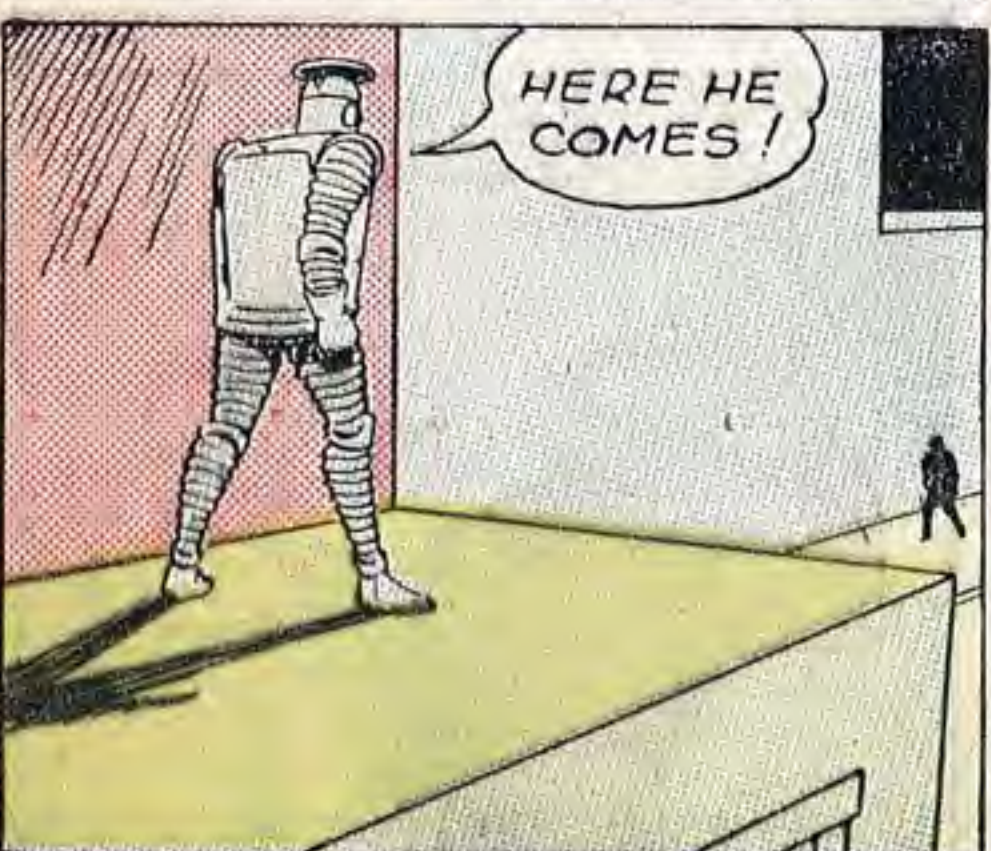
AND STANDING CLOSE BY-







MEANWHILE, HUGH IS ONCE MORE INSIDE THE IRON MAN -

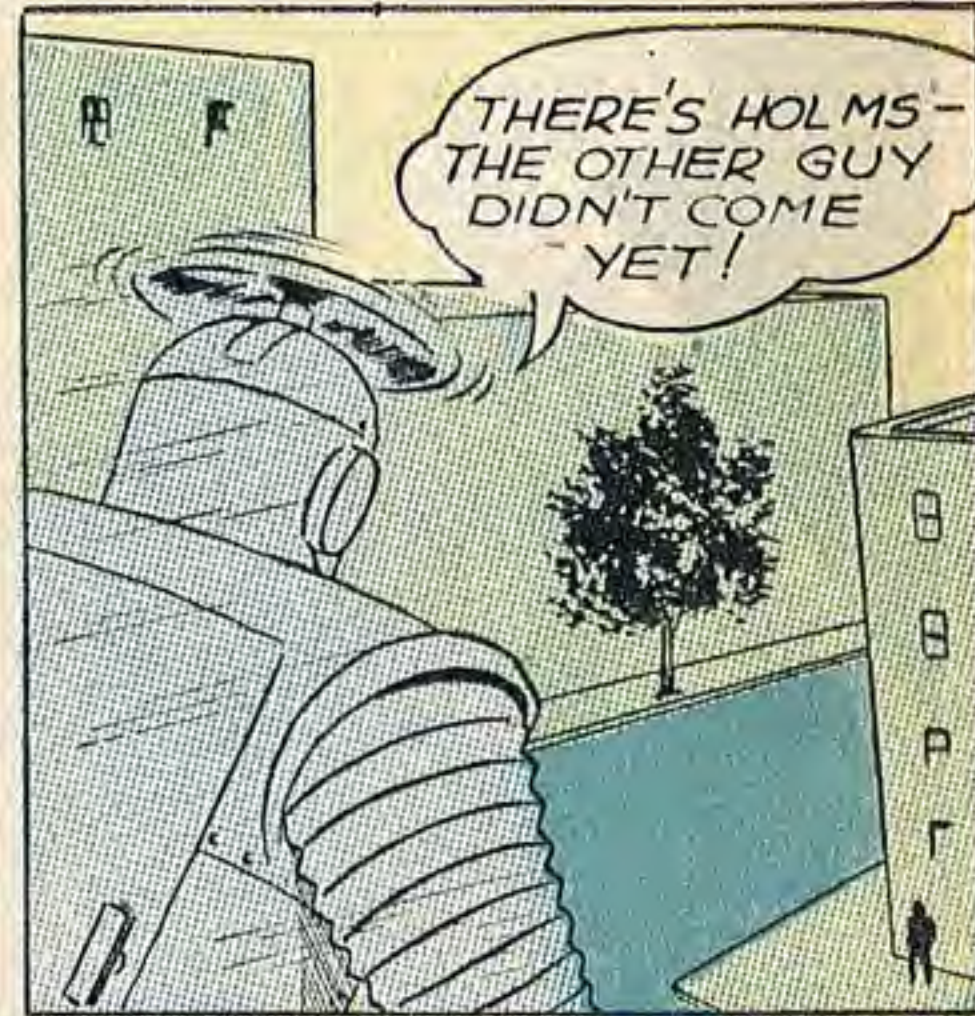


THE SENSITIVE MECHANISM OF THE ROBOT PICKS UP HOLMS' VOICE -





THE NEXT DAY AT THREE O'CLOCK BOZO STREAKS TOWARD PINE AND WATER STREETS -



AND BOSS CHICO TURNS THE CORNER TO KEEP HIS APPOINTMENT -

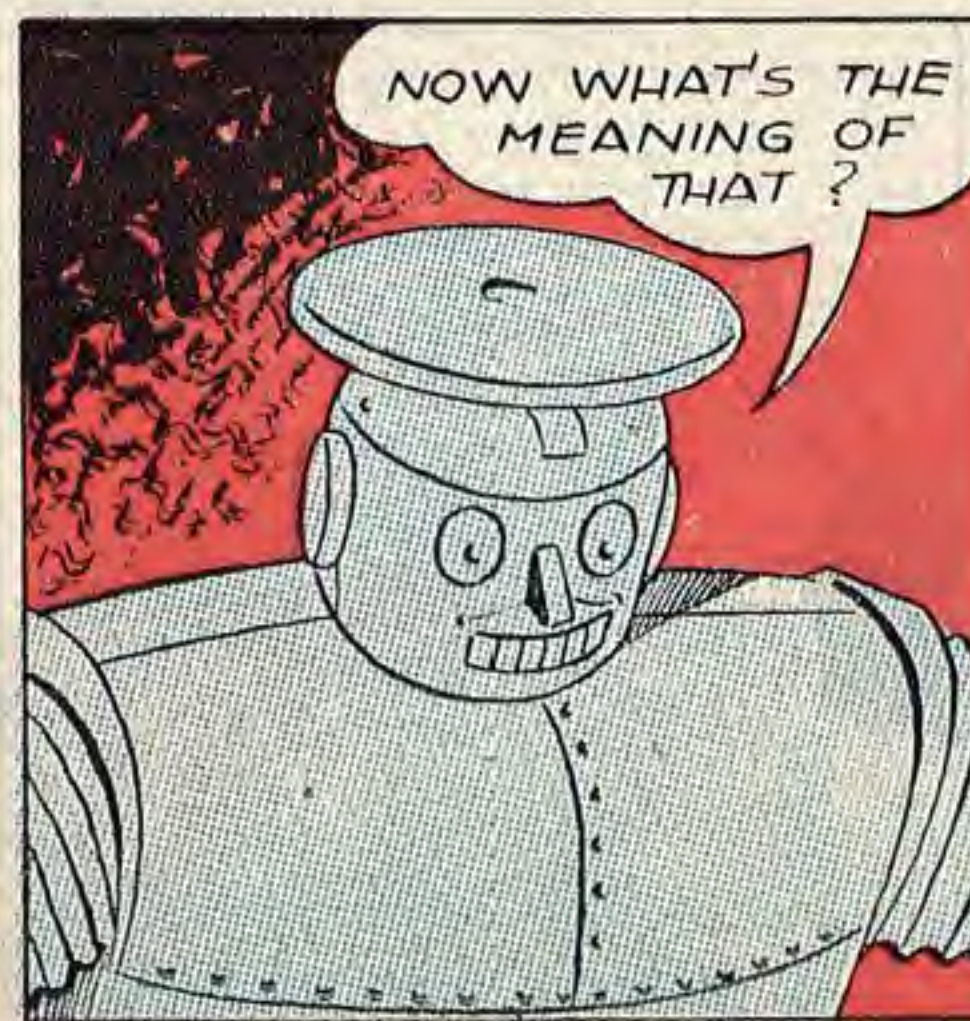
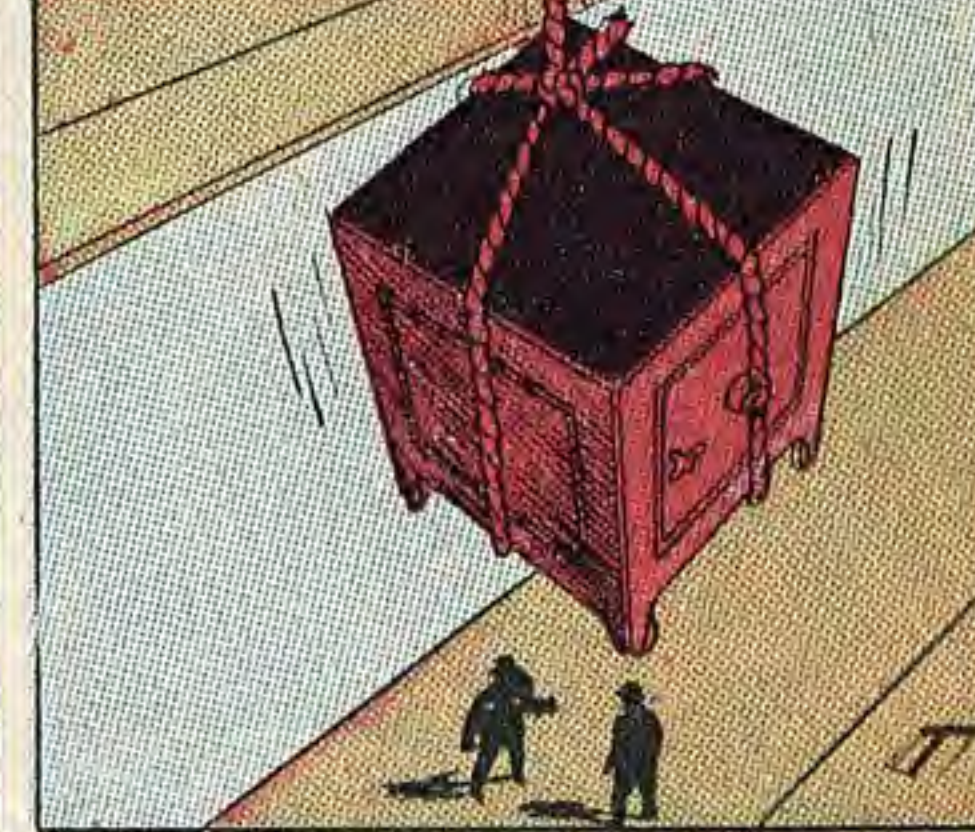
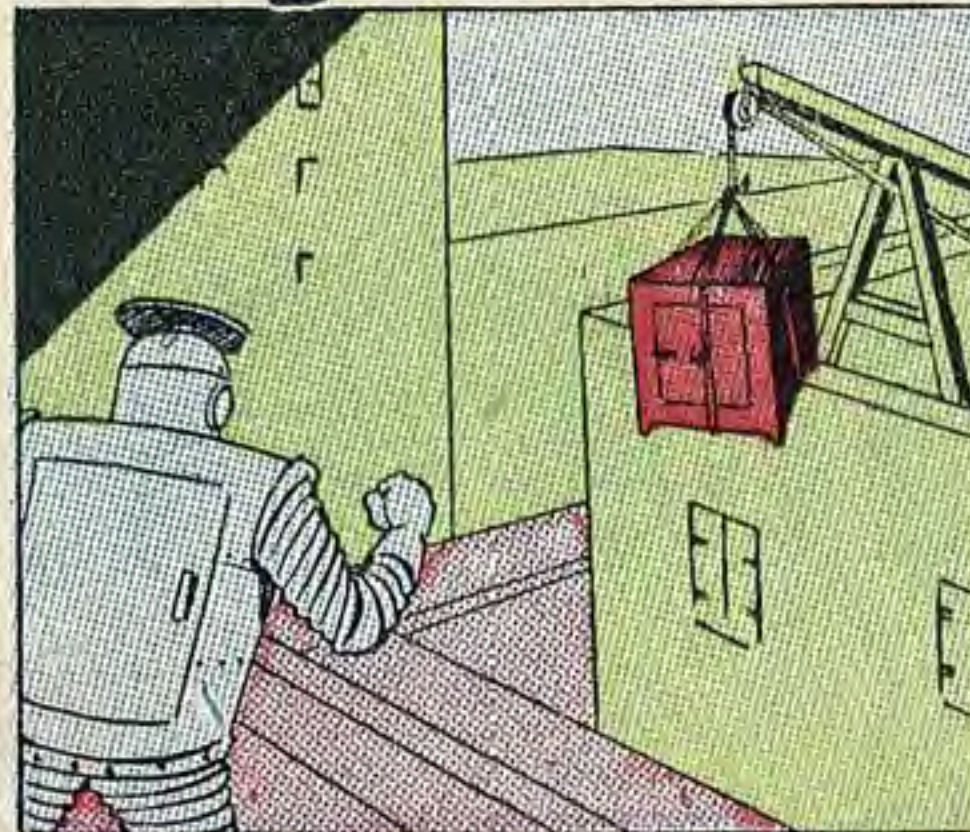
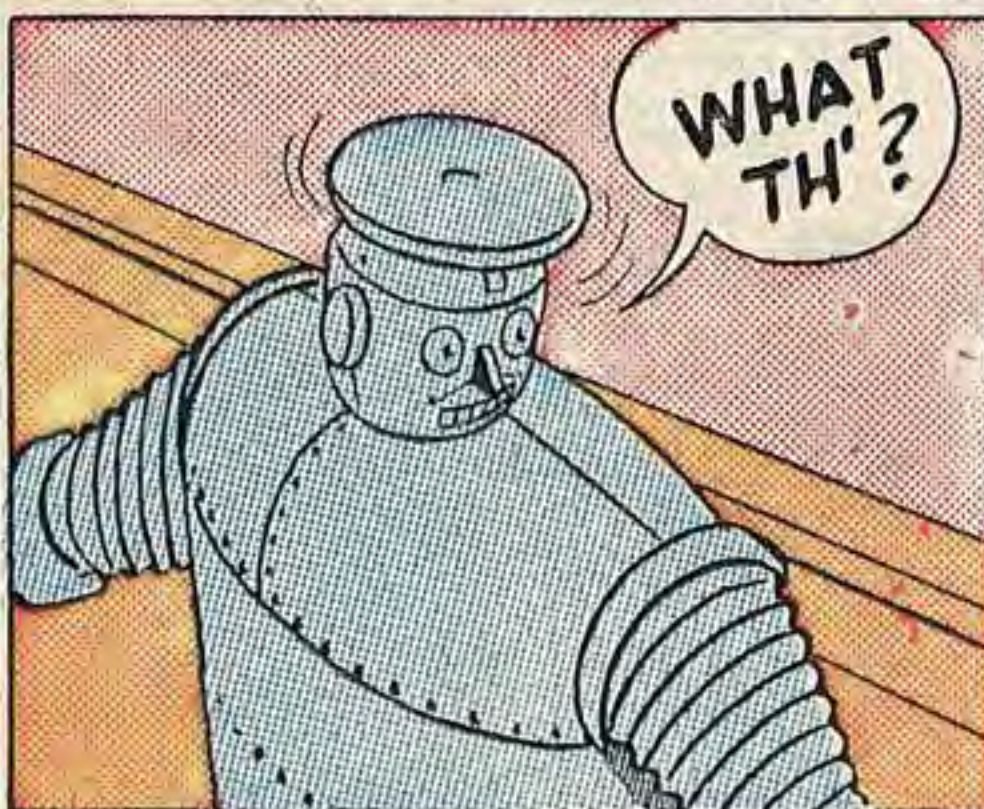
THE IRON MAN LEAPS TO A ROOF ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE TWO MEN -



SUDDENLY HIS ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO THE ADJACENT BUILDING -

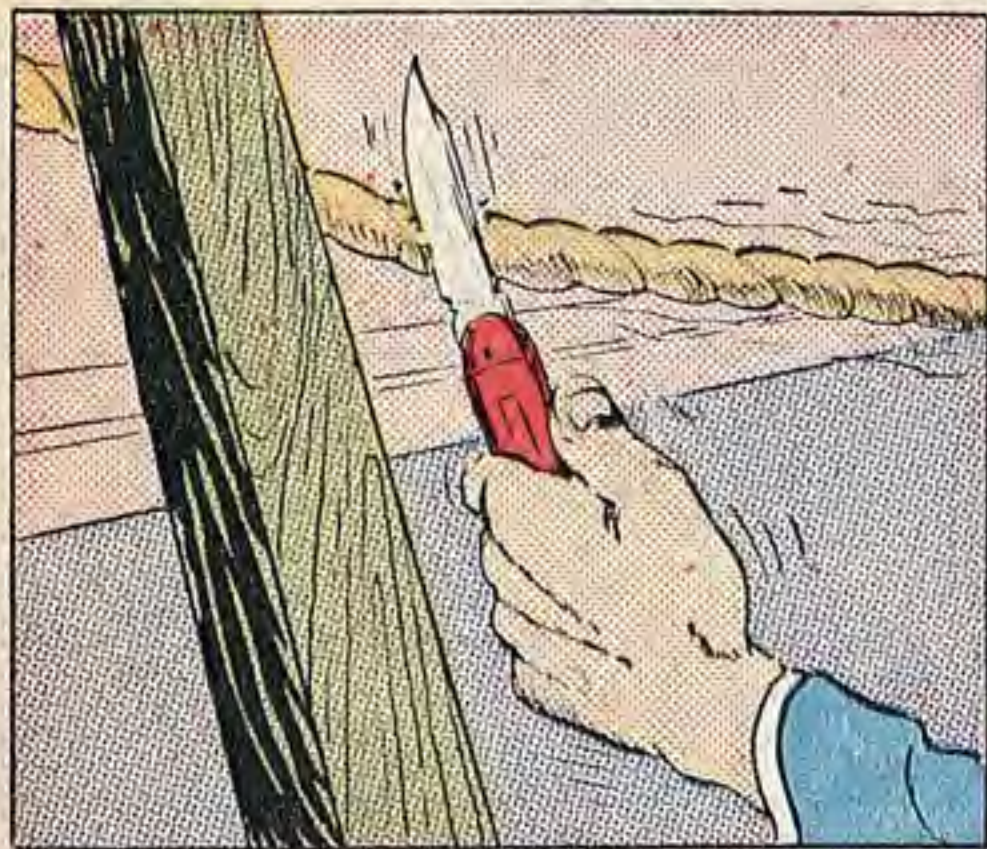
A HUGE SAFE SWINGS OVER THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING -

DIRECTLY OVER THE TWO MEN -

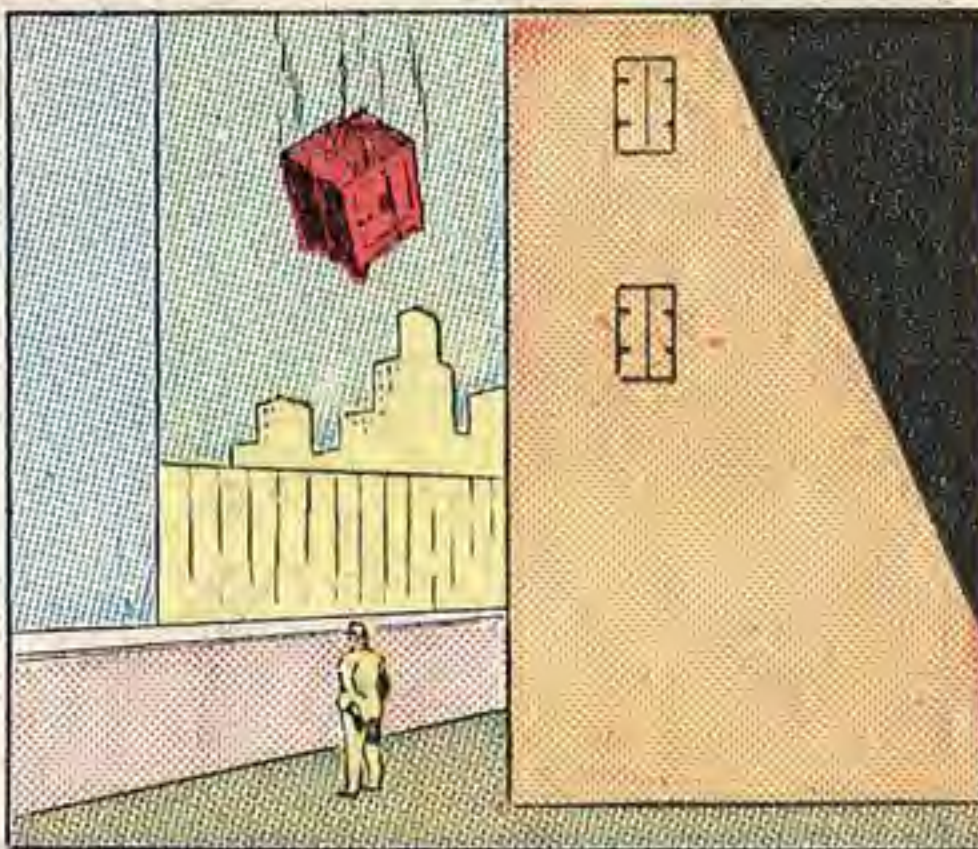




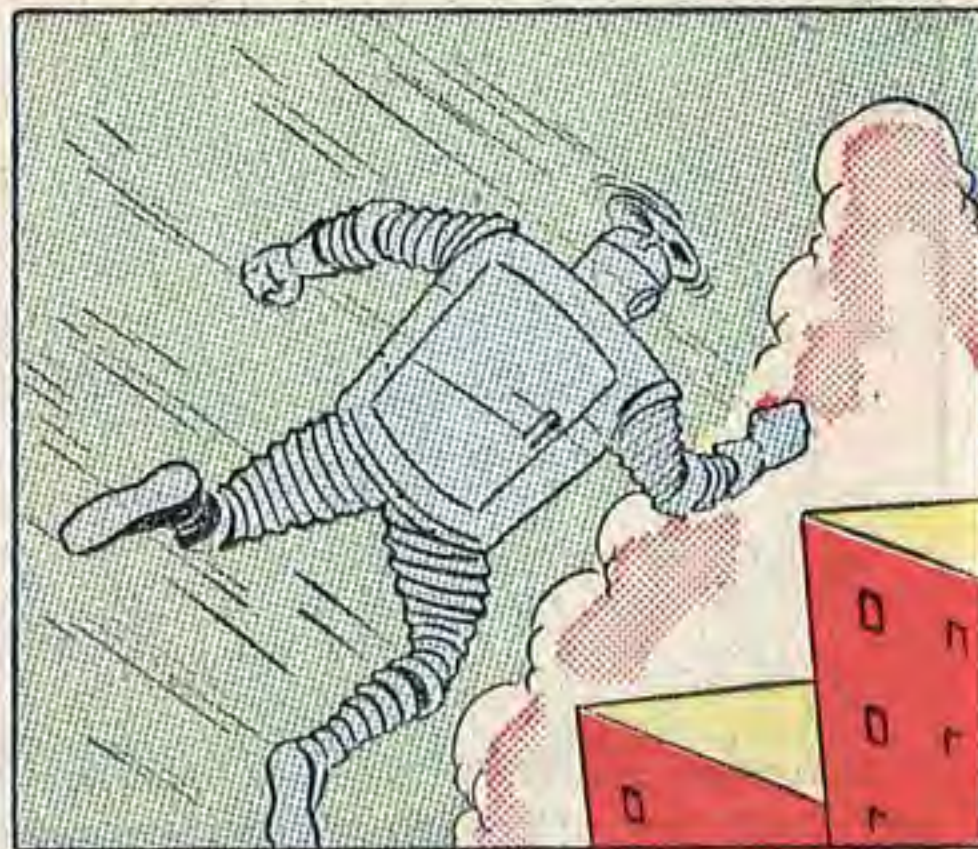
AND THE MASSIVE SAFE IS CUT LOOSE-



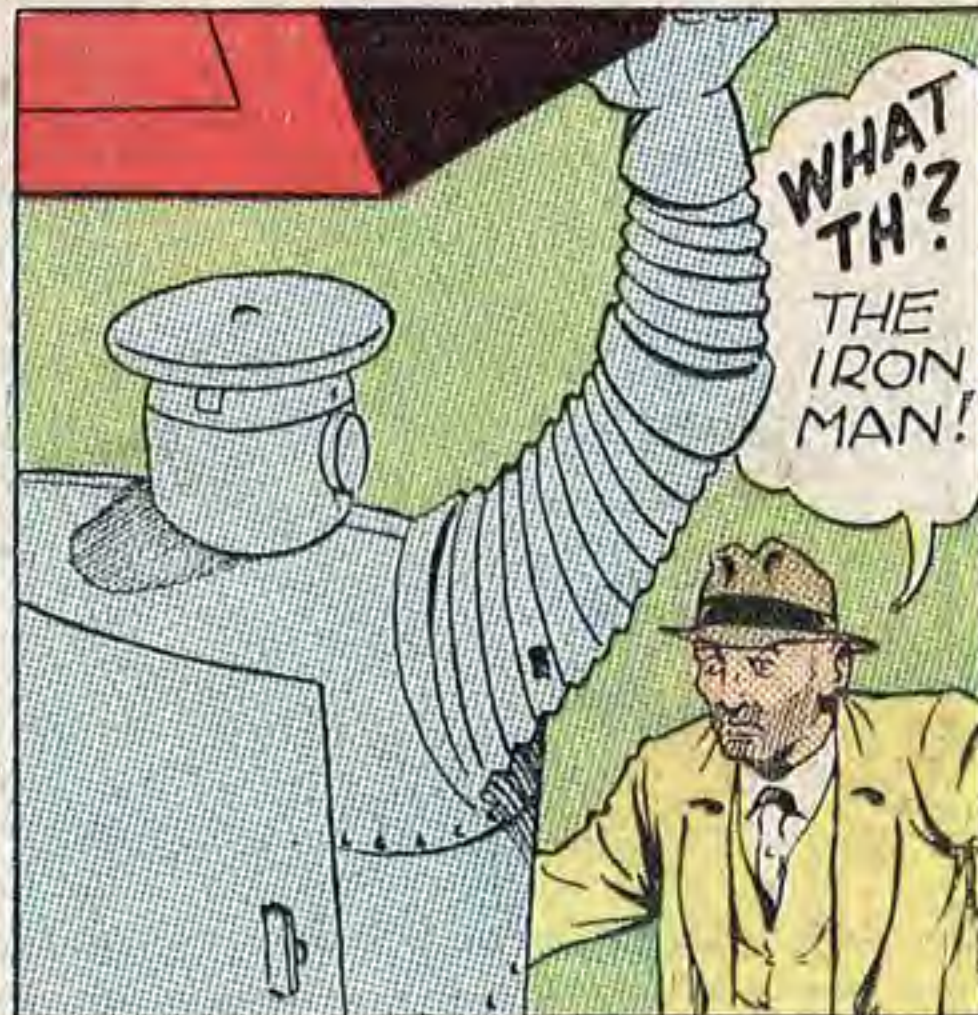
HURTLING FOR THE UNSUSPECTING HOLMS-



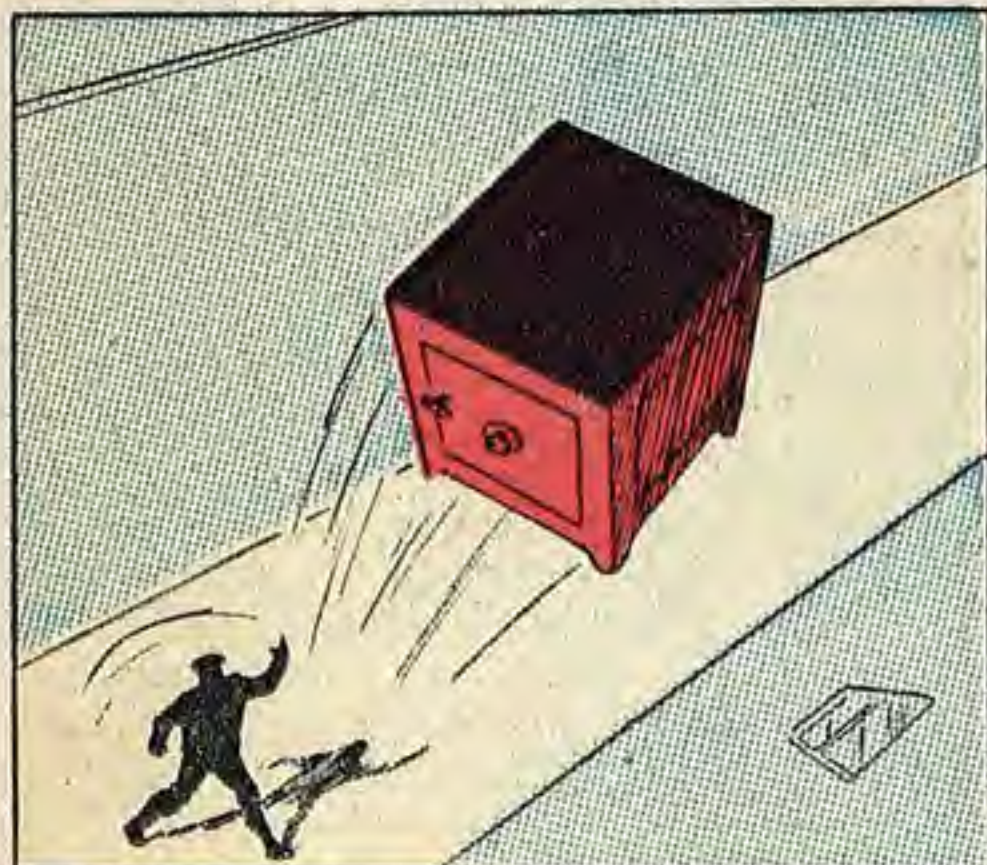
AT THIS MOMENT BOZO FLASHES INTO ACTION-



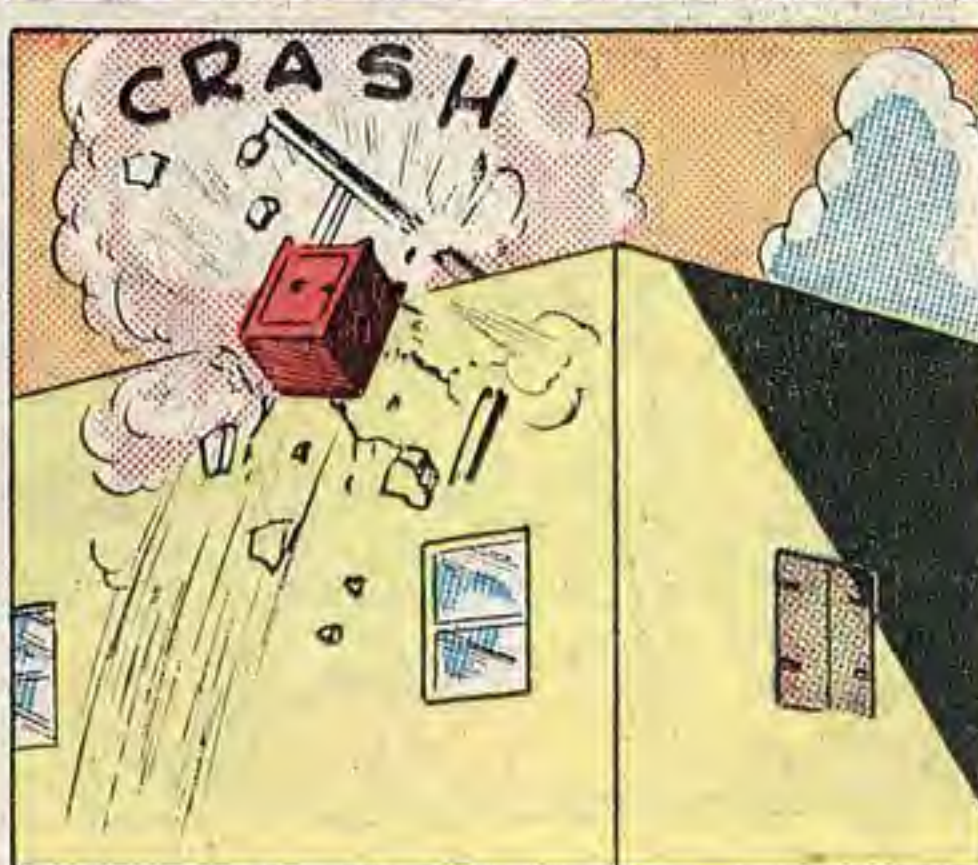
AND HE DOES!



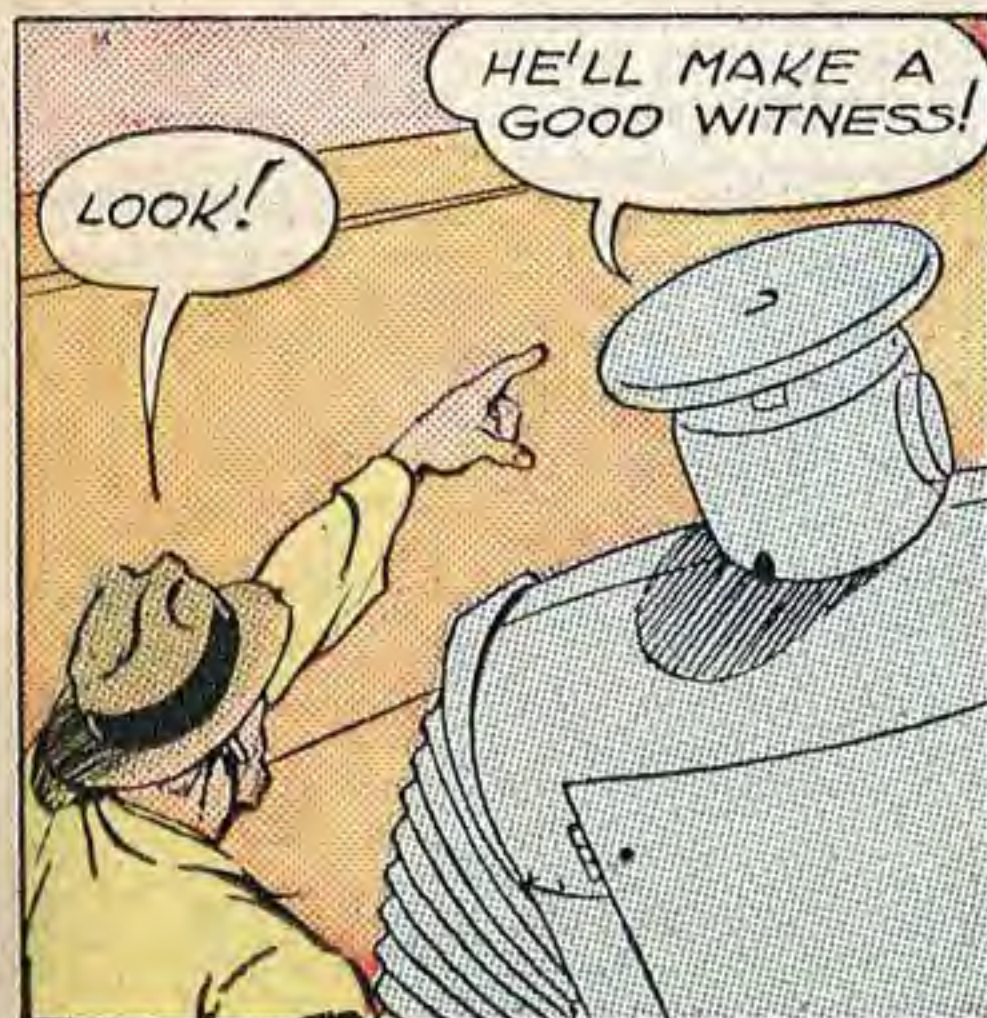
THE IRON MAN HEAVES THE SAFE BACK TO THE ROOF-



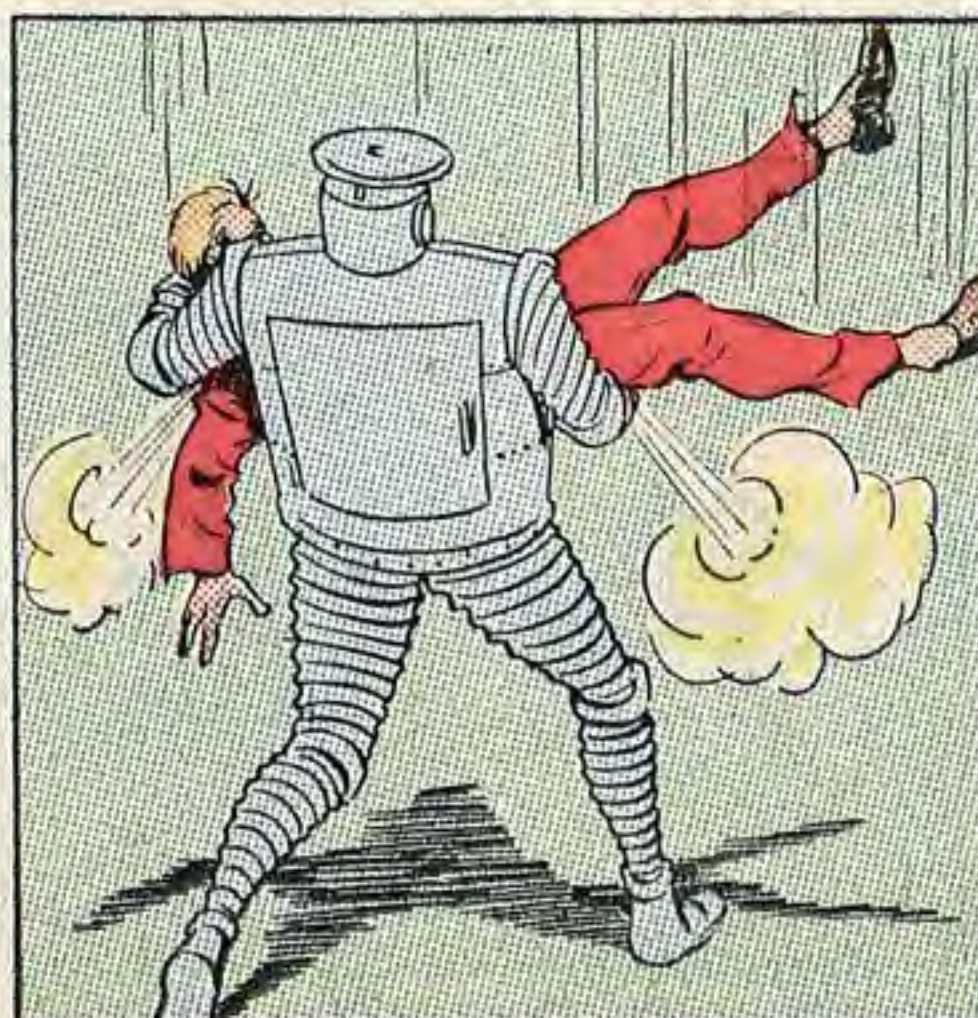
SMASHING THE TOP OF THE BUILDING-



AND THROWING ONE OF THE CROOKS INTO SPACE--

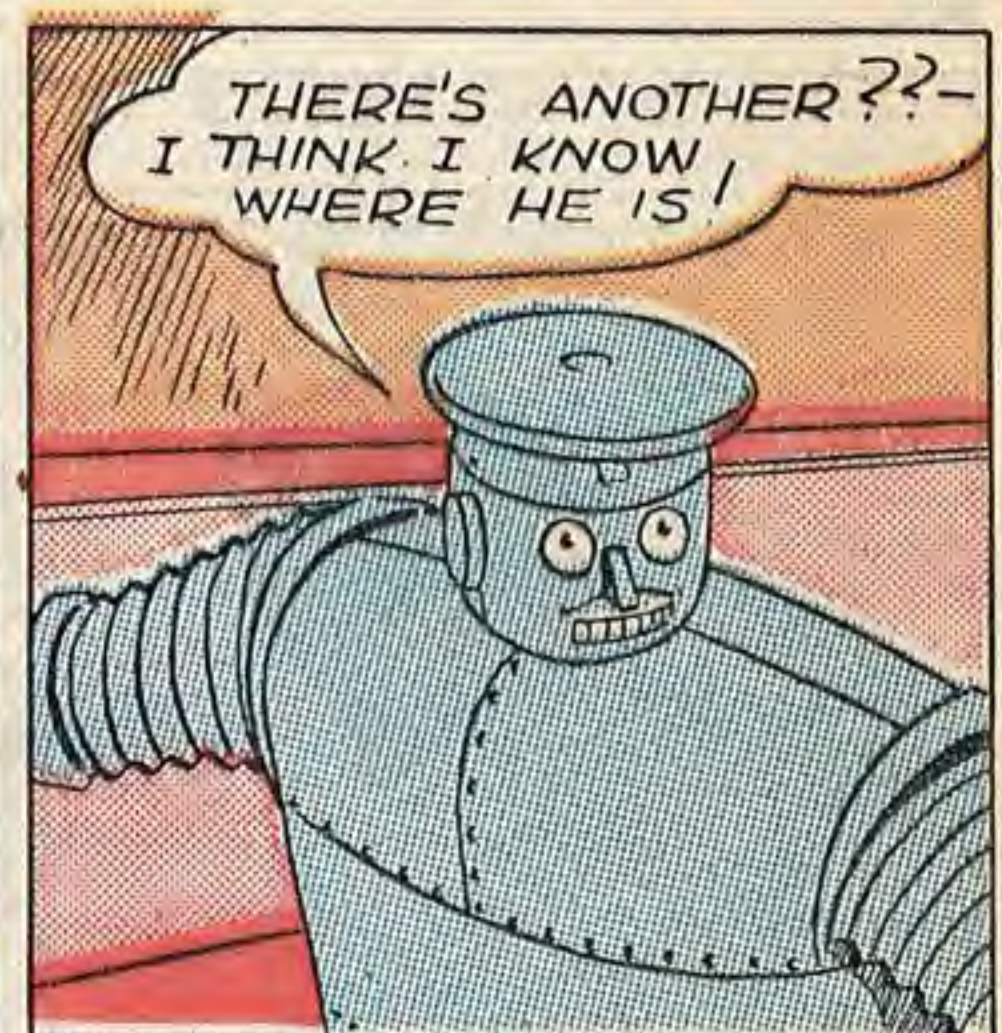
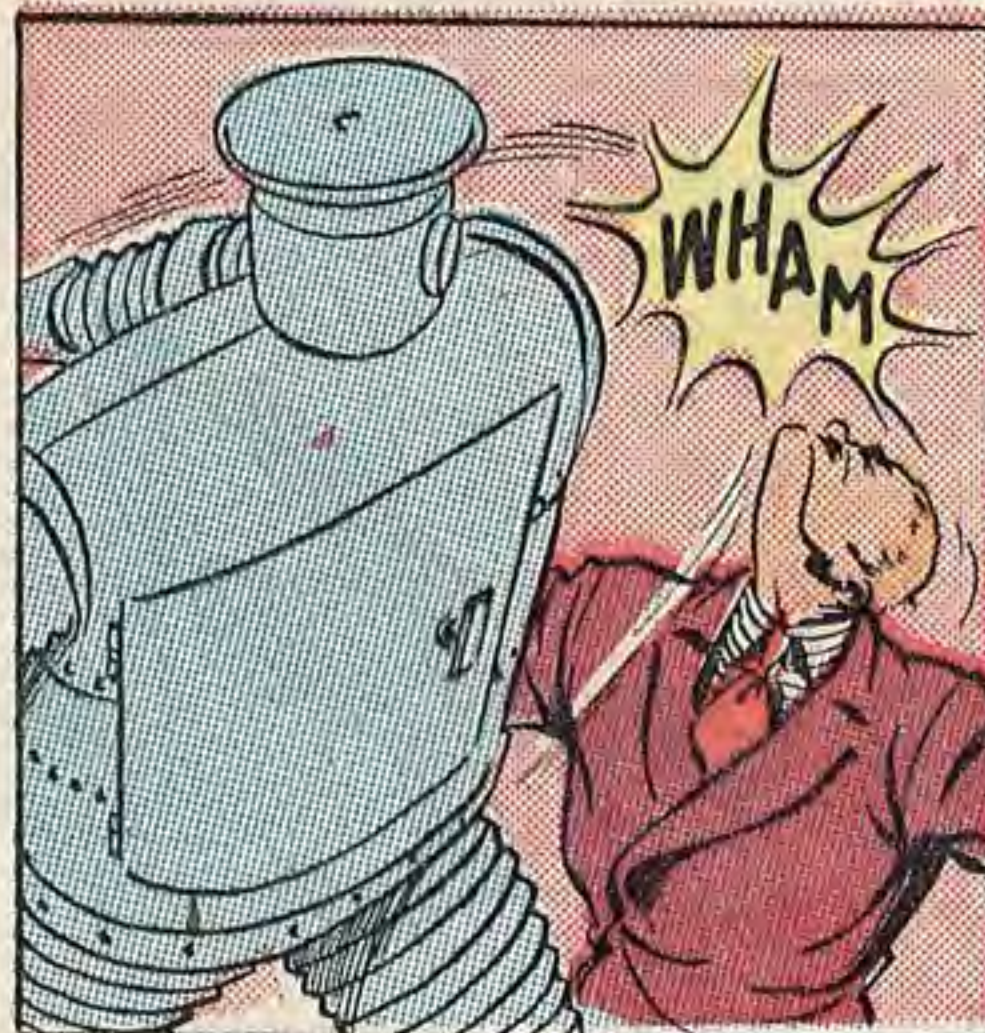
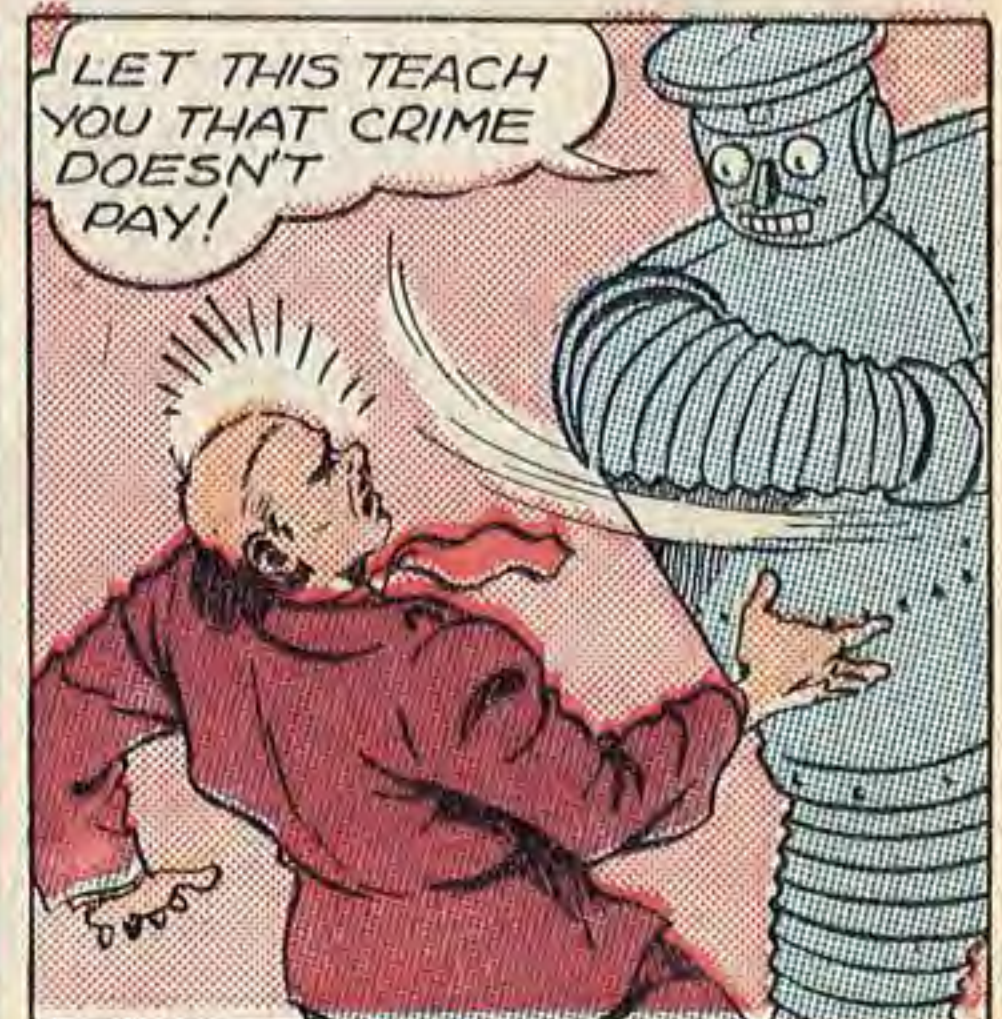
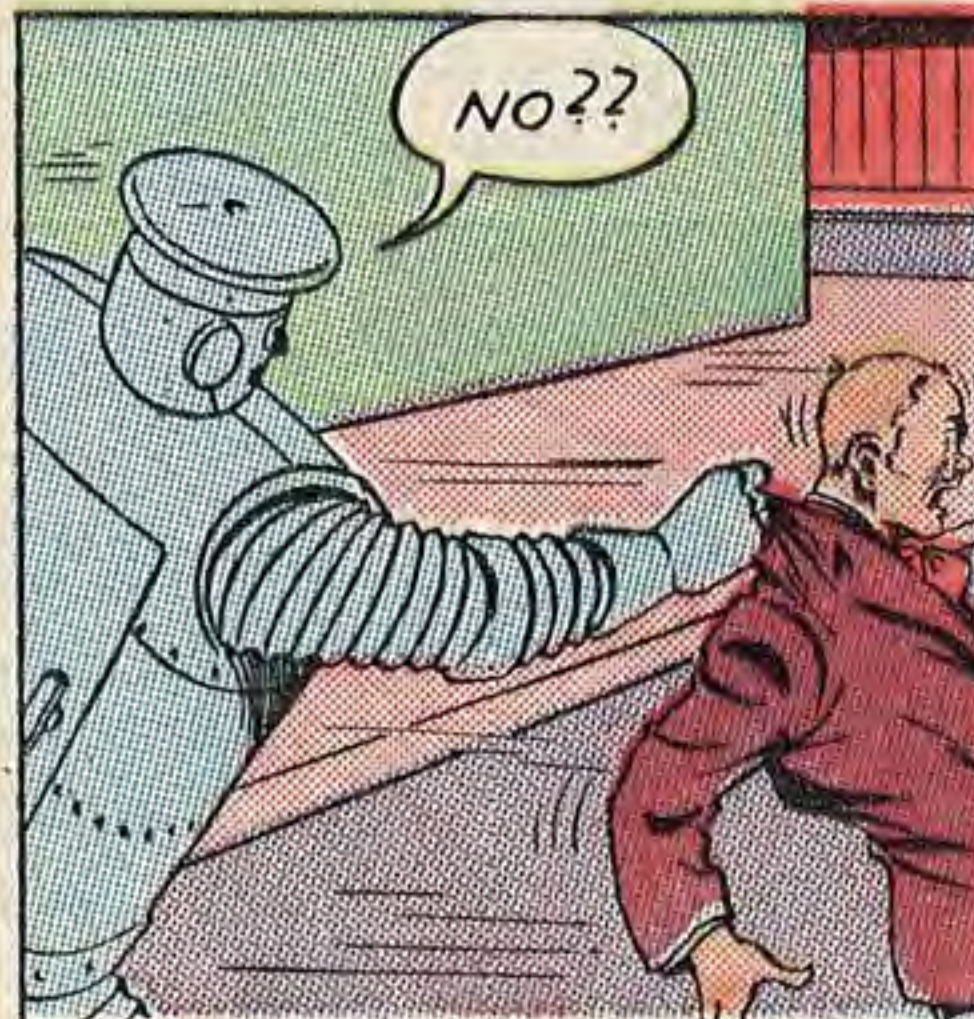
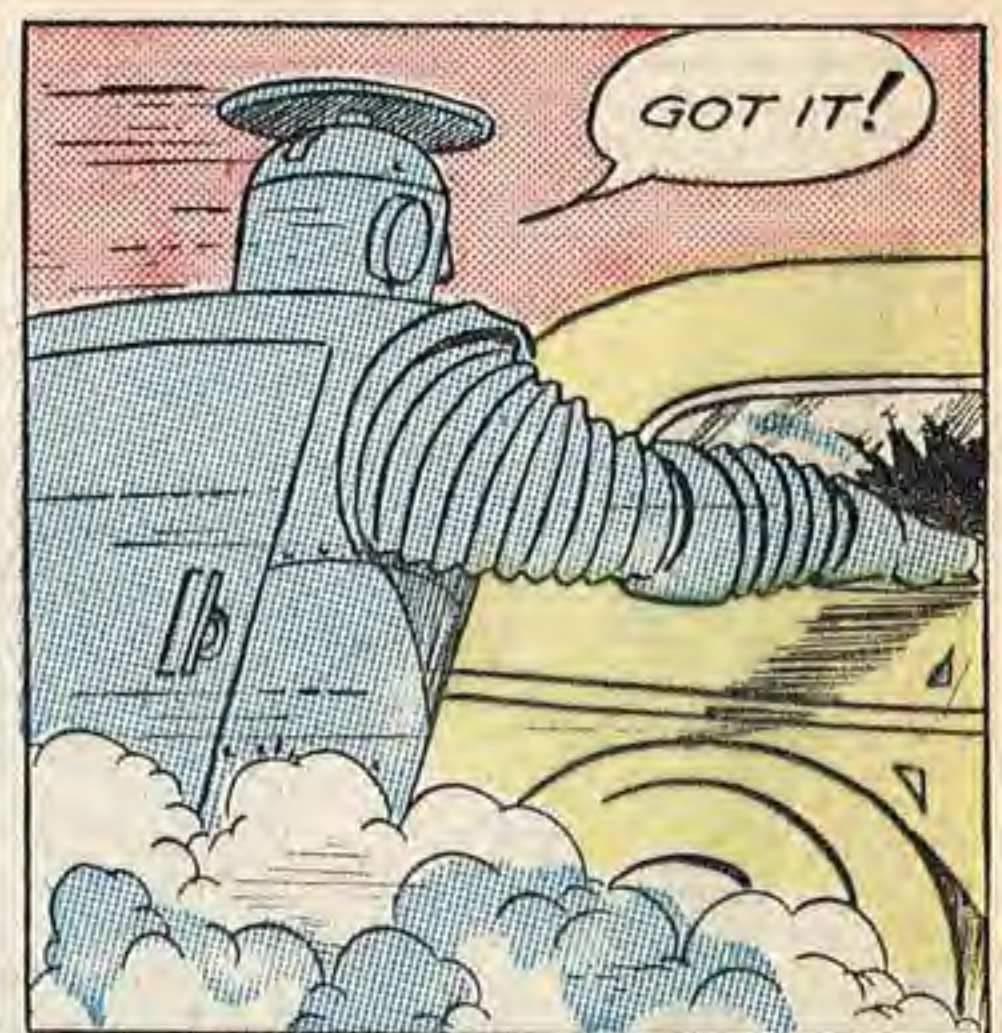
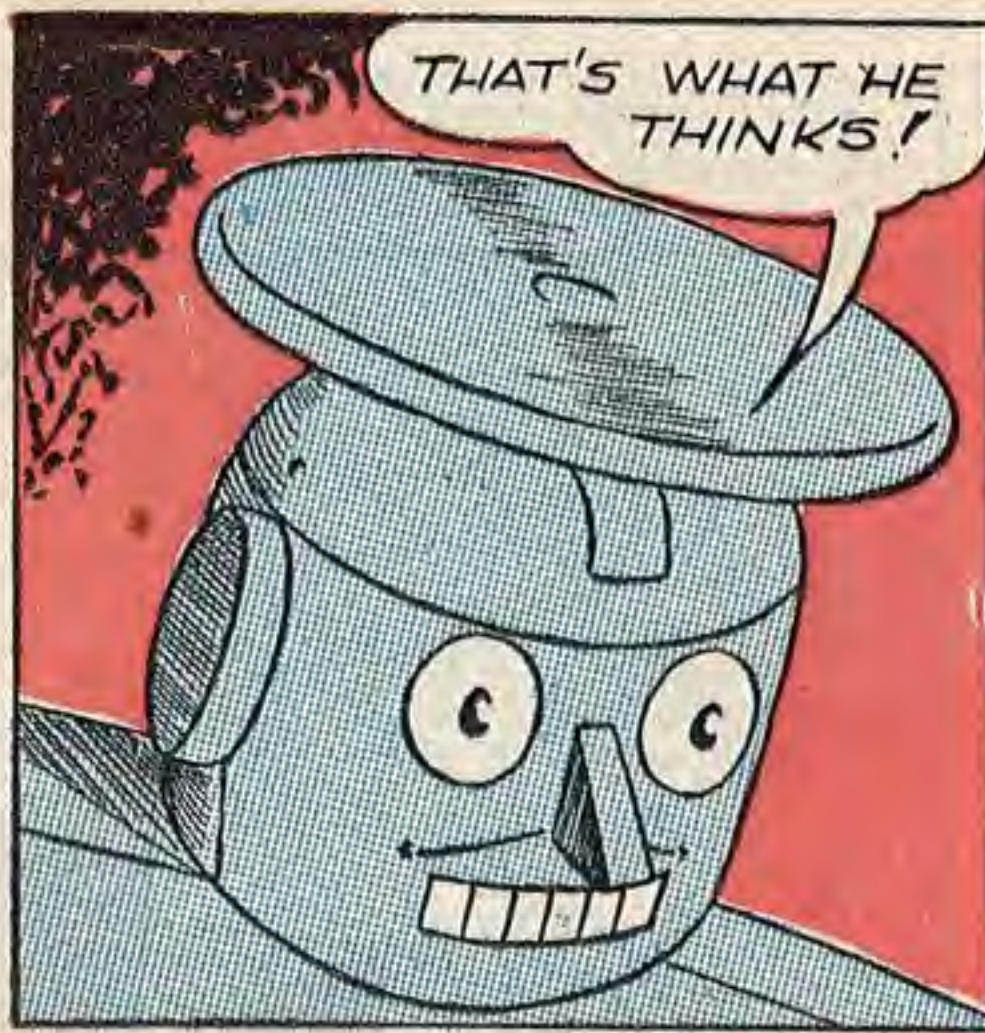


HE'LL MAKE A GOOD WITNESS!

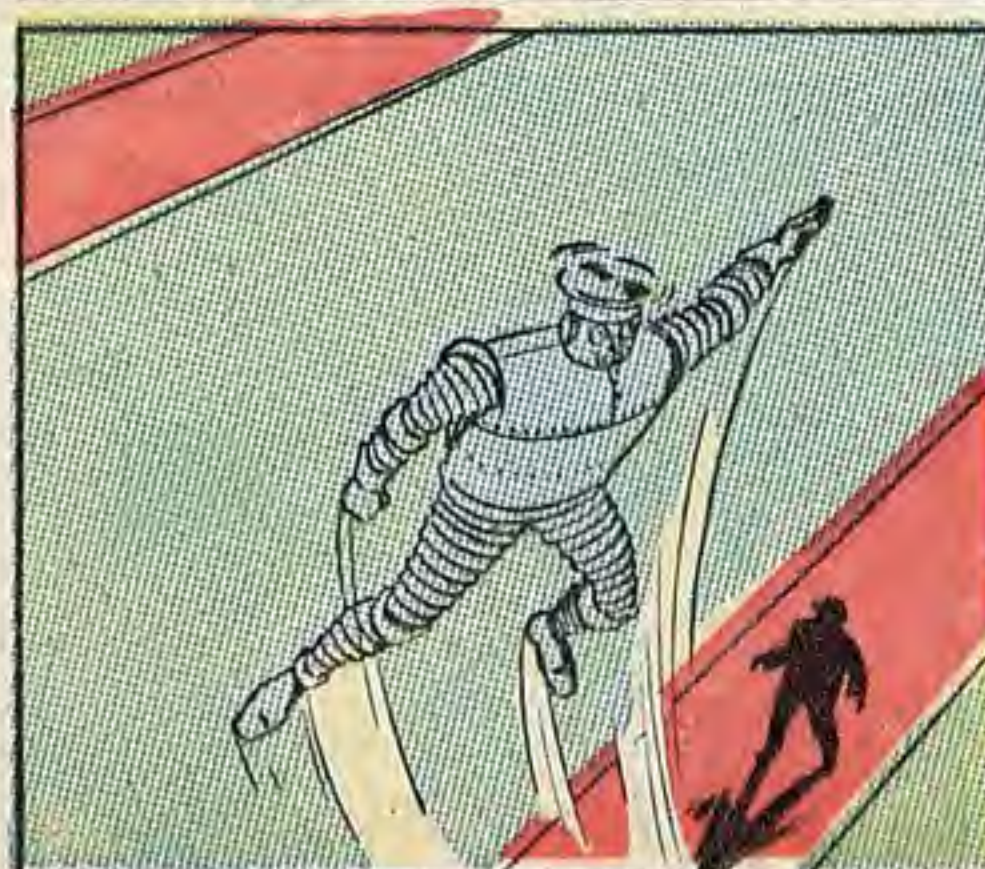


WITH A LITTLE PERSUASION THIS BIRD WILL TALK!





AND BOZO LEAPS UP TO A ROOF -





---

Watch for  
the summer edition of

# UNCLE SAM

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

America's greatest character  
will thrill you in a new series  
of dynamic adventures. Just  
what you have been anxiously  
waiting for — an **UNCLE SAM  
QUARTERLY**.

**ON SALE ABOUT JUNE 1st.**

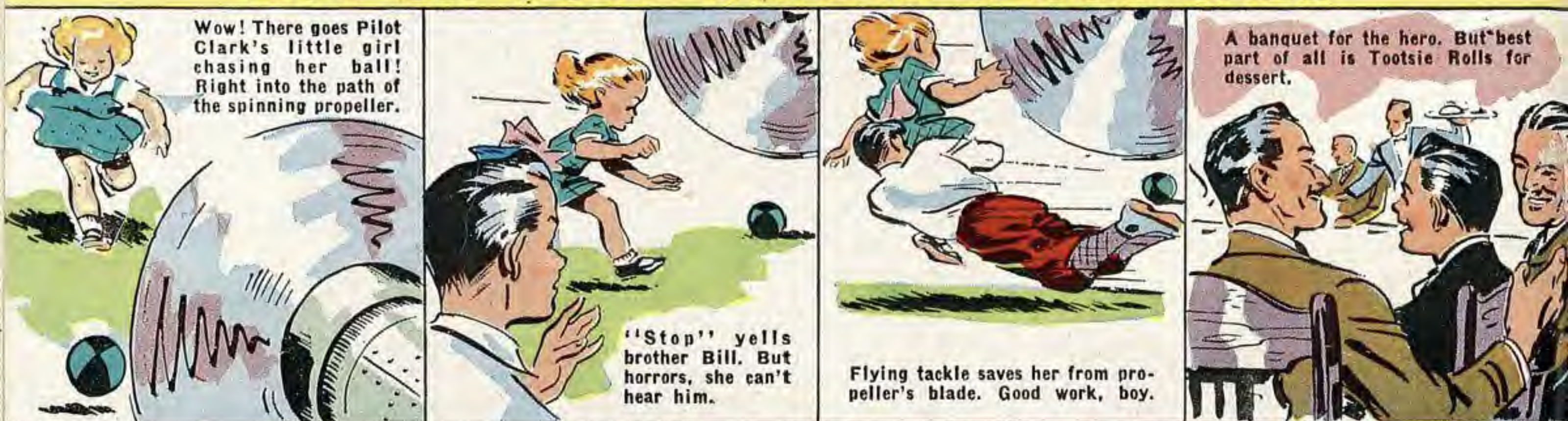
---



# THE Tootsie Roll of Honor

PUT YOURSELF IN THESE PICTURES—OPEN TO ALL—

## BOY-OH-BOY! WHAT A CLOSE CALL



## 3 CHEERS FOR PATSY



## EAT A TOOTSIE A DAY—

ENRICHED WITH DEXTROSE—FOR QUICK FOOD ENERGY



1¢ AND 5¢

Tootsies are softer and creamier! Now better than ever — always fresh and delicious. That's why over 1,500,000 Tootsie Rolls are bought daily. Everyone goes for Tootsies —

AMERICA'S FAVORITE CANDY

CHEWY! CHOCOLATEY! DE-LICIOUS!



TRY TOOTSIE POPS TOO